

High Times



July '77

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CONFESSIONS OF A NARC

True Interview by Paul Krassner

NATURAL VS. CHEMICAL

The Great Debate

THE HIPPIE WHO GAVE AWAY

\$25 MILLION ON THE
ED SULLIVAN SHOW

By Ed Dwyer

TEN BEST

SMUGGLING SHIPS

Culture Hero:

SPACED-OUT

SISSY SPACEK

MURDER AT ELAINE'S

Part 2: The Woman in White

HOW IONIZED AIR

MAKES YOU HIGH

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CENTERFOLD: WHITE HOUSE
SMOKE-IN, JULY 4TH

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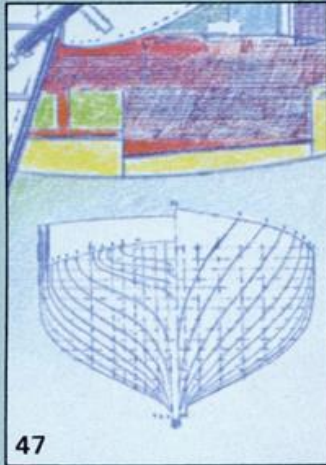


High Times

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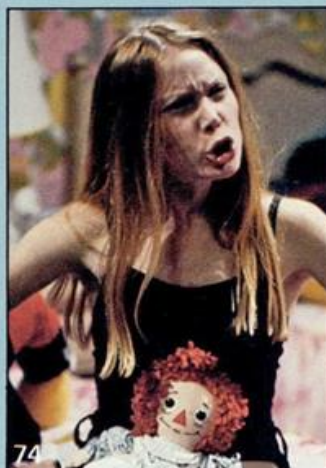
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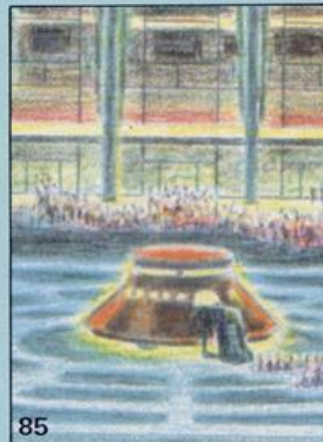
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Running the world is funnier than you think.

Did the President of the United States really show up for his first swim in the new White House pool with a rubber duck under his arm? 'Fraid so, fellow citizens. In July **PLAYBOY**, Ford's ex-press secretary, Ron Nessen, unveils the silly underbelly of life among the men who could blow us up. After reading it, you'll be primed for a consumer's guide to *Buying an Island*. Before you split, though, be sure to check out the coming thing: *The Emergence of Public*



Sex, an exploration of the newest frontiers being pursued by patrons of New York's most bizarre bars and "therapy" enthusiasts in Los Angeles. Also this month: a revealing interview with UN Ambassador Andrew Young and a behind-the-scenes look at the world's biggest casino—the Chicago Board of Trade. Plus, a crash refresher course on *The Girls of Porno* and, naturally, a whole lot more. It's all in July **PLAYBOY**. On sale now.



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High Noon

The editors of this magazine do not often presume to stir our readers up to rash, hasty, ill-conceived actions. Our readers are perfectly capable of stirring themselves up and often do, and we are perfectly capable of staying home, getting drunk and watching you on television. We did not scream for the blood of King George. We did not call for the head of Jefferson Davis. We did not holler for the neck of Kaiser Bill. But the public is tired of Carter's words, words, words. There comes a time when even we must take a stand and draw the line and sound the clarion call that summons all true patriots to do their duty.

The question is whether a nation oppressed and divided by cruel and unusual marijuana laws can long endure. Thousands of Americans are rotting in jails because they owned, sold or smoked the little flower. They killed no one, raped no one, robbed and plundered no one. They paid their taxes and brought their books back to the library when they were due. Yet they must rot in jail for years to come, and thousands of others will join them as the government currently conducts its harshest crackdown on pot ever.

Yes, more people were busted for pot last year than ever before! Plainly, the antimarijuana laws are flagrantly unconstitutional and a violation of every American's right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Plainly, we must act now, or we will all wind up behind bars or living in the terror of the brain police. What is to be done?

The July 4th Coalition for Marijuana Reform has called for a demonstration at the White House. If past experience is any indication, it will be a modest-sized gathering, a few thousand hardcore, action-oriented dopers who will assemble at noon in Lafayette Park, listen to a few speeches, hear some music, smoke grass, have a picnic. In short, they will openly defy the marijuana laws as they have for the last eight years in Washington, D.C., on Independence Day.

The smoke-in tradition started in 1967, in Tompkins Square Park in New York City, to protest random dope raids in the East Village. In 1970, a massive smoke-in rally attended by 20,000 people was held in Washington, D.C., on July 4. The government tried to co-opt the rally by having Billy Graham and Martha Raye lead something called "Honor America Day" on the very spot where the smoke-in was planned. An old-fashioned riot ensued. Marijuana does not necessarily make people peaceful.

Since then, the annual demonstration has assumed the air of a pilgrimage for the hardcore: those who have been busted, those who have friends and lovers in jail, those who decry the injustice of the marijuana laws.

Keith Stroup, director of the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML), has personally seen to it that his good buddies Jimmy Carter and Billy Carter have been invited. Chip Carter gets high. Jody Powell gets high. Hamilton Jordan gets high. Maybe they will be there, too. We know the president will be there, and he won't go home early, either. He'll be home already.

We'll be outside in Lafayette Park at high noon. There will be free sunshine and fresh air. The Coalition recommends that you bring your own joints; stick with the crowd and you'll be okay. Children are always present, and no child has ever been hurt. We understand that the Coalition workers accidentally rolled up the good Colombian gold dope instead of the usual Mexican dope, so the free stuff should be exceptional this year.

Part of the plan for this year's smoke-in is something we have all talked about for years: a mass turn-in. This turn-in is being sponsored by the Youth International Party (sponsor of the previous smoke-ins) and will consist of everyone who wants to march to the Drug Enforcement Agency to turn themselves in for one joint. One joint in Washington, D.C., is currently considered not worth prosecuting and offenders are released, so there is little risk. But there is a chance to make a dramatic political statement to America on nationwide television.

Thousands of people turning themselves in for marijuana possession and the government refusing to bust them pretty well sums up the foolish irrelevance of the current marijuana laws. Even the government recognizes the laws are unfair, by refusing to bust people.

Every extra person means more proof to the lawmakers that they must change the dope laws. And every extra person means more energy for this stoned picnic. We're going to have a good time, and we're going to accomplish something. It won't be crowded, just the hardcore, blissed out on the good stuff. Will the owner of the red Volvo please remove it from the Lincoln Bedroom? There are extra toilets in the FBI building. Keith Stroup, call your mother.

Miss this one, friends, and you'll kick yourself for years. ☛

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The Outlaws Get Caught

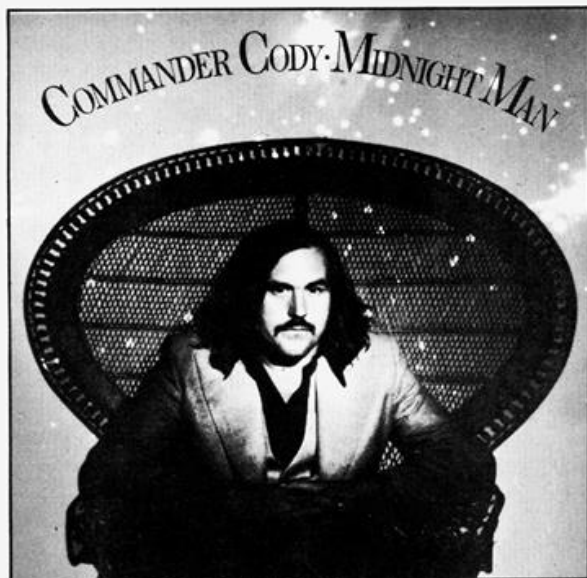
This power-packed album captures the kind of electrifying guitar excitement that has made the Outlaws' live shows legendary. Produced by rock 'n' roll specialist Bill Szymczyk, "Hurry Sundown" will be their biggest album yet.

GRATEFUL DEAD



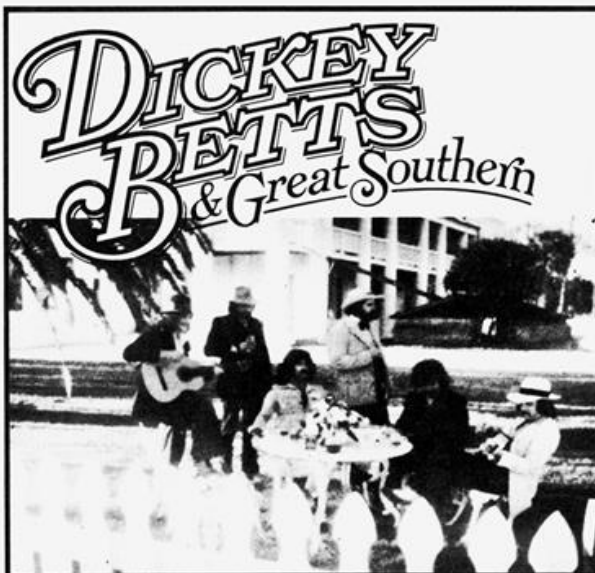
Great New Dead

The Arista debut album by the Grateful Dead is a major musical event. "Terrapin Station" features the Dead playing better than ever on a landmark recording that will add a whole new audience to their massive legion of fans.



Commander Cody's "Midnight Man"

Famous for his driving brand of high-speed rock 'n' roll, Commander Cody offers his remarkable Arista debut album. Recorded with his great new band, it is a freewheeling tour de force.



The Best Betts Yet

With his new band Great Southern, Dickey Betts has made the finest album of his career. Raves like this one from the New York Times tell the story: "He is one of the great rock guitarists, and this music is as exciting as rock 'n' roll can get!"

Hot Sounds For Summer
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Ads Infinitum

I've been really bummed out by the sexual come-ons in many of your ads. What's happened to your high-flying ideals about representing an elevated consciousness? Just so much hot air? Really, if I want tits 'n' ass, I'll go buy a copy of *Hustler* or some such garbage.

—Rufus McLaine, Minneapolis, Minn.
We try to maintain a strict nonsexist policy in all our editorial content, and despite the occasional mistake we're all allowed, we've succeeded pretty well. We realize some of our recent ad graphics have offended some of our readers. We don't condone the use of female (or male) bodies to sell merchandise, and we are phasing out any ads we feel use this ploy. All the same, sex is healthy, as well as one of the most reliable highs yet invented. We feel there's a place for it in our pages and occasionally even in ads that don't use bodies simply as the usual promo gimmick.
—Ed.

Your Sow Right

The California cultivation bill Willie Brown is presenting to the state legislature ["HighWitness News," March '77] is a step in the right direction but a far cry from what tokers really want. Under this bill, a cultivator would still have his crop confiscated and be slapped with a \$100 fine. We need complete freedom to grow our own without fear of rip-off.

Last year, San Francisco voters decided to divide the city into 11 districts, each electing a member to the Board of Supervisors. As candidate for the district that included Haight Ashbury and Willie Brown's neighborhood, I plan to make the right to grow a big issue in the November elections.

—Eric Graham, San Francisco, Ca.

Lines Backer

Ol' Tom Jefferson must be turning in his grave because he forgot to include your Twenty-eighth Amendment ["Lines," May '77] in the Bill of Rights. The idea of prohibiting victimless crime laws is a master stroke of legal thinking, which reasonable and prudent men everywhere

will applaud. If Jimmy Carter is serious about human rights, he'll put the proposal at the top of his agenda.

—Rick Toby, Ossining, N.Y.

A Separate Mentality

Perhaps there was some degree of hoax in Castaneda's writings. Yet how did Richard de Mille get from that possibility to the conviction that Carlos never had any of the experiences he describes?

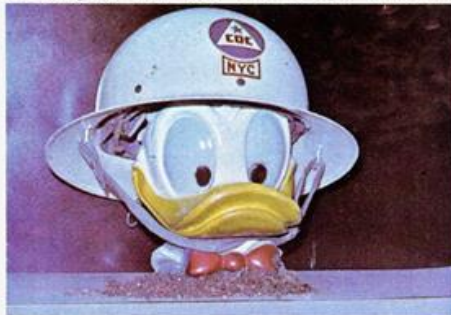
Let's assume for the moment that Castaneda is on the level. Since his nature was always that of a private person, don Juan's philosophy of erasing personal history fit in perfectly. For him to proclaim that his past is not important and then to submit to photos and interviews would be hypocrisy.

In the end, I don't really care if the books are true or not. It was terribly exciting to feel those ideas come alive in me. Whether it's from don Juan, Carlos I or Carlos II, the concept of other realities and other senses is a powerful and personally liberating one.

—Sally R. Burdick, Madison, Wis.

Hit the Duck

The Civil Defense helmet shown on the cover of your May issue was a patent phony, probably fabricated by your art department out of a construction helmet, since you can see the straps showing



around the outside of the brim. Here's a photo of the real McCoy: a Civil Defense Corps helmet of the New York division as worn by a celebrity of the era, along with some primo Colombian.

—Peter Rudel, Flushing, N.Y.

Hello, Dali

The voice cannot be smothered; the question remains posed. Fifty-three years after Breton's first surrealist manifesto, its fiery shadow stalks the earth. The purveyors of outright slander have fallen silent. But detractors (who remain the detractors of freedom in general) now resort to more devious means. Such as journalist-pimp Rex Weiner's exercise in your April issue. He assembled all the most revolting clichés with which critics defame all revolutionary aspirations.

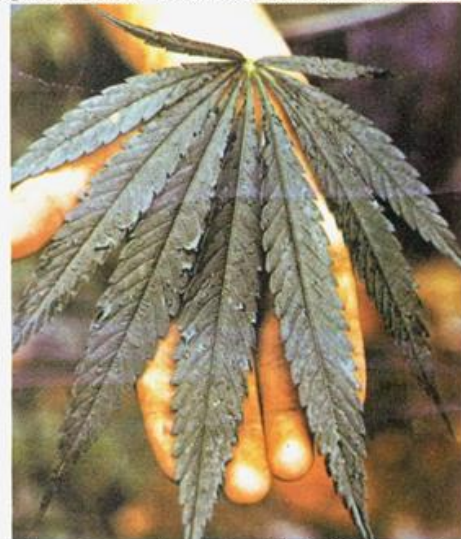
An incorruptible theory of marvelous freedom is replaced with a hodge-podge of faded triumphs. As city streets are effortlessly convulsed by the approach of the future, you have answered the need for a history of surrealism with a cheap, insipid caricature.

—Cliff Berns, Kent, Ohio

Contributing Editor Rex Weiner replies: *Self-righteous pomposity is the trademark of the surrealist poseur. Fuck you!*

Sticky Fingers

You're viewing some of the best home-grown ever cropped around here. This



skyscraper plant dwarfed all the other keystone crops I've ever smoked.

—R. M., Honey Brook, Pa.

Sonny Side Out

I enjoyed the full-page ad for Free Sonny Barger T-shirts in your May issue. I'm sure all the folks who've enjoyed being beaten, pistol-whipped, stomped, stabbed and shot by the Hell's Angels will rush out to buy one. —Name and address withheld

Get a Load of This

This is one of the smallest homegrown Hawaiians from the north shore of Mas-



sachusetts. My friends are overjoyed at the quality of the crop, which included great pollen hash.

—Name and address withheld

Junk Mail

How come you people are so open-minded about everything but heroin? No articles, no Trans-High Market Quotations, no coverage at all of what's probably the second most popular illegal dope in the world. If it weren't for smack, William Burroughs would be just another adding machine salesman. Why not get down off your high horse, so to speak?

—R. H., Scottsdale, Ariz.

We made an exception for hash oil last February, but we seldom run features just on drugs: we publish an entertainment, lifestyle magazine, not a pharmacology manual. This fall you'll be able to get the High Times Book of Highs, a reference work with a detailed section on heroin.

We don't run away from horse stories when they make news, though. We've covered the poppy wars in Mexico and Southeast Asia and the Yankee H-smugglers busted in Russia, as well as other events in our "Health" and "Law" columns.

—Ed.

Spliffing the Difference

Ja, mon! Here's what makes Ja famous: some nice mushrooms to be brewed into tea with a little ganja honey. Smoked with



a big splif of some mighty Ja weed from de farmer mon. Nothing like a glass in the morning to make a mon strong like steel de whole day. —L. D. K., Brooklyn, N.Y.

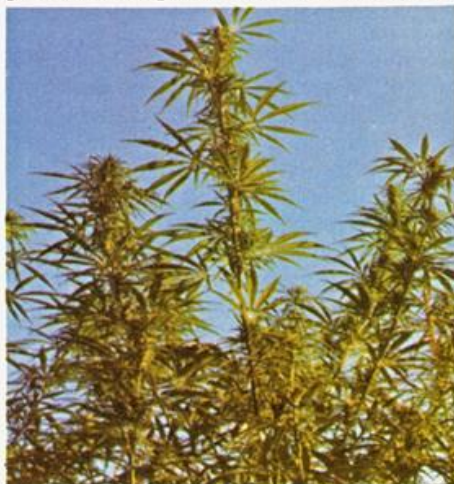
We're Fine, How's Bayou?

What the hell does Anton Mikofsky mean, a "black Cajun" in his review of Bogalusa Boogie, ["Records," May '77]? There ain't never gonna be no such thing. Clifton Chenier may be black and play Cajun music, but that don't make him no Cajun. If Mikofsky ever shows his face in

these parts, we'll stuff his one ball with tabasco peppers and serve it to the alligators. —Pi-Bub Rivette, Lafayette, La.
Chenier's father was black, but his mother was a Cajun. —Ed.

Corn Stone

These plants grew to about ten feet in my garden among the corn. We made our



own Thai sticks, and the whole plant was dynamite. —Rick, Eugene, Ore.

Debugging

More evidence on the insect repellent properties of dope: Last summer was almost totally bug-free, even though there's a packing plant across the slough from my backyard. It wasn't until September that Snohomish County deputies found 16 tons of pot growing nearby. Wish I'd found it first.

—Bob Smiff, Stanwood, Wash.

Heads Up

As you can see, things were really looking up last harvest season. The smoke was a



southern fantasy, and it looks just as good for this year. Green thumbs up!

—S. F., Inc., Atlanta, Ga. ☐

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The Whole Picture Show

Q: What are these holograms I hear so much about? Are they anything like the holy cards my Catholic friends used to get from their priests?

—Harvey Levitt, Chicago, Ill.

A: No Popery here. Holograms are made with lasers, which produce a special illumination called coherent light—all the light waves are the same size (color) and travel "in step" with each other. A laser beam is split. One-half is reflected to a photographic plate, where it sets up interference patterns with the other half, which has been altered by bouncing off the object being hologramed. The film records only this pattern of light waves, but when another laser is shone on it, an image appears that seems to protrude out of the film.

Physicist Dennis Gabor won a Nobel Prize for his brainchild, and holography promises to mushroom into an important artistic and entertainment medium in a decade or two. Natural color 'grams are coming, holofilms are already being developed and enthusiasts envision feature movies (including porn) projected like moving statues in the air above the playing fields of football stadiums.

Pot Poppycock

Q: I'm 19 and have been smoking marijuana for seven years. I've never kept it a secret from my folks, who've always just tried to "reason" with me. Lately they've been talking about something called the cannabis syndrome, which is how pot enhances the artistic parts of the brain while depriving the intellectual parts of knowledge. Is there any truth in this?

—Kerry Walsh, Timonium, Md.

A: This sounds a lot like the "amotivational syndrome," a recent bogeyman used to justify pot prohibition. It's nonsense. Studies in Jamaica, Costa Rica and Vermont show that grass increases motivation. It's true only that in overprogrammed Westerners marijuana may release repressed creativity at the expense of more familiar linear, logical thought.

Some people who dislike reason or intellect do use pot to suppress this aspect of their minds by retreating into constant stoned incoherence. But many find that judicious use of the herb stimulates both

types of mental function, bring the creative side in harmony with the rational. Some folks even like to read while high.

Stockings and Bonds

Q: "Mucho Macho" in the May '77 issue reported that Congressperson Newton Steers had divested himself of his Frederick's of Hollywood holdings. I'd love to pick up a few shares just for laughs, but I can't find out where it's traded. Can you help me? And, by the way, what do you think of Frederick's as an investment?

—Charles Mahoney, St. Louis, Mo.

A: Try Merrill, Lynch, or some other reputable broker. On your other query, the SEC prohibits unlicensed free advice on the stock market, but what the hell. Erotic lingerie is a hot item right now, but relatively few women buy it; most of them prefer something sensible and economical. Most of it is bought by men for women or for themselves. The biggest trader in panties for men is Michael Salem's TV Boutique, but they haven't gone public yet.

Stamp Collecting

Q: I recently acquired a half-pound slab of superdark brown hash stamped Bazar Kabal. Is this a genuine hash-factory stamp?

—Tim L., Whittier, Ca.

A: Though misspelled, the stamp implies the hash was bought in the bazaar of



Kabul, capital of Afghanistan. The fact that it was in English, though, raises doubts about its authenticity. Factories and, until recently, exporting governments put their distinctive imprint on their wares.

Edible Complex

Q: In one of your back issues you mentioned photographs reproduced in dark chocolate on a white chocolate background. Can you tell me what companies do this work? My lover always tells me she wants to eat me up, and I want to surprise her with a new way to do it.

—John Fogbani, Staten Island, N.Y.

A: Demand for custom cocoa crafts has melted somewhat with the inflationary recession, but a few companies carry on

the tradition. One of the best is Kron Chocolatier, 764 Madison Avenue at 64th Street in New York. Their sculptors still do the brown and white medallions from photos, price depending on size. They can also give you a life-size chocolate head from a snapshot—though they prefer to work from a personal modeling session—for \$385. Prices of other anatomical segments on request.

Turn On, Tune In, Swing

Q: Ever since I first heard of the psychedelic swing developed by Robert Masters and Jean Houston, I've been trying to build one, but without much success. Do you know where I can get plans?

—Jim Lee, York, Pa.

A: The Altered States of Consciousness Induction Device (ASCID) was designed



by the Cambridge-Cyborg Company for the Masters-Houston Foundation for Mind Research in Pomona, New York. The group came up with ASCID to replace acid when it was banned in 1965. Balance and space/time sense are lost and visionary trance results in 2 to 20 minutes, with floods of interior imagery—abstract patterns and dream sequences. The machine has now been outmoded by the more versatile, comfortable isolation tank.

ASCID is like the witches' cradle of medieval and Renaissance Europe. The traveler is blindfolded and strapped into a swing suspended so as to move freely in response to tiny involuntary movements of the body. Plans are impossible to get, but once you locate a low-friction universal swivel joint, you can design and build one yourself. Just make sure the cradle is well balanced with a person inside.

Questions on all topics will be considered for "Forum," including all highs, sex, health, law, science, technology, music, etc. Only those of most interest can be answered. Be specific for most accurate responses. Anonymous queries are accepted. ■

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By Gilbert Choate

MANHATTAN — You hear it everywhere. In Boston, in Miami, in San Francisco and New York—wherever there are bars with ferns hanging in the window—the taverns are clogged with hungry-looking women on the pill, dressed to kill, hot to trot and wondering where their next fuck is coming from. The art bars, singles bars, even the doubles bars are filled with lonely women staying up all night to comb the dump for lovers. You see the ones who've given up around 3 A.M., staring into their drinks and wondering why they're paying such high prices for cheap booze.

It isn't a joke. And we're not talking about the horde of groupies who can't get laid any more (it's amazing that they ever did); even the dumbest rock star (take your pick) knows they carry diseases you can only get in Singapore or Cucamonga. No, we're talking about the genuinely foxy ladies who are rolling in the barbed wire of despair because they can't score to save their lives. The Miss Lonelyhearts epidemic hasn't quite reached plague proportions yet, but it's taking a high toll in the densely-populated areas where liberated women who've come to count on favorable ratios of eligible men are going home alone night after night. Their patron saint is Janis Joplin, who inspired Susan Berman's "Why Women Can't Get Laid in San Francisco" cover story in *City Magazine* last year.

Hollywood has broached the topic with Shelly Duvall's unrequited *Cosmopolitan*

girl Milly Lammoreaux in Robert Altman's *Three Women*, and the forthcoming film of *Looking for Mr. Goodbar* will probably make the disease fashionable. And you don't think the women's mags are replacing practical pantyhose with frilly, fragile, overpriced wear'n'tear French lingerie for their health, do you? If this is a counter-Lysistrata gambit to con women back into their whalebone corsets and hobble skirts, it may be succeeding.

What's causing the cock shortage? As with oil, there's some Arab influence: sodomy is on the rise, I fear. Then there are those very desirably affluent young and older men who find that easy access to hookers through ads in *Screw*, the *Berkeley Barb*, the *L.A. Star* and other porno tabloids is easier and better: pros are supposed to know what they're doing, after all. Then there's that generation of hip but otherwise normal young studs now blissfully settled down with their old ladies into an all-but-married state of grace and once-a-month sex. Some of us would rather go fishing or read a book. Anyway, for some reason, more and more men are declining even one night's stand with their equals. Is it cowardice or stupidity? The last stage of the sexes' evolution before a final rapprochement? Or the prelude to a terrible Final Solution?

After all, isn't sex necessary? Not just common my-secret-garden variety sex, but what former editorial assistant Joe D., 35, calls "some kind of consciousness-physical linkup that soothes the soul and electrifies the neural network." And this man gets more ass than a toilet seat. When Joe was an on-the-ball exec he sometimes begged off with the excuse that he had to get his career together. But a few years ago he found that his job ladder was being chopped down by aspiring, prehensile females and decided to take some time off to think things out over a few joints and a case of Scotch. I had a few drinks with Joe recently at the Port Authority bus terminal, where he practices his new hobby of

watching the buses arrive and depart.

"In the Fifties and Sixties we had a different idea of the sexual revolution," Joe reminisced moistly. "It meant that every woman should be free to go to bed with any man who asked her. If she didn't bunk his snake she was frigid. In the Seventies we discovered it didn't mean that at all, in fact, almost the opposite: that it wasn't fair to think of women as sex objects but as people first, although I never met a women's libber of passable good looks who wasn't willing to be considered a sex object *secondarily*, if you see what I mean.... Look, there goes a Greyhound Continental Skyliner with solarized tinted windows and magnetic-locking luggage compartment.... Recently, a lot of feminists like Shere Hite in the Hite Report have been placing sex first, but sex on women's terms, the sexuality of the clitoris and the female orgasm.

"It's an old line by now in the women's sex mags like *Playgirl* and *Viva* that a vibrator is a better lover than a man, although a man may be nice to have around for cuddling. They're also fond of saying that women are better lovers for women than men. Anyway, the kind of sex women are now learning that they can have, in theory at least, is something a lot of guys just aren't cut out for. I mean, we're not a hunting and fishing tribal society anymore. Guys are just not in any kind of shape.

"As Gore Vidal said, and he should know, most American men above the age of 16 don't make it down to the gym as often as they should and the ones that do don't have much going in the brains department. Alright, so a lot of the guys figure what the hell, give 'em what they want, I could use the exercise besides. I'm gonna knock off this beer gut, take up tennis, get into a sauna a couple times a week. Result: very tired guys, very *thirsty* guys.... Hey, whaddaya know? Trailways Roadmaster with red, white and blue headlights. Woo woo."

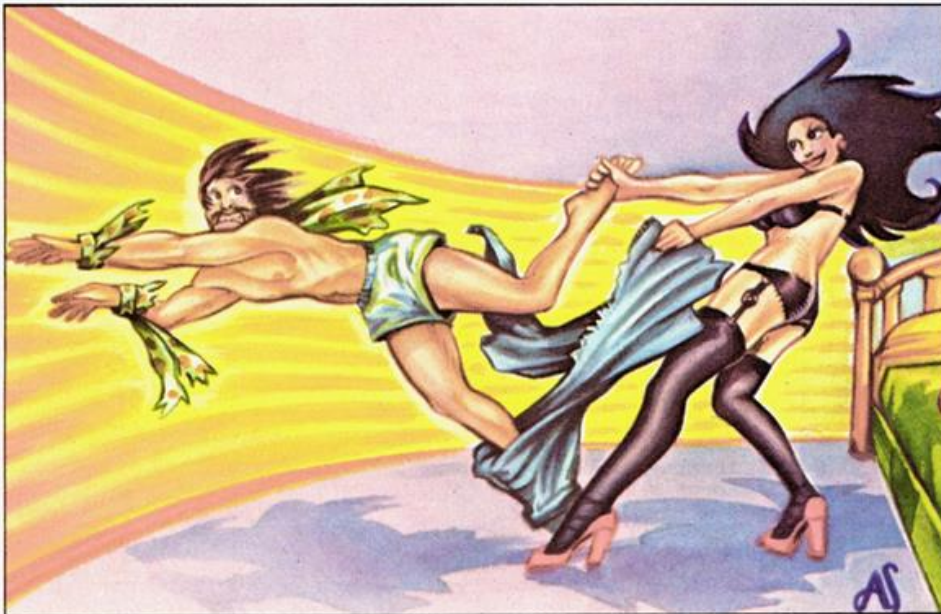
"So why can't women get laid?"

"Well, like I say, you have a couple of drinks and start thinking, you know, 'chicks, who needs 'em?' It's the all-American fraternity house cop-out. What do you think happened to Jimmy Hoffa?"

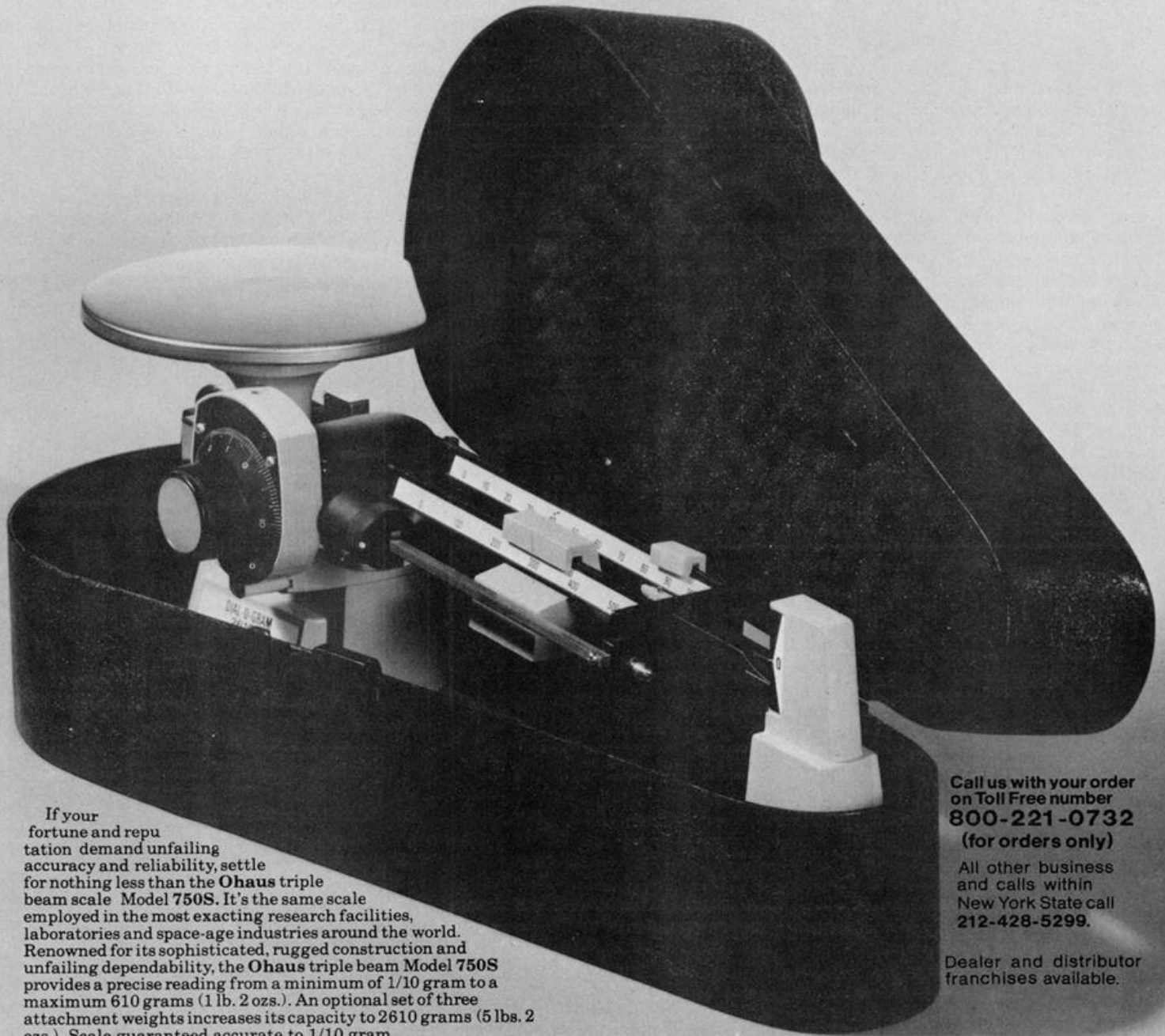
"Couldn't get it up anymore, huh?"

"Happens every day. Dude goes out for a pack of cigarettes and nobody ever sees him again. It's a childish response but who the hell ever figured sex would be so much work?"

From time to time this column will probe the women-who-can't-get-laid crisis in the hope of shedding some light on their painful situation. Meanwhile, if you happen to know a reasonably attractive woman who's suffering from this terrible problem, do her a favor and let her know that the world's champion pussy eater has a job in New York writing nonsense for a dope magazine on 27th Street—just ask for Deep Choate. ■



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Talking Bob Zimmerman Blues has changed its name to **Zimmerman Blues** but is otherwise the same fine Dylanological journal of arts and letters it has been for the past two years. Typical issue features long articles on the Rolling Thunder tour, review of The Band's last concert, analysis of "Chimes of Freedom," a Dylan singles discography including sales chart history, chord guide for "Tangled Up in Blue," article on Dylan's current sexual aspirations, interview with Nat Hentoff about Dylan, weird letters to the editors and classifieds from the Dylan underground for tapes, posters, movies and other materials relating to our hero. Best part is roundup of latest Dylan gossip, including report that Dylanologist and garbage analyst A.J. Weberman, present at meetings of revolutionary Palestinians, "discouraged the idea of Dylan's assassination when it was brought up." \$4 per year, \$6 foreign, from Brian Stipal, 410A, 30 Bay State Road, Boston, Mass. 02215.

Dead Relix, the Grateful Deadological journal, is now a nicely printed and bound bimonthly, available at \$6.50 a year (\$1.50, single issue) from **Relix Magazine**, Box 94, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11229. The New York-based 'zine covers all aspects of Death, as well as other Frisco clan bands and their friends. Knowledgeable and often inspired writing that is based on sound discography.

British Rock today is the subject of **Trouser Press**, formerly a sleazy mimeograph production but now printed with a slick cover and nicely lined-up columns of readable type every two months. Current issues feature articles on Bowie, Chris Speeding, Gentle Giant and Dave Stewart; it's far more interesting than **Melody Maker**. Send \$6.00 for a year's subscription to Trouser Press, Room 822, 147 West 42nd St., New York, N.Y. 10036.

The **Caribbean** is the bible of reggae and salsa fans and relieves the tedium of

looking at cold type with a highly sexist photograph of "Miss Caribbeat." They don't solicit subscriptions, but it's carried in a number of record stores outside of New York.

Blues enthusiasts can take their pick between two fine magazines, **Living Blues** and **Blues Unlimited**, of U.S. and British origin, respectively. **Living Blues**, which is the more obsessively black magazine, is published bimonthly and costs \$5.50 a year to subscribe (Living Blues, 2615 N. Wilton Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60614). England's **Blues Unlimited** is filled with nice appreciations of great blues artists, and interviews with them as well—\$6.25 per year (plus \$1.25, if you're paying by personal check) from BU Publications, 8 Brandram Rd., Lewisham, London SE13 5EA, England.

Blues and jazz is the comprehensive beat covered by **Cadence**, a TV Guide-sized monthly offset magazine that needs small, close type to pack a wealth of

discipline and inspiration around. Published irregularly, Grackle is still worth risking a few dollars (no regular subscription price; \$1.35 per ish) to Ron Welburn, Box 244, Vanderveer Station, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11210, the home of so many fine musicians.

We pause now to note that the celebrated cerebral critic's-critic magazine of rock, **Who Put the Bomp**, has gone glossy and shaved its name down to a more commercial **Bomp**. Greg Shaw is still doing a fine job editing this monument of high school mentality and sexuality, but you should subscribe anyway, if you're even slightly interested in the Hypermodern Theory of rock criticism. \$10 brings you a whole year of Bomp from Greg Shaw, Box 7112, Burbank, Ca. 91510.

Our coda this month is on a different note: **The Razor's Edge**, the bible of bald female fetishists. TRE is devoted, according to editor Captain Stanley, to "exploring baldheadedness as a legitimate female



information, articles, reviews and interviews into every issue. Highly recommended for those who take their jazz and blues seriously. A year's subscription costs \$8 from Cadence, Route 1, Box 345, Redwood, N.Y. 13768.


Those who take their jazz very seriously make it a point to read Coda and The Grackle, as well. **Coda** is a jazz magazine with a heavy orientation on the progressive modern stuff; its writers have high and demanding standards, which they convey in crackling prose. \$10 for a year's subscription from Coda, Box 87, Station J, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M4J 4X8. **The Grackle** is a genuinely cheaply put-together critical rag devoted to "improvised music in transition," and every issue is sparkling with reminders that improvisation is based on the highest technical

hairstyle.... As beauty. As erotics. As protest. As a political statement. Further, we'll document the social and historical framework in which the baldheaded-female phenomenon exists." Features include stills from the sci-fi classic **THX 1138**, a profile of political prisoner Joseph Smietana (he posed as a doctor to con housewives into shaving their heads), an artist's conception of how Farrah Fawcett-Majors would look with her head shaved, a filmography of shaved-woman films and countless photos of bald women. The memorable second issue features a cover photo of Joseph Stalin admiring an egg-bald female head. I cannot urge you too strongly to send \$12 for six issues or \$2 for a sample copy to Talisman Press, Box 685, Palisades, N.Y. 10964. ☐

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The Sixties event of the Seventies some called it, and there certainly were a lot of decade-old roots in the tangle of guests at **Stu Albert and Judy Gumbo's** wedding. The author/activists tied the nuptial knot on May Day in Woodstock, surrounded by movement survivors. **Jerry Rubin** was best man, and **Bill Kunstler** master of ceremonies ("he's the best stand-up comedian I've ever heard," one guest opined). Among the wellwishers responding to the red invitations ornamented with dancing Vietnamese were the Michael Kennedys, Robert Friedman of *More* magazine, Peter Knobler of *Crawdaddy*, photographer Patty Oldenberg, film maker Mary Lampson, folksinger Eric Anderson and a flock of counterculture notables.

There were, by one account, "nine lawyers to every ordinary person"—a good thing maybe, since the cops were hiding in the scenic rolling hills watching with binoculars for **Abbie Hoffman**. In classic Sixties tradition, guests had to stop at a police roadblock after the wedding.



Underground film maker Emile de Antonio to turn lens on CIA.

Sorry to miss the festivities but busy as usual was film maker **Emile de Antonio**, readying himself for an appearance in Madison, Wisconsin, where a local TV station aired his classic, *Milhouse, A White Comedy*, across from David Frost's first Nixon interview. Ever-hip Madison loves De—his *Weather Underground* documentary debuted there—and he loves Madison: "It's the only city in the country where a commercial station ran a counter-production to Frost." De's been on and off the lecture circuit lately, taking on the U.S. Intelligence Service, self-educating himself for his movie production of **Phillip Agee's** *CIA Diary*.

In a slightly different vein, **William Burroughs'** first novel *Junky*—note the new spelling—is about to go celluloid. *Easy Rider's* **Dennis Hopper**, whose promising film career was cut short by the poorly received and appropriately titled *The Last*



Highs and lows of William Burroughs' early days to silver screen.

Movie, will direct and star as the hero in a story based on Burroughs' early drug experiences. **Terry Southern** will write the screen play in collaboration with Burroughs. Other stars include **James Coburn**, and the ubiquitous **Patti Smith** as Mary, who turns the hero and his friends on to benzedrine. **Bob Dylan** and **Allen Ginsberg** may be signed for small roles. Shooting will begin late summer on location in Mexico, New Orleans and New York City.

Also on the road this summer is **Alice Cooper**, after more than two years of lying low. Hopefully, by the time it's over, his burned-out Bel Aire home will be rejuvenated—his family is living in a corner with three chairs and a bed at the moment—so life on the run won't seem so bad. His new persona is **Inspector Maurice Escargot**, a considerably mellow downturn from the decapitator and geek of yesteryear.

Nobody is supposed to know about hush-hush lensing of the first **Cheech and Chong** movie, currently being shot by a major Hollywood studio that wants to get it in the can before stockholders complain. Now, why would a stockholder complain about his or her money being spent to the tune of several million dollars



Cheech and Chong movie: Hey mon, somebody forgot the title.

to complete a hippie flick about getting stoned that doesn't have a title yet? Some people are so silly.

The boho elite who form the circle of **Paul Williams'** acquaintance—he's the founder of *Crawdaddy*, and, in fact, of rock criticism itself, and the author of *Outlaw Blues*—now have their own publication, *Small Magazine*, edited by Paul for the benefit of **Raymond Mungo** (*Famous Long Ago*), **Peter Stafford** (author of

And/Or Press' new *Psychedelics Encyclopedia*), **Rolling Stone's Abe Peck** and their like.

If you deserve to receive a subscription to *Small Magazine*, contact Williams through the usual occult media. Paul hasn't published much since his 40,000-word profile of Philip K. Dick in *Rolling Stone* in 1975, in which he revealed that Tim Leary first discovered the I Ching in one of Dick's paperback potboilers around 1961. Paul is now traveling the length and breadth of the land flogging his wonderful new book *Right To Pass* (Berkeley), a sequel to *Das Energi* (Warner's). The book is a collection of some terrific old articles and incomprehensible, Zen-like aphorisms like "A successful business is one that loses money." Paul should know.

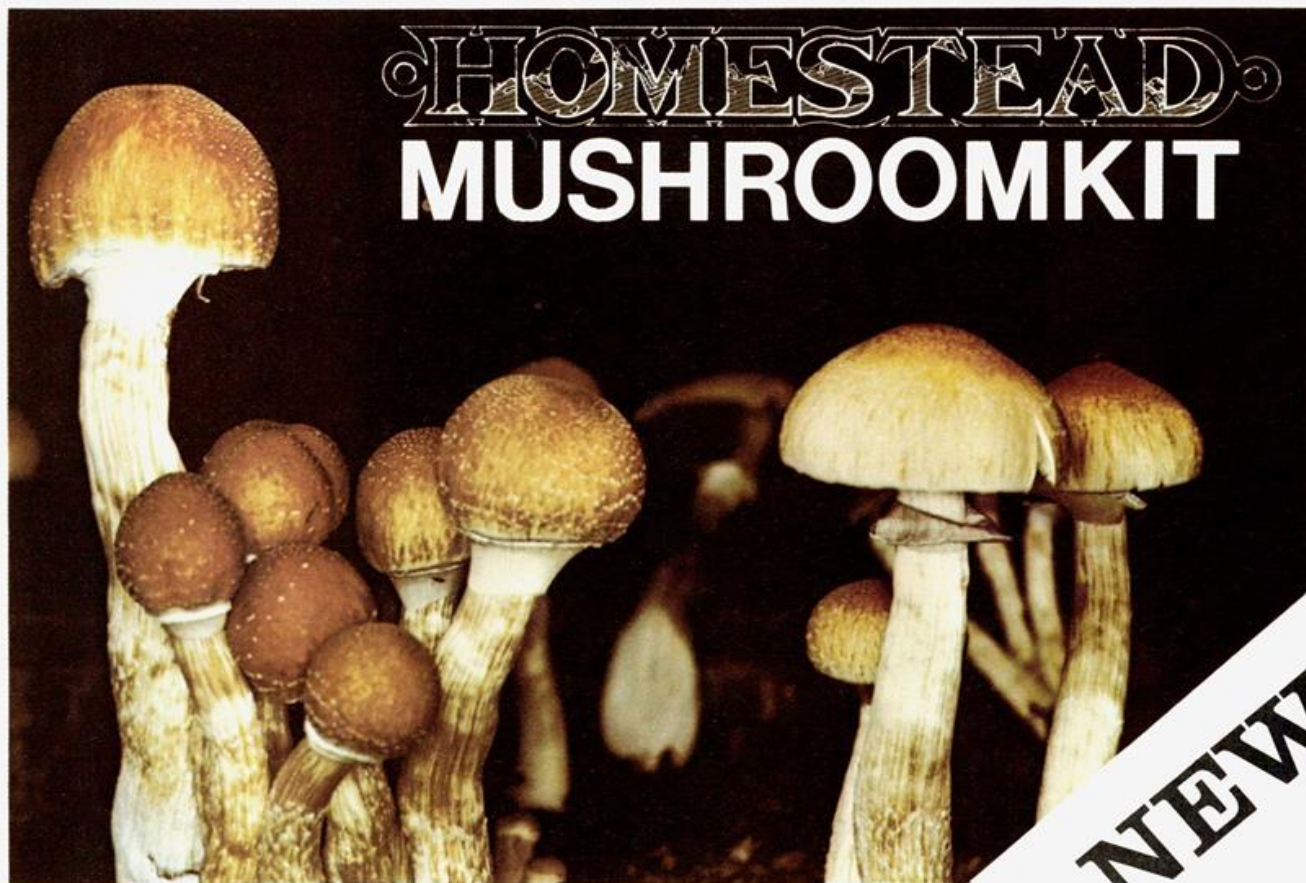


Handsome Dick Manitoba gives coat off his back to high bidder at Punk Mag fundraiser.

The Bowery Bums stood agape as a stream of leather, letter jackets and dime-store glitter filed through their turf to pack punk showcase CBGB's. The event was a fundraiser for Punk magazine, and the music muscle rose to the occasion: **Blondie**, **Patti Smith**, **Handsome Dick Manitoba**, **Richard Hell and the Void Oids** and **The Wild Boys** from England pumped heavy metal to the wild throng. Dictator vocalist Handsome Dick Manitoba put his treasured jacket embroidered with the modest credo "I am right" on the auction block, with a couple surprises in the pockets. It sold for \$30.

While **Mel Brooks** turns San Francisco upside down to shoot his Alfred Hitchcock send-up *High Anxiety*, senior British comics **Peter Cook** and **Dudley Moore** are collaborating on the 12th remake of *The Hound of the Baskervilles* with Monty Python producer **Michael White**, the man who brought you *Monty Python and the Holy Grail*, *Jabberwocky* and the forthcoming *Monty Python Gospel According to St. Brian* (due late in '78), as well as the *Rocky Horror Show*. Directing Cooke and Moore is **Paul Morrissey**, who used to be Andy Warhol's manager and was the auteur of Warhol's *Heat*, *Flash*, *Trash* and other films of one syllable.

—Michael Chance



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"We cannot deny the Rasta voice."

Jamaican Decrim Imminent

by A. Craig Copetas

KINGSTON BY LAND TO NEGRIL, JAMAICA—This fledgling island nation of 2.5 million people will soon become the first Third World country to decriminalize marijuana, according to government sources. And if Dr. Percival Broderick, who is sponsoring the decrim bill, has his way, the holy herb of the Rastafarians and millions of tourists that flock to Jamaica will be legalized by the end of the decade.

Dr. Broderick, a 40-year-old dentist and a six-year veteran of parliamentary politics, shocked his colleagues by calling for the outright legalization of marijuana. In an exclusive interview with *High Times* Dr. Broderick said that "legalization should be looked at openly within the framework of a young nation."

"Although we will first decriminalize," said Broderick, "we must realize that ganja is a primary product of Jamaica with possibly more export potential than bauxite ore."

"The dominant thing is that we are first decriminalizing ganja," said Dr. Ken McNeill, the decrim bill's co-sponsor. "To legalize it at the same time is merely an esoteric opinion of some."

United States Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) authorities here refuse to comment on the island's marijuana movements for "political reasons." They have repeatedly advised Jamaican police to arrest foreigners caught with pot for domestic consumption. But local authorities have opted for deportation rather than arrest.

A highly placed source in the Jamaican Tourist Board said that the DEA played a major role in ruining the country's tourist industry last year by scaring off Americans. The DEA maintains an office in the American Embassy lead by narc Norbert Ruzynski.

God's Little Acre

Jamaica's 70,000 Rastafarians, who use ganja as a holy sacrament,

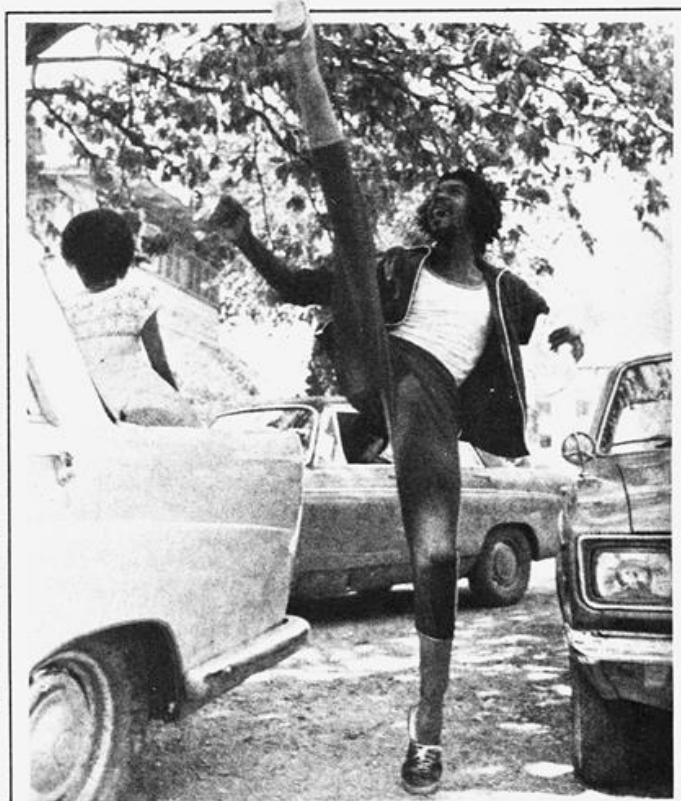
would be the first to benefit financially from the decriminalization. "We cannot deny the Rasta voice," said one senior aide to McNeill, who believes that decrim will bring the Rasta economic independence.

"They don't starve, and they don't go short of ganja, but they still suffer," remarked Englishman Adrian Boot, a longtime observer of Rasta culture.

View From The Cliffs

Some 50 mountain miles west of Maroon Town is the Spanish-founded village of Negril. Tucked into seven miles of white beach and caved cliffs, Negril boasts a population of 2,000 Jamaicans and an influential foreign community of 200. Foreign community sources maintain that much of the town's fortune was born in early speculation in the ganja market.

Although the smuggling lines from Negril to the north have been severed, the DEA maintains radar units which dot the Negril beach front. Residents also have complained of seeing narc helicopters buzzing the shoreline where dug-out fishing boats once ferried ganja to hungry mother ships.



Reggae star Peter Tosh pirouettes for legal pot.

Kate Simon

"There's still a lot of pot and an abundance of honey oil to be found," said one Canadian who spends six months out of the year in Negril. "But too many tourists get blown out on Mandrax. We even have a turn in the cliff road named Mandrax Corner because of the dozens of 'luded-out drivers that fail to make the turn and end up dropping 25 feet into the sea."

Free Market Ganja

The decriminalization of ganja here would thrust Jamaica into a spearhead position in the proposed Organization of Dope Exporting

Countries (ODEC). Jamaica would be the first ODEC nation to pattern a decrim law on the U.S. model and against the wishes of the DEA.

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Radical Fugitive Popped in Toronto

By Pat McGilligan

In early April, the arrest in Toronto, Canada, of a clean-shaven apprentice printer named Gary Mitchell sent familiar shock waves through the Madison, Wisconsin, left community. Mitchell, alias Dwight Armstrong, 25, is the third of four fugitives to be arrested in connection with the \$2.5 million bombing of the Army Math Research Center on August 24, 1970, an explosion in which a physicist was killed. The arrest could not have come at a more unexpected and inopportune time: nearly 6 months had elapsed since David Fine, another member of the self-styled New Year's Gang, was sentenced to 7 years in a Kentucky federal prison after a costly defense battle. Karl Armstrong, Dwight's brother, serving a 23-year sentence at Waupun prison, in Wisconsin, for his guiding role in that antiwar explosion, was in the process of appealing his sentence.

The man accused of the role in the Sixties' most destructive antiwar deed and of stealing a plane on New Year's Eve 1970 to drop ammo-packed mayonnaise jarson a Baraboo, Wisconsin, defense plant, was described as "a decent kid" by his landlord, friends and employer. Co-workers described him as a science fiction and health food enthusiast. He was working at a small publishing company in Toronto and was planning to depart for the West Coast imminently, according to friends; in fact, he was feted at a lunchtime farewell pizza-and-wine party the day before his arrest.

The soft-spoken Gary Mitchell did not resemble the Dwight Armstrong flamboyantly portrayed in the press ever since his flight seven years ago. The Dwight Armstrong supposedly arrested under an alias for petty theft in San Diego in 1975, sentenced to 30 days imprisonment and then mistakenly released. He was also a far cry from the Dwight Armstrong who allegedly gave an interview to the Berkeley Barb two years ago, claiming to be a new recruit for America's burgeoning underground guerrilla army.

Within a week of his arrest, Armstrong was in a Toronto courtroom contesting his extradition to the United States. His Toronto lawyers, Robert Kellerman and Paul Copeland, vowed to fight his extradition on the quote "political grounds" guaranteed by the U.S.-Canadian

extradition treaty, thus raising memories of Karl Armstrong's own ill-fated extradition hearing over four years ago in which a cast of antiwar notables traveled to Toronto to argue in vain that the bombing of the AMRC was an antiwar act

and therefore politically motivated. Karl's U.S. lawyer, Mark Frankel, announced plans to file a domestic injunction against the proceedings, and there was growing speculation that Karl himself may take the stand and testify on his brother's

behalf. Although bail for Dwight Armstrong was initially denied in Toronto, a long, tough court fight is assured. Meanwhile, only one person sought in connection with the 1970 bombing is still at large—Leo Burt, 29, whereabouts unknown.

Canada to Go Legit?

By George Peabody

OTTAWA—Canada may liberalize its pot laws later this year, according to many observers. Details of the expected legislation have not been made public, but several Canadian officials have recently made unusually liberal references to dope laws, and one federal cabinet minister, who is in a key position to influence any change, has publicly favored legalizing possession.

In a response to a "dope poll" in the Vancouver Georgia Straight during the 1974 federal election campaign, Vancouver M.P. Ron Basford came out in favor of legalizing both possession and cultivation for personal use. Basford was urban affairs minister at the time but has since been promoted to the Justice Ministry.

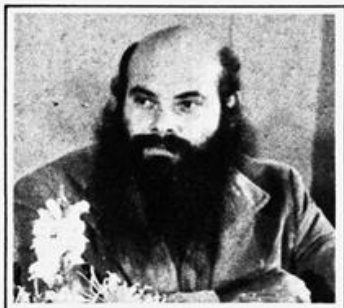
Unlike the American system, in Canada all criminal law is a federal responsibility, and marijuana is presently classified as a narcotic under the Federal Criminal Code. Penalties are the same as for heroin

or coke. Opinion among Ottawa observers is divided over what sort of dope bill the government will propose. Majority opinion is that the expected proposal will be similar, if not identical, to a bill debated in and ultimately passed by the Canadian senate last year. That bill,

which died on the order paper at the close of the last parliamentary session without coming before the House of Commons, shifted pot from the criminal code to the Food and Drug Act and lowered penalties for possession to a maximum \$100 fine.

Cocaberry Shuffle

Noted author-researcher Andrew Weil has recommended American chewing-gum manufacturers introduce coca chewing gum. Weil points out in an article in the Journal of Psychedelic Drugs that coca leaves have been chewed in South America for centuries with no harmful effects. Coca leaves, which contain one-half of one percent cocaine, were used in Coca-Cola and Mariani wine before being banned. Coca leaves relieve fatigue, depression and hunger.



Dr. Andrew Weil

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Right Wing Spies Exposed

by Eda Gordon and Chip Berlet

A right-wing intelligence network has been infiltrating liberal and radical groups in this country for almost ten years. The network has ties to the John Birch Society, Georgia Congressman Larry McDonald, the Church League of America and other fiercely conservative groups. Much of the information gathered was published biweekly in Information Digest (ID), circulated to police and intelligence agencies.

The reports in ID are a compendium of gossip, news clips, innuendo, stolen documents, analysis, rumor and outright lies. Some of the information could only have been obtained through direct infiltration. Occasionally, the authors throw in an exposé of a right-wing paramilitary group, such as the National States' Rights Party or the Minutemen. The known editors of the blacklist-style newsletter, still being published from Baltimore, Maryland, are S. Louis Rees and John Rees.

Ms. Rees, formerly a researcher for the House Internal Security Committee, is currently working for Congressman McDonald (D-Ga.); Mr. Rees is masquerading as a Canadian or British journalist. The network apparently has numerous sources, who infiltrate or conduct surveillance of movement groups, but the Reeses are the only ones yet unmasked.

Subscriptions to ID, solicited or not, go to over 40 state and local police departments, private corporations, news media (including Reader's Digest and a major TV network) and federal intelligence agencies. Excerpts from ID have appeared in dossiers compiled by the FBI, CIA, IRS and National Security Agency.

The New York State Police took raw and unevaluated information from ID, condensed and referenced it in their files and then claimed the newsletter was a "confidential informant," immune from disclosure, when the New York State Legislature began investigating police intelligence abuses.

The Maryland State Police

helped obtain a Baltimore post office box for ID in December 1975. The Reeses were authorized to pick up mail, as was John Norpel, who until 1975 was research director for the U.S. Senate's Internal Security Committee.

The New York and Maryland state police and Baltimore police are all members of the Law Enforcement Intelligence Unit, established by police agencies to circulate information and agents among its 225 members. As a private organization, the unit avoids public control of its often-illegal activities.

Information Digest is also linked with the Church League of America, a right-wing, tax-exempt blacklisting operation based in Wheaton,



Georgia Congressman Larry McDonald

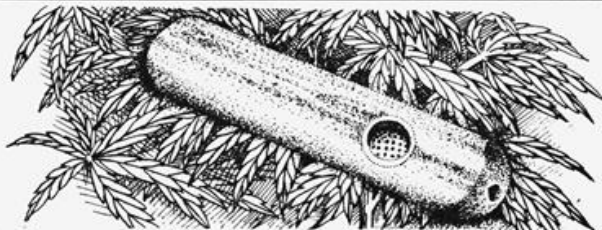
Wide World

Illinois. The League has advertised ID, identifying its publisher as National Goals, Inc., a New York corporation formed in 1968 by John Rees to "provide an investigative service for various branches of government and prepare memoranda, reports, etc." While directing National Goals, Rees held two other directorships, through which he defrauded the city of Newark, New Jersey, of \$7,500. The next year he turned up as editor of the Church League's Layman's Digest.

The League claims it maintains "the largest and most comprehensive files on subversive activity, with the single exception of the FBI." At the League's library, the group says that "every name of every person, organization, movement, publication or subject of significance has been put on a reference card, each referring back to the original document in the files." For instance, all

of the thousands of names appearing in New York Times ads calling for the abolition of the congressional committees that staged the anti-communist witchhunts have been carded and cross-indexed. Cards are filed on every person "attacking and ridiculing a major doctrine of the Christian Faith or the American way of life."

The Reeses, using the name Seeley, now operate ID from a Baltimore row house on the edge of the radical community. Sheila continues her research for Rep. McDonald from the house. John is using the name of a legitimate consumer credit company to publish a news service as a cover for his intelligence work. Both Reeses are fighting subpoenas filed in several lawsuits against illegal surveillance, on the grounds that they are journalists and therefore protected by the First Amendment.



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Oregon Bar Threatens Itself

A move to disbar an Oregon attorney threatens to expose scores of pothead lawyers. Robin Orahood has subpoenaed 50 lawyers, including district attorneys, judges and noted civil lawyers, who he claims have smoked pot to testify in his defense at disbarment proceedings. Orahood, 32, from Williamette Valley, Oregon, was charged with "moral turpitude" by the Oregon Bar after he allegedly told an open courtroom, "I must be incompetent counsel, because I cannot understand why this man is going to jail on a marijuana charge when the judge, the prosecutor and the defense attorney smoke pot. We all buy from the same guy."

Orahood was called into chambers and chastised; later the Oregon Bar decided to move. A two-man prosecution team headed by Thomas Evans will attempt to convince three judges at a hearing in Eugene that Orahood is guilty of moral turpitude, "a violent-based person unfit to practice law." If the disciplinary hearing—the equivalent of an evidentiary hearing in criminal court—finds enough evidence to warrant pursuit of the charges, a disbarment hearing

would be held where Orahood could lose his license.

Orahood has promised to fight "the hypocrisy of my fraternity—they've been weasels for years"—to the bitter end. "There are 4,000 attorneys in the Oregon Bar, and at least 1,000 have smoked pot," he

claims. "I've smoked pot with about 100, and I've subpoenaed half of them."

Orahood also has rallied the support of noted pot authorities such as Ken Kesey, Andrew Weil and John Kaplan.

"I don't want to change city hall,"

says Orahood. "They're just going to have to know that attorneys can practice law even though they smoke pot. They're trying to prove pot makes me depraved, investigated me all the way to my childhood, questioned my girlfriends. They even know how I make love."

Bourne Backtracks on Coke

by Chip Berlet

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The Carter administration is backtracking as fast as possible on Dr. Peter Bourne's promise that his office is "in the process now of very carefully reexamining our policy" on the decriminalization of cocaine.

At first the White House had no comment on the statement other than that the director-designate of the Office of Drug Abuse Policy had meant to say the cocaine policy would be "examined—not reexamined" at a later date.

But when the transcript of Bourne's testimony was read before the House Select Committee on Narcotics Abuse and Control, Bourne's administrative assistant, Ellen Metsky, admitted that a scheduled policy review has been stalled until Bourne is officially

confirmed in his post following hearings by the backlogged Senate Human Resources Committee. His confirmation may take months.

Metsky told *High Times* that the cocaine policy review will be "one of our priorities when Dr. Bourne is confirmed" and that "at the time of



Dr. Peter Bourne

Michael Chance

his statement, we expected him to be confirmed shortly."

Bourne made his controversial statement in a House committee appearance on March 14, 1977, where he revealed administration support for the decriminalization of marijuana.

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Push to Unionize Army This Summer

by Michael Uhl and Tod Ensign

Can American democracy tolerate the creation of a union for GIs? As bizarre as this question may seem to the average citizen, it's about to burst upon the national scene. It's another story in the classic David and Goliath mold.

On Capitol Hill, for example, Senators Stennis and Thurmond are leading the fight to keep the boys in the barracks polishing brass, rather than walking the picket line. As members of the hawkish Armed Services Committee, they've introduced legislation that would outlaw GI unions.

Elsewhere, powerful institutions, from Jimmy Carter's White House to the American Legion and even the Chamber of Commerce, have turned thumbs down on independent organizations of soldiers.

Staring down the muzzle of all these heavy guns is a stodgy old union of federal workers: the American Federation of Government Employees. AFGE represents over 700,000 blue- and white-collar civil servants—half of whom work for the Defense Department, alongside those in uniform. Every two years, AFGE lobbies in Congress for an "economic package" for its membership. Federal law ties military to civilian pay, so that soldiers get a "free ride" on any increase won by civilians.

Since 1974, the AFGE has been laying the groundwork for a military organizing drive that would not only get soldiers to contribute to the

cost of this lobbying, but would also provide a measure of constitutional protection they currently lack. If the soldiers' right to organize, to hold meetings, to distribute literature and to adopt civilian standards for dress and lifestyle were recognized, it would undermine the rule-of-ruin prerogatives of the brass.

Pentagon officials, on the other hand, fear a decline in performance and discipline—not to mention a threat to "national security"—if the unions were to establish a beachhead in the military. Not so, answer union advocates, pointing to the 60 different unions in armies of our NATO allies in Europe. "Unionization in the Dutch army has resulted in no decrease in skill or efficiency," according to Colonel Browner, Dutch military attaché to the U.S.

The main pressure for organization is coming not from the AFGE, but from career GIs who are even

more disgruntled with the all-volunteer military than they were with the war-ravaged Green Machine of the Vietnam era. A recent Air Force poll found that only one in four enlisted men was opposed to unionization.

A GI we'll call Kenny provided us with a chilling view of garrison life today. He recently deserted from his unit in Germany after a nightmarish year that left him with a serious ulcer condition and near suicidal depressions.

Kenny describes himself as having been very gung ho when he enlisted—a potential career soldier.

"I'd been trained for four months in counterchemical warfare, but when I arrived in Germany they told me there were no available 'slots.' When I bitched to my commander, he branded me a troublemaker and reassigned me to the motor pool as a grease monkey,

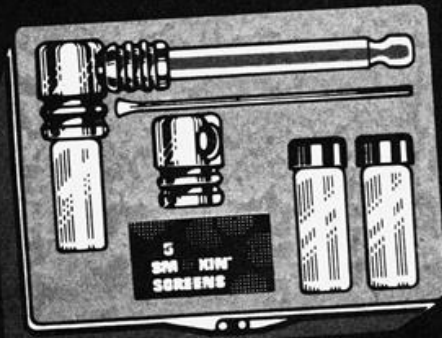
even though my army contract 'guaranteed' me work in my specialty," Ken recounted.

"We were working 12 to 19 hours a day, six days a week, often the whole fuckin' weekend, so our captain would look good to his colonel," he continued.

Kenny said that the officers were aware of the widespread use of hard drugs in the unit. "They knew the dope helped keep us going with the work pace," the disillusioned Pfc. remarked, "and too mellowed out to do anything about it."

Ken's particular experiences may differ from other GIs', but military statistics confirm that dissidence among troops is higher today than at the height of Vietnam protest. Courts-martial, "bad discharges" and nonjudicial punishments, the traditional benchmarks of disaffection in the ranks, are all as sky high as the dopin' troopers.

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MGM Sues Furry Freak Brothers

by Harry Wasserman

MGM studio execs have declared war against, of all people, the Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers. In heated correspondence to the producers of the upcoming film *The Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers in Gone With the Weed—An American Classic*, based on the characters created by cartoonist Gilbert Shelton, lawyers for MGM say they are "forced to take all steps necessary to protect the right of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Inc., in the title *Gone With the Wind*."

MGM's associate general counsel Karla Davidson wrote to the film's associate producer, Richard Dupell, what she termed "a formal demand that you cease immediately from using your proposed title *Gone With the Weed*, as it competes unfairly with our established title *Gone With the Wind*." Dupell wrote back that the film's producer, Paul Badu, "feels that your request is a simple one. He is not now, has not in the past, and shall not in the future use the title *Gone With the Weed*. Mr. Badu...would appreciate in future that you refer to his production by its correct title: *The*

Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers in Gone With the Weed—An American Classic."

Dupell's response did not satisfy MGM. They still demand a change

of title and are further demanding that Badu's InterGalactic Productions "cease using, in any way, the same typeface that is identified with our motion picture *Gone With the*

Wind." The typeface used in promotion for the Freak Brothers film is similar but not identical to that used in advertising for revivals of MGM's nearly 40-year-old film.

DEA Issues Weapons Alert

The United States Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) has instructed its field agents to be on the lookout for a bizarre arsenal of new weapons and techniques employed by smugglers.

Some of the new smuggling methods include:

- dope hidden between double sides of cardboard boxes
- dope hidden in hollowed-out wooden coat hangers
- cocaine dissolved in commercial alcoholic beverages
- dope sealed in tuna cans
- dope placed in hollowed-out golf-club shafts
- cocaine-alcohol solution applied to fabrics

DEA headquarters has also instructed field agents to be wary of

new weapons. One such device is a wallet that conceals a standard model DM .22 magnum or .22 derringer. Designed to be carried in the back pocket, the gun will fire without removal. The weapon is made for use with either hand and will carry two extra rounds.

Other weapons on the check list include:

The electric stun gun, or taser. It resembles a flashlight and fires multiple barbed darts that are connected to the unit by wire and send a 50,000-volt electrical charge that causes loss of muscular control in the victim.

The lug wrench gun. Made from a standard lug wrench, it is equipped to fire .410 shotgun shells.

The pen and pencil gun. This single-shot device looks like a mechanical lead pencil or ballpoint pen. The pocket clips bear "Made in Italy" inscriptions. Originally designed for a tear-gas cartridge, it has been adapted to fire .22 caliber slugs.

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Cigarette Additives Nation's Biggest Fire Threat

by Michele Schachere

An investigation by *High Times* into the huge number of deadly fires caused by burning cigarettes has found that tobacco companies are adding chemicals to make cigarettes burn longer, faster and harder—in fact, burning about 3,000 people to death each year.

Although tobacco companies have a plethora of excuses for the thousands of additives that turn cigarettes into lethal fuses, the clear and obvious reason is to sell more cigarettes. Since 1957, when the tobacco companies began to include long-burning additives, the death rate from cigarettes that might otherwise have gone out by themselves has climbed steadily, even in years of proportionate decreases in the number of smokers.

Fires caused by live ash take 27 percent of the 11,800 fire deaths in the U.S. each year, making smoking the nation's number one culprit in fire fatalities. Almost none of these fires are kindled by cigars, pipe tobacco or marijuana, apparently because none of these smoking materials is cut with the cigarette combustibility additives.

These additives—their exact number and nature are unknown—are bonuses from the giant tobacco companies, which endeavor to create a highly combustible product. But the price of a smooth-burning fag is a tobacco stick that claims 3,000 lives each year. Cigarettes will burn right down to the filter at 800 degrees Fahrenheit—hot enough to ignite almost any household item considered burnable.

Why add chemicals to cigarettes already heavy in tars and poisonous nicotine? "There is an average of 10 to 15 puffs per 85-millimeter cigarette," says David Fisher, public relations administrator for the R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Company. "We like to maintain that average."

More disturbing than this is that it is nearly impossible to find out exactly what the manufacturers are adding. Cigarette companies shelter their formulas as industry secrets. R.J. Reynolds says there are "anywhere from 2,200 to 3,000 known components" used in any one of the popular cigarette brands it makes.

"Oh, God, there's so many," Fisher said. "I really don't know them all without a list, but some are

licorice, sugar, flavoring agents..." Flavoring agents? "Oh, you can't taste them."

The J.P. Lorillard Company, makers of True, Old Gold, Kent and Newport, told *High Times* that additives are considered "proprietary information" and "highly secret." The Nat Sherman Company, whose highly respected brand name is advertised as pure and chemical-free, refused to discuss additives without a written inquiry, and then only after a delay of "two weeks or so."

The Atlanta-based National Clearing House on Smoking maintains that cigarette companies keep their additive recipes secret because "there is no regulatory agency over the tobacco industry, either state or federal.... They don't have to report anything about tobacco." The Clearing House says as much as 25 percent of the "tobacco" substance in modern cigarettes is additive.

Since the 1950s, when cigarette tobacco was relatively unadulterated, "there's been everything added from saltpeter to sodium nitrate," said a Clearing House researcher. "Each company is different, and

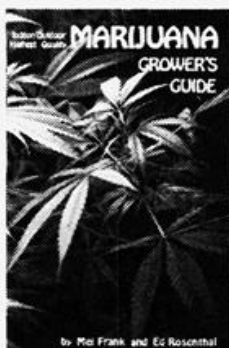
they're all highly secretive. They process the paper and puff or freeze-dry the tobacco to increase the porosity of the cigarette paper, which causes the paper to burn continually."

Hidden additives in the growing of tobacco and paper processing pose additional risks. Tobaccos with traceable residues of DDT and other pesticides are being marketed, and the process used to create porous, easy-burning paper further adds to the fire hazard of an unspent butt.

The National Fire Prevention and Control Association has suggested federal legislation to ban additives and force tobacco companies to disclose their ingredients. But don't hold your wheezy breath. The tobacco lobbies are among the most powerful on Capitol Hill, as was proved throughout the long fight to curb cigarette advertising and compel the cautionary message that is now a fixture on all U.S. cigarette packages. Meanwhile, smoking-related deaths—the vast majority of them caused by continual-burn cigarettes—continue to rise by two percent a year.

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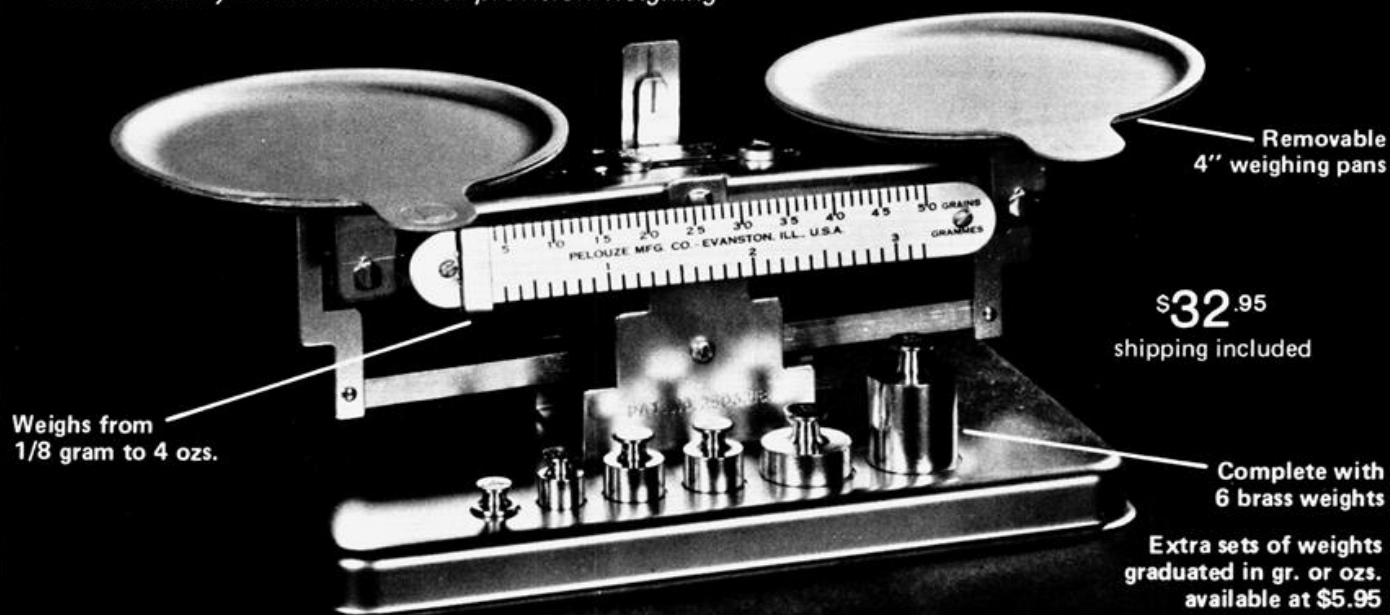
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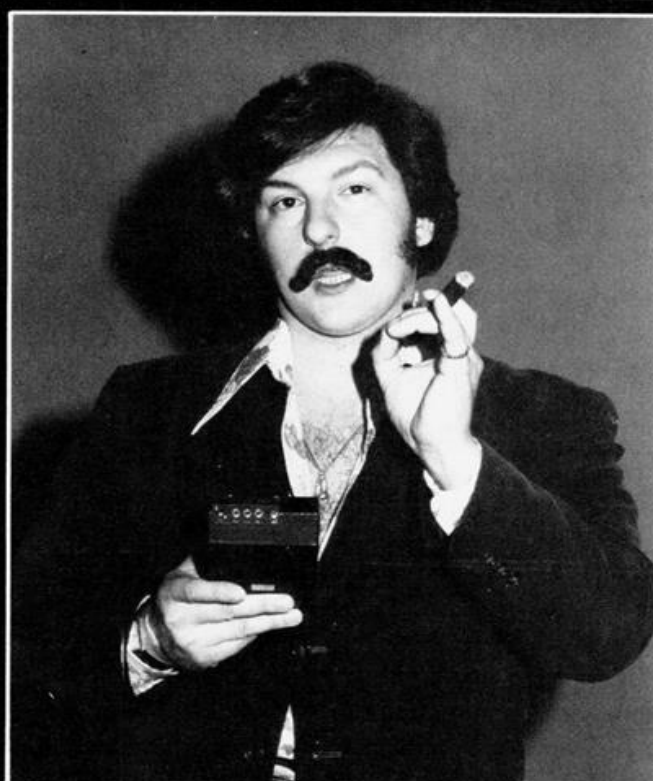
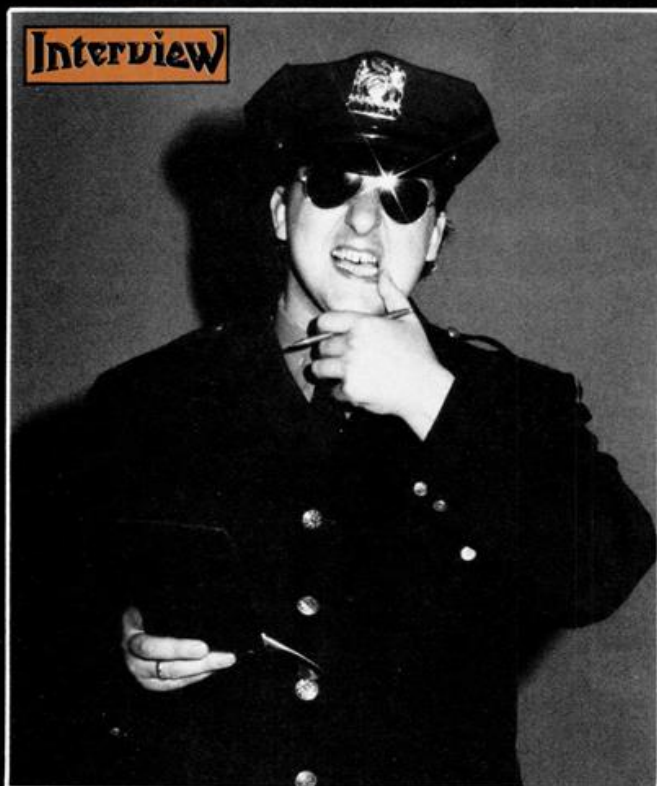
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Interview



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A TOP NARC

The Care and Feeding of Informants by Paul Krassner

Narcs are everywhere. Little is known about their methods because narcs don't talk about their work, which consists of making other people talk to them. For some reason, a senior narcotics officer recently decided to tell it all to *High Times*. Of course, it wouldn't be worth his pension to tell you his name, but as the following interview demonstrates, he is a narc of vast experience with a detailed knowledge of the techniques police are using to bust someone this very minute.

He knows everything there is to know about infiltrating dealing scenes, busting dopers, coercing the cooperation of potential informants and keeping them coerced. He understands why people will betray their closest friends and even relatives, and he knows the precise moment when an informant becomes an ex-informer. After reading the interview, you will know everything he knows. Which may help protect you from being busted.

As the narc talks, it soon becomes clear that he and his colleagues have made the first important breakthroughs in "informant management control and utilization" since the days of Judas Iscariot. They sort of built a better mousetrap to catch a better mouse—the dope "kingpin."

Modern narcs work parallel or work up—that is, use the informant either to eliminate rival dealers at their own level or to arrest their own higher-ups. Virtually infallible methods of legal, psychological and financial leverage are used to keep the informant in line. Narcs are powerless to control people who have nothing to gain by selling out. This interview shows why.

High Times: I'd like to discuss with you the care and feeding of informers. People in my circles look down on them, of course, but in all the drug and police literature I've seen there doesn't seem to be anything about informers from your point of view.

Narc: That's true. You can read the old *Plainclothesman*, which has been kind of a handbook for the last 55 years on undercover police work, but nobody's ever talked about informants—what I like to call management control and utilization of informants. The attitude has been, we work with 'em, we know they're there, but let's bury our heads in the sand and not talk about them. However, I think that's a mistake. We should be talking about informants. They can be treacherous. I say "treacherous" only in reference to narcotics informants.

High Times: Why are they different from other kinds of informants?

Narc: Well, I've worked varied assignments, from burglary to robbery to homicide. But what makes narcotics so different is that it's the one area where the informant is actively involved in the crime you're investigating. He's a user or he's a dealer himself.

I doubt very much that they inform because they're good guys. They inform

because they're working off a case. That's the primary reason a narcotic informant works for us. He's working off a rap that we've got him on.

High Times: What about just plain greed?

Narc: Oh, sure, we've still got the mercenaries, and they'll do it strictly for hire. Enforcement agencies don't all have the funds we'd like to have to work more like this, but those informants work for money.

Also for revenge—a very common reason to get a narcotics informant. They're mad at somebody. A guy ripped them off. Gave them some bad stuff. Stole their money. So it's revenge.

We have to be aware of the motivation. If we're gonna sit down and analyze a narcotics case based upon informant information, then we ought to know what motivates the guy to come to you in the first place and give you that information.

High Times: Is the motive ever to get rid of competitive dealers?

Narc: Yes, definitely. I really believe that this is an area we don't pay attention to too much, but it's very important. Eliminating the competition is definitely a motive in narcotic informants.

High Times: O.K., let's get back to "treacherous." How do you mean?

Narc: Well, just look at the dangers informants impose on a police agency. Historically, our society has always been for the underdog. Americans are like that—rah-rah for the underdog! The utilization of informants by the police, by and large, is still thought to be extremely repugnant in the eyes of the general public. I've got city councilmen in Los Angeles who tell me police should never use informants.

These people are unrealistic. They're not aware of the problems, of the search and seizure restrictions, of the law restrictions on police work—especially in narcotics. They can't understand why we can't make a case without informants.

It's just a fact. In most cases we can't operate unless we have informant cooperation, but to the general public it's a repugnant area.

High Times: What are the specific dangers informants pose for you?

Narc: Double-dealing. I've never been associated with any facet of police work where there were more double-dealers than with narcotics informants. They are the worst people that I can imagine. What's important about recognizing that is that you're going to place an undercover officer in jeopardy if you don't maintain the kind of control that a narcotics informant deserves. You're playing with the lives of cops out there, and cops' lives should never become secondary to a good narcotics case. If you can't control that informant, you'll lose that officer.

You've also got a lot of money out there. With all these federal grants coming in, it's nothing to go into the field any more with hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Beware of that informant. He's a double-dealer. You've got to watch him close

to protect your interests.

High Times: Don't cops sometimes become personal friends with informants?

Narc: Worse. I've found that with narcotics officers there is a tendency to initiate this friendship with an informant. You know, they're coming over to the house to have dinner with the family on weekends.

Narcotics cases never go off on time. You're going to be there two, three and sometimes four days. So now we place this young undercover officer in a room with this informant, and they're sharing everything together for four days. They're drinking, they're eating, and they start developing a friendship.

Pretty soon the dope pusher shows up, and they get into a real tight squeeze, and that informant just comes through and verbally rescues him. He saves the day. And the officer will come up to me and say, "He's a great guy!"

When you try to chastise the informant, the officer will say, "Gee, Cap, you know, he's good people. He really bailed me out of that motel room." Well, that's a bunch of bull. He didn't bail that officer out. He bailed himself out. You know, if the officer gets hurt, it's the informant.

He's got another thing at stake. He doesn't want the thing to get burned, because then the pushers will know that he's working with the cops.

And, third, if he's working off a case, he wants the case to go down—and, if he's working for money, he needs the bread. So his interests are self-serving. But you try convincing a young officer of that when he has just developed this life-long friendship with an asshole. It's just that simple, because that's what they are, every single one of 'em.

High Times: Do you actually warn your officers against becoming friends with their informants?

Narc: I plead with them, don't develop this type of attachment. You have to treat them nice, but you do it in a business relationship.

We've got to keep our objectives in mind. You can't fall trap to developing personal friendships, because if an officer gets into too much personal involvement, he starts losing his objectivity. He just doesn't function any more. You can recognize this—this officer will come to you every time with information and say, "This is it! It's the French Connection!" Every case is the French Connection. Actually, it's only half a lid in a parking lot somewhere.

Officers must beware of personal and emotional involvement. At the same time, all informants must be known to management. This is a cardinal rule. Probably the most controversial criterion among all police officers. I used to be a field investigator working vice and narcotics, and that informant was my bread and butter.

When rating report time comes, what am I being rated on? I'm being rated on my performance. I'm being rated on my

output and the quality of my cases, and in narcotics probably 85 percent of your cases are based on that informant's information. I don't want anybody else knowing about him. He is nobody's business but mine.

But in order to protect itself and to protect individual officers, the department must know the identification of every informant. Put yourself in my position when I was in Narcotics. I had 82 investigators working in the field for me. If I don't know the identification of an informant, then how can I make an intelligent decision as to credibility?

And there's the matter of priority. Narcotics cases are all the same. You can have five squads or a hundred squads: they'll all work out there for two weeks, and all the cases will break at the same hour—it never fails. All right, the supervisor, the OIC [Officer in Charge], the captain, he's got to make the decision as to which case gets the priority. Which guy gets the manpower, which guy gets the bust, which guy gets the equipment. How can I make that decision if I don't even know who the informant is?

High Times: But aren't you holding their own cases over their head?

Narc: Absolutely. This is the part that really amazes me. How can I agree to tell a guy we busted for the sale of a couple of ounces of heroin, "Yeah, we're gonna let you cop out to straight possession, and we're gonna recommend no jail time and a couple years of probation," if I don't even know who I'm talking to?

How can I decide how much money I'm going to pay an informant in a case if I don't know who I'm talking to?

And if something goes wrong—a dead officer in a motel room, and I have to go see the chief and he asks who the informant was. I have to say, "I don't know, Chief." How do you pin the responsibility when something like that happens if the only guy who knows about the informant is dead? Somebody in a supervisory or higher role should know the identity of all informants.

Keep in mind that when I talk about the character of a narcotics informant, I'm talking on a minus scale. It's relative—some informants have more minus character than other informants. That has to be weighed when you're making a decision about working a case. How can I do that unless I know the identification?

High Times: When you say the identity, to what extent do you mean?

Narc: Good question. What good is knowing his I.D. if you don't have pertinent information? When I first went to Narcotics, we had informant files, 9-by-11 cards they used to call vice-intelligence cards. If I was lucky, and most of the time I was not, there was a picture, a mug shot, in the left-hand corner. It also contained information like: Name—John Smith. Description—Male Caucasian. Hangouts—Hollywood. That's wonderful, that's real-

ly wonderful. I've reduced it now to about 800,000 people if I want to look for him.

So, I was dissatisfied and devised my own file. It's nothing fancy: I got an orange package together that includes certain things I felt I had to know in order to manage that unit effectively.

High Times: Such as?

Narc: Such as CII [Criminal Intelligence and Identification] rap sheet—that's available to everyone in the unit, and I've never met an informant who didn't have a rap sheet. But what interesting things a rap sheet tells you when you start talking about a future case.

A guy comes in and says, "I can do a guy who's going to sell you 30 kilos of pure heroin." And you look at his rap sheet and he's got five baggie arrests and a drunk arrest. Maybe he can still make the case, but it's going to make me wonder

**"What makes
narcotics so different
is that it's
the one area
where the informant
is actively involved
in the crime
you're investigating.
He's a user
or he's a dealer
himself."**

whether this guy has moved in the right circles to come up with that kind of information.

Now, if he's got some pretty heavy stuff in his package, that's one more on the plus side which may lead me to believe this guy. But it's just one more factor that I need to make that kind of decision.

A good mug shot. Everybody's got one. It sure would be nice to have a picture in the package in case the guy splits with your bucks out in the field or somebody gets hurt and we don't have to send to Sacramento and wait three days for a package to come back with a mug. You've got it, you duplicate it, you pass it out: there it is.

And fingerprints. Everyone's got prints if they've been arrested. Why not put it in the package? Maybe when that guy goes in on a controlled buy and swears up and down that the seller gave it to him, and you take the prints off the cellophane bag, you find that the informant's prints are the only ones there. You find out if it's a setup. Just one extra little thing, and I'd like to know about it.

I'm talking about a complete personal history. I want to know about his family, I want to know about his hangouts, I want

to know his welfare number, I want to know his union number, I want to know his previous occupation, I want to know where his kids go to school.

High Times: Why would you want to know that kind of stuff?

Narc: Well, you need to keep in mind that today's informants are tomorrow's suspects. If we're going to catch him someday, what a more beautiful opportunity to get all the personal data in his package then when he's working for you and he's talking to you.

I'd like a chronological list of contacts. I don't want arrest reports. I can go to the file and get that. But I'd like to know what happens every time we go out with this guy. So I invented a little Mickey Mouse form that tells me date and time, the number of the case and how much we paid him. As a manager, I like to keep track of how much we paid a guy. If I'm paying a guy ten dollars a case for two years, and an officer comes in and says, "I want a thousand dollars for this one," I'd like to ask, "Why? What makes this so special?"

One of the good things about this chronological list of contacts from the managerial side is that you can see when a guy's been out 20 times and scored 18 of those times. You'll think, "Now, that's a pretty good percentage, and this guy's pretty reliable." So when that officer comes to me with a case in the future based on information from this informant, he's going to get a lot more consideration than someone else.

It's also nice to know about negative contacts, though.

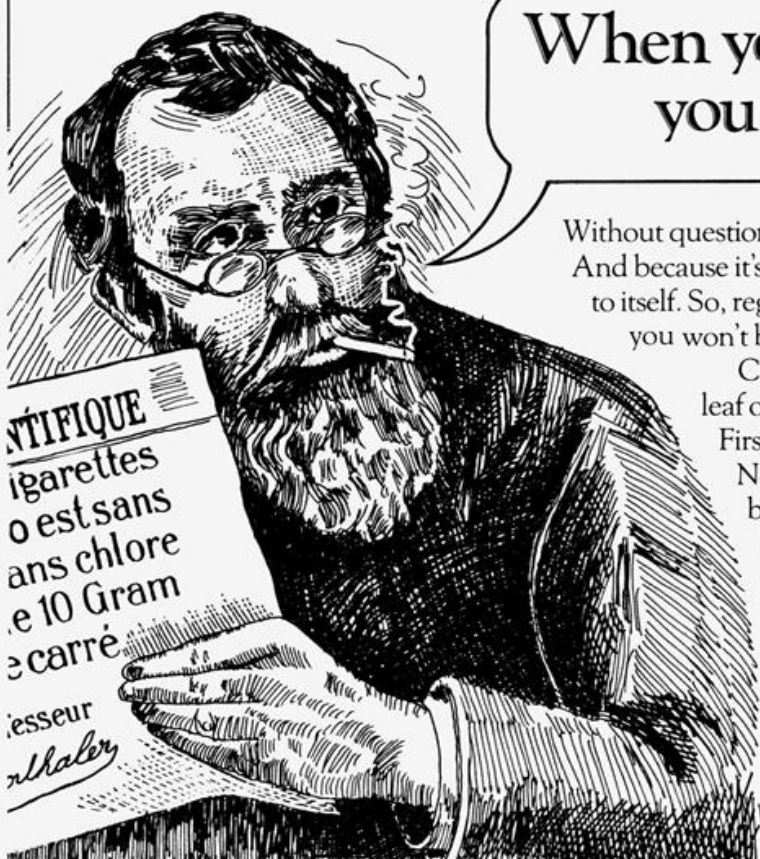
How many times have you been out with the guy and you didn't score? I'd like to know if we're wasting our time with an idiot who's not producing at all. But I don't know a way to get police officers to give me the negative contacts. They don't want to lose the guy.

The officers also grow to like the package, because when they go to court and fill out that affidavit about the reliability of the informant, they don't have to take out 20,000 pieces of paper from their desk and go back to see how many cases he turned and how many were convicted—it's all right in the package. They can just look at the package, and they've got all of the information at their fingertips.

High Times: Before when you said something about the informant having some pretty heavy stuff in his package, I didn't realize you were talking about his rap sheet; I thought you were talking about the actual drugs seized upon arrest.

Narc: Oh, no, I tend to put down seizures. I must confess I am not seizure-oriented. I think about a year ago we kind of polled everybody in southern California as to an estimate of how much narcotics you really think law enforcement confiscates off the streets, and I think, at the maximum, we said five percent.

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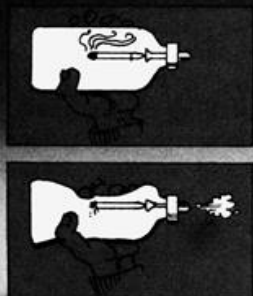
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put out fantastic press releases saying that last year we confiscated \$86-million worth of narcotics off the streets of Los Angeles. I'm just afraid that some day a reporter like you is going to multiply that by 95 and tell us how much we missed.

But seizures don't mean anything to me. I'd rather get the boss of a narcotics organization with a bundle in his shirt pocket than I would get his mule with about ten kilos. Because we're never gonna clean this stuff up—not until the Mexican government wants to clean it up.

And until they make up their minds, we're just gonna be picking up after them all the time. Still, we can start hitting the tops of these organizations, and I think that should be our goal.

There's one way to get no cooperation from investigators. That's to require them to give you their informants openly in a file form, so anyone who walks in the room can inspect it. That's not the way to treat a police office.

This is a confidential thing, and if you don't understand the relationship between your investigator and an informant, then you're in the wrong field, because that's more than a case number; it's a matter of personal rapport. So there has to be limited access. It should go into one man and then you can communicate by a preassigned number. We use the officer's serial number, and then his informants are listed A, B, C, D, E and so forth.

Now we don't put it on an arrest report: "We received information from #11685B." That's a pretty good tip-off that you have an informant file. Keep it off of arrest reports. When I used to get the reports on the update of the file, I didn't care what they wrote it on. The back of an envelope: "Last night we went out with #114A and he turned three arrests and we got eight ounces of heroin." Put it in a sealed envelope and drop it on my desk.

It's not that much work to upkeep it. I found that once you start it the officers want to update it, because they want their informants to be looked upon by you in a favorable light for future consideration. So, if you're going to start a file, keep it secret and have a way you can communicate with your officers.

High Times: Could those files be subpoenaed in a drug trial?

Narc: Well, I tried to find an appellate case that required the disclosure of such a file, and I have not found any yet. There was a sergeant back in Washington, or Baltimore, that went to jail for three days for contempt of court, but he got out. That was his decision to make. You don't mention it on any reports, and I think when you deal with informants, it's the same as when you go to court now and the judge demands you reveal the informant.

Your option is to say no, and they dismiss the case. It's as simple as that. I made my decision personally—having a cabinet with about 300 informant pack-

ages—that there was no way I was going to surrender that to a court. I'm not going to be responsible for that many executions.

High Times: I've heard the expressions *working down* and *working parallel*. Could you explain those methods of working with informants?

Narc: This has always been a sore spot for

"If an officer gets into too much personal involvement, he starts losing his objectivity. He'll come to you every time and say, 'This is it! It's the French Connection!' Actually, it's only half a lid in a parking lot somewhere."

me, and I think it's a danger you impose on every police agency when you work a narcotics case. *Working parallel* is essentially when a guy that you busted is going to trade and give you five or six for one. What he's actually doing is eliminating the competition. I have no great objection to this, but we ought to be aware of what he's doing.

The informant that works down is the guy who's up there in an organization, trading you guys who are lower down. If you accept that kind of a trade, then you have committed an unpardonable sin as far as I'm concerned. This is the guy that you bust and say, "If you cooperate, we'll let you go," and he says, "Great, I'll give you six arrests."

If you're the type of agency or officer that is so impressed with quantitative results of narcotics investigations, you'll bite at it. You're dealing with a guy who's selling out his customers to get off the hook, and if you allow that to happen, then you're being remiss in your responsibilities as a narcotics officer.

You never go down with an informant. You always go up. If he can't take you up, good-bye—he goes to jail. It's that simple.

High Times: You said before that working parallel is the same as an informant eliminating the competition and that you didn't object to that. But isn't the informant then exploiting you for his own selfish goals?

Narc: So the guy wants to knock out all the same-level pushers in town—that's not so bad. You follow him around and you do it. Fine. Just remember to get back to your informant when you finish with the others, because what you're doing is giving him a monopoly in your city. He's knocking out everyone else under the guise of being your informant, and he gets bigger and bigger. An officer should be aware of that.

Ideally, you point the informant in the

direction you want to go, not where he wants to go. There are times when you know that John Smith can get right in to the John Jones Organization, who you've been trying to bust for five years.

The informant says, "I'll give you three other organizations—three for one." Don't let him do that to you. Say, "No, here's where I want to go and here's where you're going to make your buy." And if he's got a case on him, he'll eventually have to do it. There's no question about it.

But if you start following informants around town, it's kind of like the shotgun approach. They become squad leaders and case leaders, and you're running around after them all the time. The best way to do police work is for the police officer to give the direction to the informant and then send him out hustling.

Beware of an informant who has a tendency to build a minor case into a big case. I am convinced that a lot more big pushers in California are created by us.

High Times: Could you expand on that?

Narc: I'll tell you what we do. The informant snitched us in, and this guy is used to dealing bags of heroin, and we take him in the motel room and say, "Hey, buddy, you wanna see a hundred thousand?"—and we flash the money. His eyes open wide and he hangs us up for two days, because for the next two days he's going all over the county trying to round up enough dope to sell to you. I think if we ever did a qualitative analysis on some of these cases, we'd find about 50 different degrees of quality.

Now we have created this monster. We've taken a little street pusher, waved a hundred thousand dollars in front of him, let him stall us for three days, he's run all over, scored from as many people as he can, and then we bust him and we say in the newspapers, "Big Dope Pusher Nabbed by Cops!"

Is he really a dope pusher, or did we create a dope pusher? You've got to be careful of an informant like that.

You also have to emphasize to an informant that as long as he works for you he can no longer deal. Now you know that's a bunch of bull, and I know that's a bunch of bull, because he's going to deal. That's the way he makes his living. That's not important though. The important thing is that you put your agency on record as telling this guy that he does not get immunity just because he happens to be an informant, and if someone comes along and wants to bust him, more power to them.

I'm a firm believer that a good informant goes to jail once every two years anyway. It makes them better informants.

High Times: Are you serious about that?

Narc: Oh, sure, but don't misunderstand. I would not expect individual officers to arrest their own informants. I would tell someone else to do it. But what's wrong with putting them in jail? It spurs them on to greater heights. But you cannot give

them immunity. There's no way that you can promise a guy that he has carte blanche license to deal in your town just because he's an informant. You've got to go out front and make that point.

When you deal with a narcotics informant, each case must be properly planned. The one thing you have to avoid is that last-minute phone call when the guys call you up and says, "It's all set up. The case is gonna go down. It's down in Malibu and it's going at 5:00." You look at your watch and it's 4:05 and you can't possibly get to Malibu until about 4:55 and the case is gonna go in 5 minutes. Don't be trapped into that kind of situation.

Narcotics officers, bless their hearts, are the most zealous, most motivated policemen I have ever been associated with. They will run to Dallas by themselves to make a narcotics case if it looks good. But that's where the sergeant comes in. You've got to sit back and say, "Wait a minute, we haven't had time to plan this. We may not have sufficient manpower available. We don't know where the hell we're going. If it's a motel, we don't know where the room is, we haven't got the rooms on both sides, we don't know where the exits and entrances are, we can't cover it, we can't wire the room, we can't wire the officer."

That's what a last-minute phone call does for you. It takes away all the control you could possibly have. If you allow yourself to get sucked into something like

that, you're going to get a cop killed, and then you're going to regret it for the rest of your life.

You cannot plan a good narcotics case in 15 minutes or an hour. It takes hours of prescouting and preplanning before you should ever go into those things. Officers should not fall for an informant that is

"Today's informants are tomorrow's suspects. If we're going to catch him someday, what a more beautiful opportunity to get all the personal data in his package then, when he's working for you and he's talking to you."

always pulling a last-minute phone call.

You've got to make sure you know everything the informant knows. They're all the same. They want that money you're going to pay them or they want to work off that case, so they come in and say, "It's all set up. The guy's in there and he's got two kilos of good cocaine. All you have to do is walk in and grab him. Just make the buy."

He doesn't tell you about the Doberman

pinscher. He does not tell you about the guy in the closet with the shotgun. They have a tendency to forget to tell you all the negative things, because they don't want to sour you on the case. They want it to go.

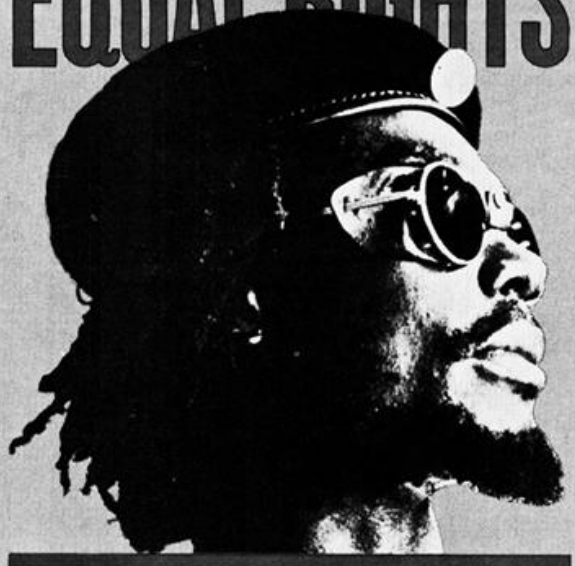
So you have to pump them for it. You can't just accept that what the informant tells us is all there is to know about a case. Find out everything—positive and negative—and then make your own decision.

I remember my first week in Narcotics as a captain. I didn't know anyone, a few guys, maybe, and I walked into the squad room and there must have been 70 guys in there from a whole bunch of different agencies. It was obvious that a big caper was going down, and I saw this great big guy with a beard and a lot of hair at the blackboard.

He had what looked like a picture of a motel on it and he said, "Here's the room and the room next door. You wire the guy here and you cover this exit." I stood back and thought, "Damn, there's a sergeant. There's a supervisor of the future." And then I found out he was the informant. I could not believe it. This guy was running the case.

I tell my officers, you run the case. If your informant wants to be a cop, point him out to Civil Service and let him go through the procedure like everyone else. But, he can work under less restrictions than you can—like the law, ethics—such things don't make any difference to him. They can't understand why we can't

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make cases sometimes. Don't let him get that involved in a case.

I really hardened up in the end in my attitude about this thing. I don't even like informants in the room during a briefing, to tell the truth. Let them get too close and they know your operation too well. Kick 'em out of the room. If you have a question, call them in, ask them, kick 'em out again. Don't let them become squad leaders. That's not their function.

High Times: But at the same time, aren't officers trying to butter up informants?
Narc: That's right. That's why we have to provide for sufficient manpower and equipment, so as not to depend totally on informants' needs. If you haven't got enough people to cover a case adequately, call it off. We seem never to want to call anything off. If it wasn't for the fact that a squad leader or a lieutenant had enough guts to say, "Let's go home," I suspect some of my troops in Narcotics would still be on the Mexican border two years later waiting for that guy to come across. What's wrong with hanging them up once in a while?

Sometimes I think we give ourselves away. What other buyer do you know of that when the pusher calls at three o'clock in the morning and says, "We're ready to go; do you have the \$400,000?"—what other buyer replies, "I got it, I'll be there"?

You don't walk around your house with a couple hundred thousand dollars. What's wrong with telling the guy, "Hey, I can't get my bucks together that fast. Let's make it tomorrow afternoon. You caught me by surprise." Why put yourself at the disadvantage of having to run out there when you don't have enough manpower or equipment?

If you've got a lot of money in a motel room, you can't cover that thing with three, or even five, guys. You've got your operator, you're going to have to wire the room, have people next door; you've got guys in the lobby, you've got guys outside. If you don't go through these painstaking things, you'll wind up with a dead or injured policeman, and there's no narcotics pusher who's worth that sacrifice.

I always say, don't become so idealistic that you think your bust will end the narcotics addiction problem in California. It's never going to happen. You do the best you can, but you don't do it at the risk of the life of an officer. If you can't plan properly, if you don't have the right equipment, if you don't have enough officers, call it off or hang it up.

High Times: On a pragmatic basis, how do you actually deal with the treachery of informants?

Narc: Well, if you've got an informant that's going in on a controlled buy, search him before he goes in. Make sure, for court purposes, that he's not carrying the stuff in and then carrying it out and saying he bought it. Wire the informant whenever possible.

I know that a lot of times you can't put a

wire on an officer, let alone an informant, because it gets too hairy, and sometimes we get shook down on the inside. But in most cases I've been on, my guys never get searched, so you can wire them.

I like wiring because you can sit outside, listen to the conversation and determine for yourself how the case is going. Then you don't have to trust the informant's word about the progress of the case. He's got an incentive. He'll stall you while you sit with ten guys at time-and-a-half and other cases need to be gotten to, and you waste your time just because you're forced to rely on this idiot's word.

So, if you can get away with it, wire him. If you can hear him, you can make the decisions. Of course, if he's dealing money for you, be sure and record the serial numbers. That's kind of basic.

And here's something that I find we forget to do on many occasions. You've got to ascertain from the start of the case whether the informant's going to lay him-

"We put out fantastic press releases saying that last year we confiscated \$86-million worth of narcotics. I'm just afraid that some day a reporter like you is going to multiply that by 95 and tell us how much we missed."

self out in court or not. It's a very simple question: Will he testify? But how many times do we forget to ask? How many times do we assume that the guy's gonna testify in court, and then that day comes and he says, "Me, testify? You've got to be out of your gourds. You know these guys will kill me. I'm not getting up there on the stand."

It's very important. If he'll testify, you've got an easy investigation. This guy goes in, he gets stiffed into the organization, issues a little signal, you make the bust, and that's it. But if he won't testify and you've got to protect his identification, you've got a different kind of investigation. Then you've got a lot of surveillance to do. You have to work around the informant.

High Times: But, to a certain extent, you have to let the informant in on your scenario, right?

Narc: Yes, but he must understand that he follows the script and that he does not have the right to make changes. What's the sense of having a three-hour briefing with a hundred officers if the informant goes in and the guy says, "I don't want to flash the money here. Drive down to Point Moogoo and on top of a tree we'll do it up there."

The guy says, "Yeah, yeah," and you don't know what's happening. He takes off with the money and you've got 20,000

guys having traffic accidents trying to keep up.

The informant does not have that kind of authority. I don't even like it when a police officer changes the script on sudden notice when nobody knows about it. There's an easy out. Instead of the informant posing as the man, you tell him that he represents the man. So whenever these kind of changes come up, he says, "Hey, guy, I've got to get to a phone. I've gotta call the man. I gotta get approval before we can do this." And then he contacts us and we can weigh the decision as to whether we want to do it or not. Too many rips go down because the script has been changed.

I don't like moving money anyway. I never move money. The money stays in one place. You start moving it around and you're gonna get ripped. You can't keep up with it. It stays in a place that you can watch; that's open to you, that you can hear what's happening in the room, and you'll never lose money that way.

High Times: Can we talk a bit about the actual arranging of deals with informants?
Narc: Well, this is a guy you've busted, and now he wants to deal with you. The most desired way, as far as I'm concerned, is money. The mercenary is the kind of guy that I like to deal with, because this eliminates that bad stigma we talked about—in society's eyes—about letting a known dope pusher escape.

This guy is strictly doing it for the money. Unfortunately, all of us have funding problems and we can't afford to play with these kinds of cases. We had one case that we went to San Antonio on with the federal authorities. It didn't work out, but had it been successful, the informant fee was \$34,000 for 110 pounds of coke. If you're going to deal for money, then the approval has to come from the commanding officer or the OIC.

I think you have to assist officers. You've got to set some standards for them. For instance, you say, "O.K., on heroin cases, for every pound we're going to go a hundred dollars"—or whatever your figure is. That's to give them a basis to open up the discussion in the field, only because when you start determining how much a case is worth, don't get hung up in seizures.

There are a lot of variables that have to be considered, such as what kind of a case is it going to be? Is this guy talking about some little street pusher or is he talking about giving us the boss of an organization? A boss is worth a lot more than a street pusher, so you're going to have to pay more.

What's the informant's past record of accomplishments? You're going to pay a guy who's turned 20 straight cases a lot more money than a guy who's there for the first time.

High Times: What would you say is the most important lesson you learned as a commander?

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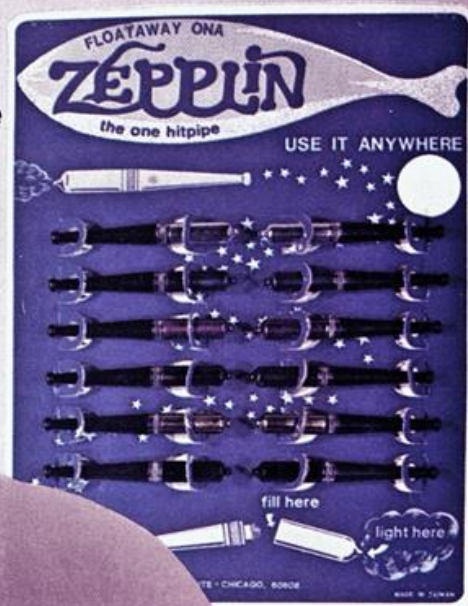
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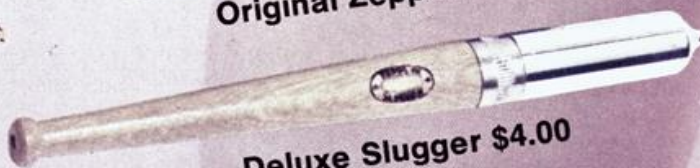
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Narc: In my 18 months as the commanding officer of the investigations section, I would say that the commanding officer has to give the final approval, because my experience has shown me that officers tend to be too generous.

Whenever an officer used to come to me, I felt like an Armenian rug merchant. He'd say, "We want to give the informant \$500 for this case," and I'd say \$50, and he'd say \$400—and we'd reach a point where I knew I was getting screwed anyway just by agreeing to it. But let's face it, that's that officer's bread and butter. That's his boy. He's giving him all his cases. He wants to keep him happy, and by keeping him happy you give him as many bucks as you can.

But you're the old supervisor now, and you've got a different role. You've got other people to keep happy, and you've got to disperse the funds evenly. Again, for this kind of assistance, you need some kind of files.

If you want to create animosity in your units, you start paying one guy \$1,000 every case and you've been paying another guy \$50—the same kind of case—and you watch the officers start in: "How come his informant gets more than mine?" You've got to be fair as a commander. That's why I keep emphasizing: you've got to have a system.

No money, as far as I'm concerned, should ever be given to any informant until the case is finalized to your satisfaction. Give an informant the money up front and you take away his motivation. If you want to see an informant break his back to make a case, keep him hungry. He'll kill himself if he needs the bread.

And, notice, I just said, "finalized to your satisfaction." If you had a deal where to get the boss of an organization you're going to pay \$500, and then the informant comes in and the case is over but you wound up with a guy two places down from the boss, is that still worth \$500? Not as far as I'm concerned. You had a verbal contract with this man and he didn't deliver, so you prorate it. Maybe it's worth \$100 or \$150, but don't let them sucker you in by making a big promise for a lot of money and then compound that felony by paying them regardless of the outcome.

High Times: What about the informant who's working off his own case?

Narc: Well, that's the most common way of working with them. This is the guy you busted and now he wants to come in and make a deal with you. You've got to keep in mind, and you've got to remind all officers, that you cannot make a deal. A police officer is not empowered to do that. That's the prerogative of the judiciary and the district attorney. The D.A. makes the decision to file and the judge makes the decision to convict. A police officer does not have that right. He merely promises to recommend. How many guys must have been embarrassed on the street because

they promised an informant more than they could deliver?

As with money, it takes prior department approval before you can set that kind of a deal. Investigators, as far as I'm concerned, should not be allowed to make their own deals. I'll tell you why. Every once in a while you're gonna run into that really politically sensitive case.

The investigator—he's a good narc—he sees this whole bunch of stuff on the table. All he can think of is, "This guy's gonna turn three top-ranked dope pushers for me in return for letting him go." But he's not privy to some of the information that the rest of the staff is—such as the guy's on probation for molesting the mayor's daughter.

High Times: Is this an actual case or just hypothetical?

Narc: That's an exaggerated case, but you want to see some political sparks? Just go get into one like that. Or maybe this guy is just so repugnant in his character that no

"You also have to emphasize to an informant that as long as he works for you he can no longer deal. Now you know that's a bunch of bull, and I know that's a bunch of bull, because he's going to deal."

department can afford to work with him in the first place.

Most officers don't have that kind of information. They lead a kind of channeled life of investigation. They're not worried about administration. This is a management function as to whether or not you're going to allow a dope pusher to go free, and it's got to be with department approval.

When you've got your spurs into a guy, this is when you really get the good trade-off. At least three. If the guy doesn't want to do it, what's his option? State prison. And then you ought to actively make sure that he goes to state prison, if that's the kind of guy he is. If you've got your hooks into him good, though, if it's a good sales case to an officer, don't let him off the hook by conning you into an easy trade.

Whenever possible, you tell him the case you want. He'll take you a lot of different places in a trade-off, but if you know he can score from some guy who's been plaguing your community, that's who you want. And they'll come across. They don't want to go to jail.

Another thing—we don't let attorneys come to the meeting. I had one guy show up one time with his attorney and say, "I brought my attorney with me. We want to

set up the deal." What is that? You're sitting down to negotiate for a new house or something? Attorneys are out. This is something between you and that informant, and I don't want to get tied down with a bunch of legal jingle-jangle. Keep your hooks into him and don't let him off.

I'm not talking about the guy you arrest for marks and it's going to be a misdemeanor anyway, and right there on the spot you make your deal and it's dismissed and he works for you. I'm talking about the guy you've got for a good sales or possession-for-sale case. This is the kind of guy that you don't go out front for. You let him go through the criminal justice system. If anything, it will show his peers that he's not a fink. You know: "I got to go to trial today. If I was a fink, I'd have the case dismissed."

High Times: How do you feel about an informant being set free and then going out and pushing again?

Narc: Well, I certainly don't like to see a guy get off scot-free on a good case. If anything, he's going to plead to something. If it was a good sales case, then we're going to cop him out to a good possession case, and where you make the deal is on the sentence.

There's no jail time, but you put the probation on him and, if you can, you put the terms of probation in there. Like they have in some counties—24 hours a day you will submit your bod and your car and your house to a search by any officer.

Keep in mind, two years from now this guy may not be working for you any more. He may be out there pushing, and if you've got that kind of information in your probation as a criteria of probation, what a beautiful way to go out and bust him. Don't abuse it, is my attitude. Don't roust people when they have that on their probation, but if you've got a good pusher, use it.

This may seem like a very minor point, but I don't like police departments to go into court and ask for a continuance while the deal is going with the informant. Let me tell you why. Many police chiefs have been continually criticized for the delays in the criminal justice system. How many cases do we have that go two years before we even get to superior court?

Now, all of a sudden, we go in and request a continuance because the informant's working for us. If the guy's working for you and he wants to make a deal, he knows he's going to get the charges reduced or not go to jail, so let the defense go in and ask for the continuance.

Then the people don't have to object to it and, of course, we're not going to. It's a very small thing, but I think it would be kind of hypocritical to ask for a continuance and then scream about other cases where continuances are granted.

In most cases, I don't believe you should ever interfere with the case until the sentencing portion. I want that informant to have on his record the fact that he

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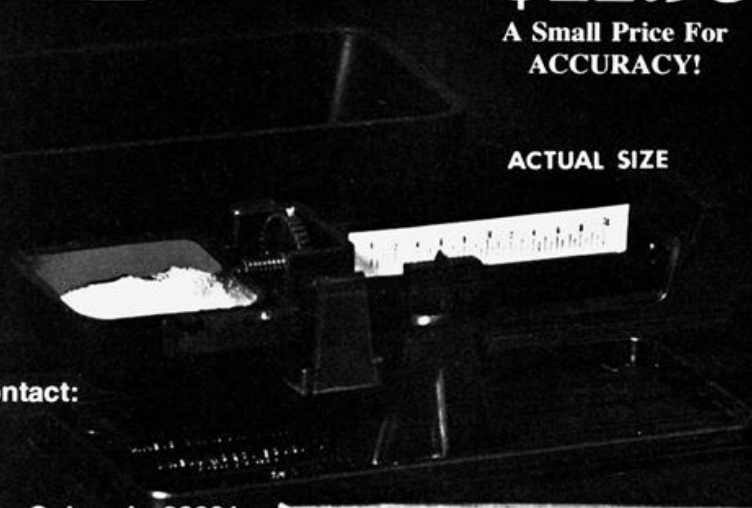
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has been found guilty of a felony violation. Again, we're talking about the serious offenses. You've got him for sales and you're allowing him to cop out to a straight possession with a promise of no jail time.

I want that on his record. I don't want him to get the charges dismissed. I think you should show other law enforcement officials that the guy is up there in that kind of a circle. On the major cases, he's going to have something on his record to indicate that he was convicted—not just charged—convicted, of a felony.

High Times: How does your department actually go about fixing these cases with the courts for a reduction of the charges?

Narc: An officer, first of all, is not allowed to go over and see the judge in his chambers to make a deal for the informant. If you allow the officer to go right into the judge's chambers with no one's knowledge—not consulting anyone—and make a deal with the judge, you're defeating your purpose of control.

So, in our department, a letter goes from an assistant chief of police to the district attorney in which we request certain action be taken on a case, and that is relayed to the judge. The judges know—at least as far as Administrative Narcotics goes—that they don't act on a case until they get that kind of letter coming through channels.

I think you have to set up that kind of a procedure for many reasons. First, management assumes its responsibility for controlling the disposition of serious felony cases. Secondly, it sure takes that police officer off the hook if something goes wrong. If you've got a captain, a deputy chief and an assistant chief's approval signature on a letter of transmittal before the charges are reduced, it really takes the officer off the hook.

High Times: How do you go about handling questionable informants? Do you ever actually blackball them?

Narc: Yes, this has been one of the major liabilities suffered in law enforcement for many, many years. Let me give you some examples of the kind of guy I feel should be blackballed as an informant.

Number one is the guy who agrees to work for you and then, for whatever reasons—he's chicken or he changes his mind—burns the operation in the middle of a case. This guy should never be allowed to work with any police officer ever again, because that informant doesn't know what stage of the case you're at. This guy could be directly responsible for one of your officers getting killed.

Number two, the guy who continually lies. He is always promising to make those big cases and he never delivers. You're wasting your manpower, you're wasting your equipment, you're wasting your money. You should blackball him. Just forbid anybody from ever working with him again.

Number three is the guy who, in terms

of long-range coordination, cooperation and effectiveness against narcotics problems, is probably the most dangerous of all. That's the guy who plays one agency against another agency. This is the guy who goes to LAPD [Los Angeles Police Department] and says, "I've got a great case for you," and you say, "Great, we'll buy it." Then he goes across the street to the sheriff's and says, "I've got a great case for you"—it's the same case—and they buy it.

We end up with two sets of investigators out in the field working the same case, wasting your time, and they may shoot each other out there because you all look like the suspects. You don't know the players without a program. He's the most dangerous individual I can find.

High Times: So is there actually a blacklist of bad informants?

Narc: Well, we've said, "All right, no one will ever work with that guy again." But have we told the officers in our sister

**"I'm a firm believer
that a good informant
goes to jail
once every two years
anyway. It makes them
better informants."**

cities about it? Have we told the sheriff in our county about it? In the next county? No. We never did anything like that, and we allowed this individual to go from agency to agency to agency, up and down the state, wrecking good police officers' careers, bringing down chiefs of police and wrecking departments. He should be blackballed out of the state. So I say, if we've got guys who are just no good, input them into that file.

High Times: What about informants who work on the other side of the border? Not a state border, but a national border.

Narc: I've done a flip-flop as far as my opinion on this problem goes. I used to let informants go to Mexico, and I was really convinced this was the way to make good cases. I must say in all honesty that I have changed my mind, and I feel there can only be one policy, which is that informants shall not go into Mexico while working as your agent.

When you think about it, you don't have the right to tell a man that he has carte blanche to break the law in a foreign country. You can't control his activities once he leaves this jurisdiction. He'll tell you, "I'm just sneaking across the border to meet with the crooks to set the deal so that they'll come back."

Well, what happens most of the time is he goes across the border, sets up the deal

for you and then says, "Well, while I'm down here, I think I'll score for myself too."

So he scores, and then he comes back across the border, and Customs grabs him and he's holding. The first thing out of his ever-lovin' mouth is, "I'm an agent for LAPD. I'm working on a case." Well, I'm sure you didn't have the kind of contract with him that he can go down and score for himself. It's very embarrassing to have that kind of thing happen, and there's only one solution to the problem: you have to tell him he can't go. I don't mean that you get him and say, "Don't go to Mexico, please." You're giving him the ticket and the money. You've got to be emphatic. You've got to come out real strong and say, "You're not acting as our agent if you go to Mexico."

If we get an informant who's going to insist on doing it, then call him on the phone and tell him he's not going and then tape it. Then if he goes down there and gets busted, that's tough luck as far as I'm concerned.

What are you gonna do if you tell a guy, "You will not act as my agent if you go to Mexico," and he says, "Screw you, I'm going anyway." What are you gonna do—kidnap him? Chain him to a bed? You can't do that. He's a free citizen. So he goes down there and you don't hear from him for a while, and the next thing you know the phone rings and he says, "Hey, I'm back in San Diego and I've got five kilos of heroin with these idiots." What are you going to do? You'll bust him, that's what you're going to do.

You fulfilled your obligation. You told him not to go. He went. He's a free citizen. Now he's back in the United States and he's got dope pushers with five kilos of heroin. Go down and bust him. But put your department out front on it. Don't let this guy embarrass you by getting you into a situation where you have the State Department calling up asking how come we're sending guys into a foreign country dealing dope. It's an embarrassing thing for your department and for your chief.

Getting back to your question about blackballing, just because I put a name into a file as being undesirable, does that mean I cannot work with him? No. It's not binding. There are times when you're going to have to work with an undesirable informant. You take a case where an officer has been murdered, and the only person who can get to the killer happens to be a blackballed informant—you'd better believe you're gonna work with him.

High Times: How would you sum up your point of view then?

Narc: If we don't have some kind of system set up to control these informants, we're going to lose somebody some day. I want my guys to think systems, think control, think devious when you're dealing with a narcotics informant. If nothing else, you're going to wind up saving the life of a cop. That's my concern. ■

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"GOVERNMENT REPRESSION HAS
CREATED A SITUATION IN WHICH
SYNTHETIC DRUGS ARE PREPARED BY
THE UNDERGROUND AND ARE IMPURE
AND UNRELIABLE IN GENERAL."

—ANDREW WEIL



NATURAL V HIGH

THE GREAT DEBATE: You can't

IN FAVOR OF NATURAL DRUGS Andrew Weil

The longer I consider drugs, the more I am convinced that we are better off learning to use natural plant drugs than pure chemicals derived from them. I get flak about my belief from pharmacologists and medical doctors who say there is no important difference between a psychoactive plant and its active principle and from some users who say they get better highs from refined chemicals.

You cannot separate effects of drugs from people. What counts are the relationships people form with drugs. And I see again and again in my travels that people tend to form better relationships with plant drugs than with white powders. By that I mean that they get more out of their use of the drugs, have fewer problems with them and find it easier to stabilize their use and have it remain beneficial over time. It looks much more difficult for people to do that with refined chemicals. Why should this be true?

Plants differ from isolated drugs in several ways that might explain things. First are simple mechanical differences that dictate ways of use. You cannot get raw opium into a syringe, much less into a vein. You cannot snort a coca leaf. In general, whole-plant preparations go into the mouth and stomach, which, for me, is the most natural and logical way to take a drug because it gives the body time to adjust to the substance and decide how fast to admit it to the bloodstream. When you put drugs directly into the blood or almost directly into the blood (as by snorting or smoking), you by-pass a lot of safety mechanisms the body has evolved for its protection. Learning to be satisfied with oral preparations of drugs is one way of increasing your chances of remaining in a good relationship with a psychoactive substance for a long time.

Also, plant preparations are generally less potent than isolated drugs because they are diluted by inert vegetable matter. Opium has about ten percent morphine. The average cocaine content of coca leaves is only about one percent. Dried psilocybin mushrooms may contain one-half of one percent psilocybin, or less. When you take

by Andrew Weil

S CHEMICAL HS

improve on nature—or can you?

a dilute form of a drug, the level of drug in your bloodstream rises more slowly than when you take a concentrated form. Effects of drugs often correlate with the rate of increase in the blood rather than with the absolute dose. That is why people who shoot drugs get such strong rushes, and why folks who snort coke get more dramatic initial feelings than coca-leaf chewers. But dramatic initial effects do not last long. The advantage of learning to prefer the milder but longer-lasting effects of dilute preparations is that you can keep them going. Coca leaf keeps working for you even though you chew it regularly over months and years. Cocaine begins to fail as you use it more and more often.

Finally, plants differ greatly in composition from single chemicals taken out of them. Opium contains 21 alkaloids besides morphine; coca, nearly 20 besides cocaine; peyote, nearly 40 besides mescaline; and so on. Pharmacologists have fallen into the habit of calling all these other drugs "secondary" or "inactive" constituents. Once they isolate the "active" principle, they forget about the plant. Doctors in the last century advertised cocaine as the active essence of coca: the leaf in a more potent and convenient form. To this day, hardly any research has been done on all those other compounds.

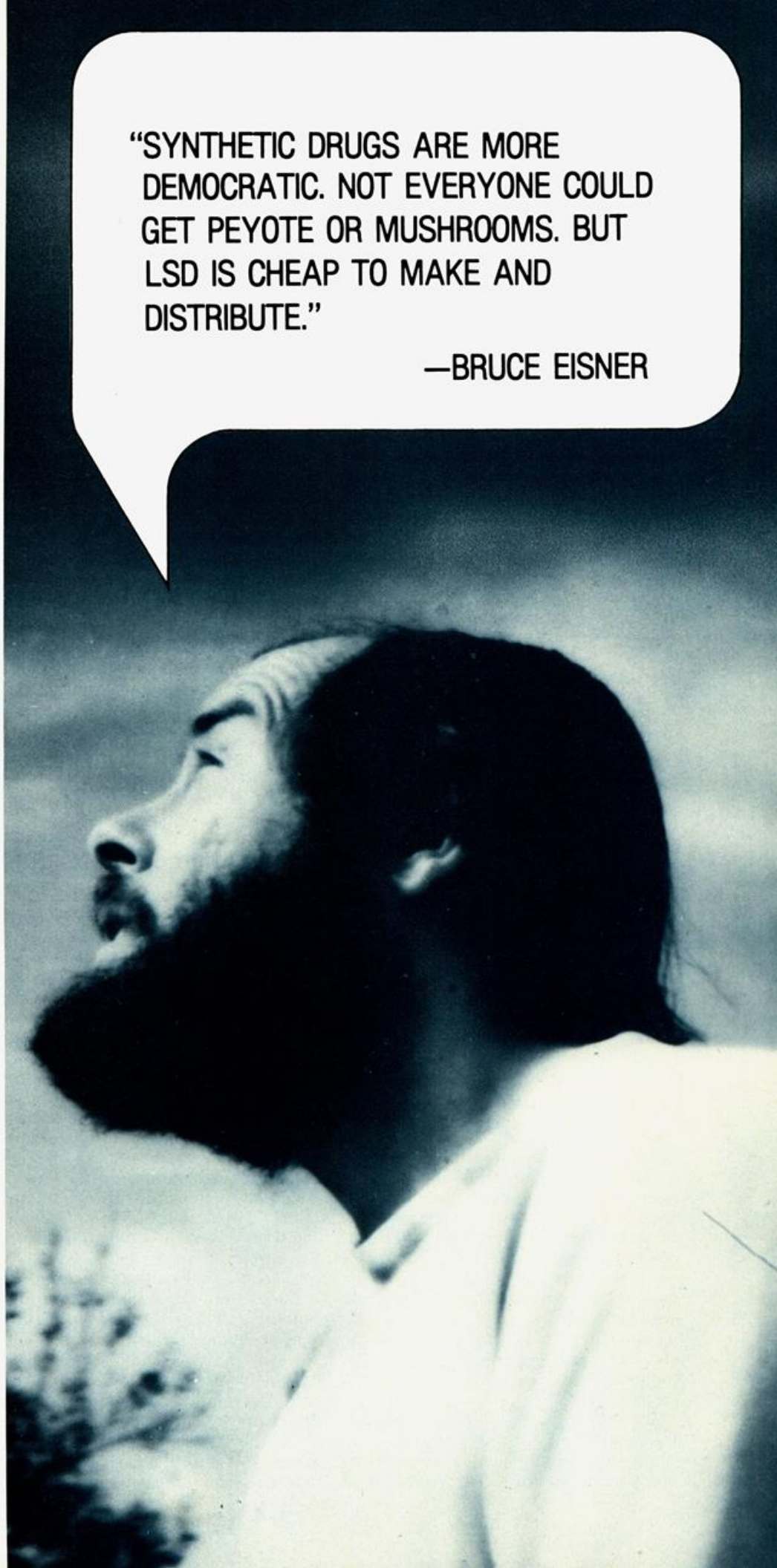
I am a great believer in synergy—that the whole is greater than the sum of its parts—and I see that concept clearly in psychoactive plants. The secondary constituents of a drug plant modify the activity of the dominant compound, enhancing some of its effects and muting others, just as the overtones of a musical instrument modify the pure tone of any note to produce the characteristic timbre of the instrument. In the same way, natural flavors are complex mixtures of many organic molecules. Artificial flavors use just the dominant molecule, perhaps in combination with a few modifiers. The differences in taste are great.

Secondary compounds certainly contribute to the distinctive pleasures of highs. All marijuana users know that different types of grass differ in quality, not just in strength. Some weed is strongly sedative, for example; some is more psychedelic. Yet these types often have the same THC

"SYNTHETIC DRUGS ARE MORE DEMOCRATIC. NOT EVERYONE COULD GET PEYOTE OR MUSHROOMS. BUT LSD IS CHEAP TO MAKE AND DISTRIBUTE."

—BRUCE EISNER

and Bruce Eisner



content and so are identical to a pharmacologist. Cuskohegryne, one of the "inactive" principles of coca, might be responsible for some of the therapeutic and pleasurable effects of the leaf that are not reproduced by cocaine. Papaverine and codeine, two secondary alkaloids of opium that are used in medicine, help make an opium high distinct from a morphine high.

Secondary compounds might also protect us from the naked, hard-to-control effects of pure dominant compounds by acting as a kind of pharmacological insulation. Cocaine is a hard drug to leave alone; any amount of it set out for use gets used. Coca does not behave that way. You can take it or leave it without a great effort of will. The secondary compounds of natural hallucinogens like peyote and yagé cause temporary nausea and discomfort at the start of a trip. They force users of those plants to think about when and where they want to turn on and may encourage the development of ceremony around that use. You can be much more casual about the use of pure derivatives of those plants.

For all these reasons it seems wise to learn to use drugs in natural forms. I am all in favor of preparing plants to make them more effective, palatable or convenient to take, but I think it is risky to begin tampering with their composition. Learning to prefer drug plants over isolated chemicals is one way of making drug experiences better and staying in good relationships with these powerful substances.

**IN FAVOR OF
SYNTHESIZED BIO-CHEMICAL
MIND-CHANGERS**
Bruce Eisner

Actually, all drugs are natural. Some are obtained from minerals, from stones, from the earth. Others are manufactured within plants and fungi. Still others are made by human beings out of both minerals and plant-derived materials. Those made by human beings can further be divided into those that have some relationship to plant drugs (synthesized drugs) and those totally the creation of a laboratory chemist (synthetic drugs).

How can we separate humans from the rest of nature, except by some sort of dualistic thinking? Just as a plant produces a flower, people create technology—the product of many centuries of evolution of the human nervous system. The tools that humans create are an extension of themselves. But a tool can be used for good or for bad, which has something to do with the nature of the tool, but also something to do with the way it is used. A hammer can be used to build a house or as a weapon or to stub a thumb. LSD can be used by the CIA for brainwashing or by hippies to encounter the "void."

We don't reject all the rest of our tools, the panorama of our works, labeling them "unnatural." So why should we reject laboratory-produced drugs? Dr. Weil has been

known to drive in automobiles (horrible, unnatural devices) and was last seen with synthetic buttons on his shirt. Humans are natural beings, and therefore, their creations are also part of nature.

What we should be talking about is not whether certain drugs are "natural" or not, but "What is the nature of each drug, and how should it be used or not used?" Drugs have natures that are either beneficial or harmful to the user, depending on the way the drug interacts with receptor sites in the brain (or wherever it acts in the nervous system) and on the way it is used (the set and setting).

Drugs are chemical keys; they each have specific effects on the nervous system, which translate into changes in consciousness/intelligence as we perceive their effects. Each drug brings a person to its type of consciousness. We can channel the effects of a drug with our will and wisdom, but each drug also has its own distinct consciousness-altering effect. We can't take an aspirin and go on a trip.

The consciousness that a drug evokes—the nature of the drug—can either be benevolent (ego-reducing) or malevolent (ego-building) in terms of individual movement toward enlightenment/mental

**"I'll take
real orange juice
to Tang any day.
And I would much rather
use coca leaves
than cocaine."**

health (as John Lilly has pointed out, the state of non-ego is mental health). By ego-reducing, I mean that a person suspends his old, imprinted knowledge and sees things in a new, different light. By ego-building, I mean that a person builds up rigid defenses and is more vulnerable to conditioning.

Coca leaf is a stimulant. Stimulants invariably produce a depressant reaction as their effects wear away, and make you more symbolic and egocentric. Rush now, pay later!

Opium is a depressant. Its refined form—heroin or morphine—is much worse, because depressants are ego-building. They lower a user into states of stupor and sleep.

When you use higher concentrations of a malevolent drug such as heroin (to opium) or cocaine (to coca), it is clear that they are going to be much more intensely malevolent to your health and well-being.

What a person uses a drug for is a matter of his personal values. Yet the effect of stimulant or depressant addiction is well known: it does have objective, verifiably destructive effects upon people, and we could say that they are malevolent drugs.

despite the fact that they make people feel good for a short time.

Psychedelic drugs are beneficial to the psyche. The use of peyote, psilocybin or LSD has long-term consciousness-expanding effects. Instead of increasing ego, as stimulants and depressants do, they allow the user to experience ego-reduction, or even complete ego-transcendence, when used correctly. This last experience has been likened to those of mystics and saints.

Synthetic forms of psychedelics are preferable to the plant forms if both are available in an unadulterated state. Synthetic mescaline sulphate is preferable to peyote, and LSD is preferable to morning-glories or ergot. The plant forms contain many alkaloids beside the active ones, some of which make a person sick and, in the case of ergot, can lead to death (the course of action of LSD is also much smoother and higher than ergot). The more intense the effect of a psychedelic drug on the nervous system, the more useful it is for most purposes that people take psychedelics for, which include hedonistic pleasures, creative activities and mystical experience.

If secondary drugs contained in some of these plants create a synergistic effect, they can be synthesized and added. There is no reason to take any substance into the body that will make you suffer in the Calvinist tradition.

The reason various types of marijuana differ, according to recent pharmacological theory, is that they contain different types of THC with different effects. This is why some grasses are sedative and some "psychedelic." It would be possible for a chemist to find out which type of THC people like and synthesize these types and put them on grass. We are more intelligent than plants; there's no reason why we can't improve on them.

The effectiveness of psychedelic drugs depends on their ability to override defense mechanisms. As Gary Fisher points out in *Psychedelic Review* No. 2 (1967) in "Some Comments on Dosage Level":

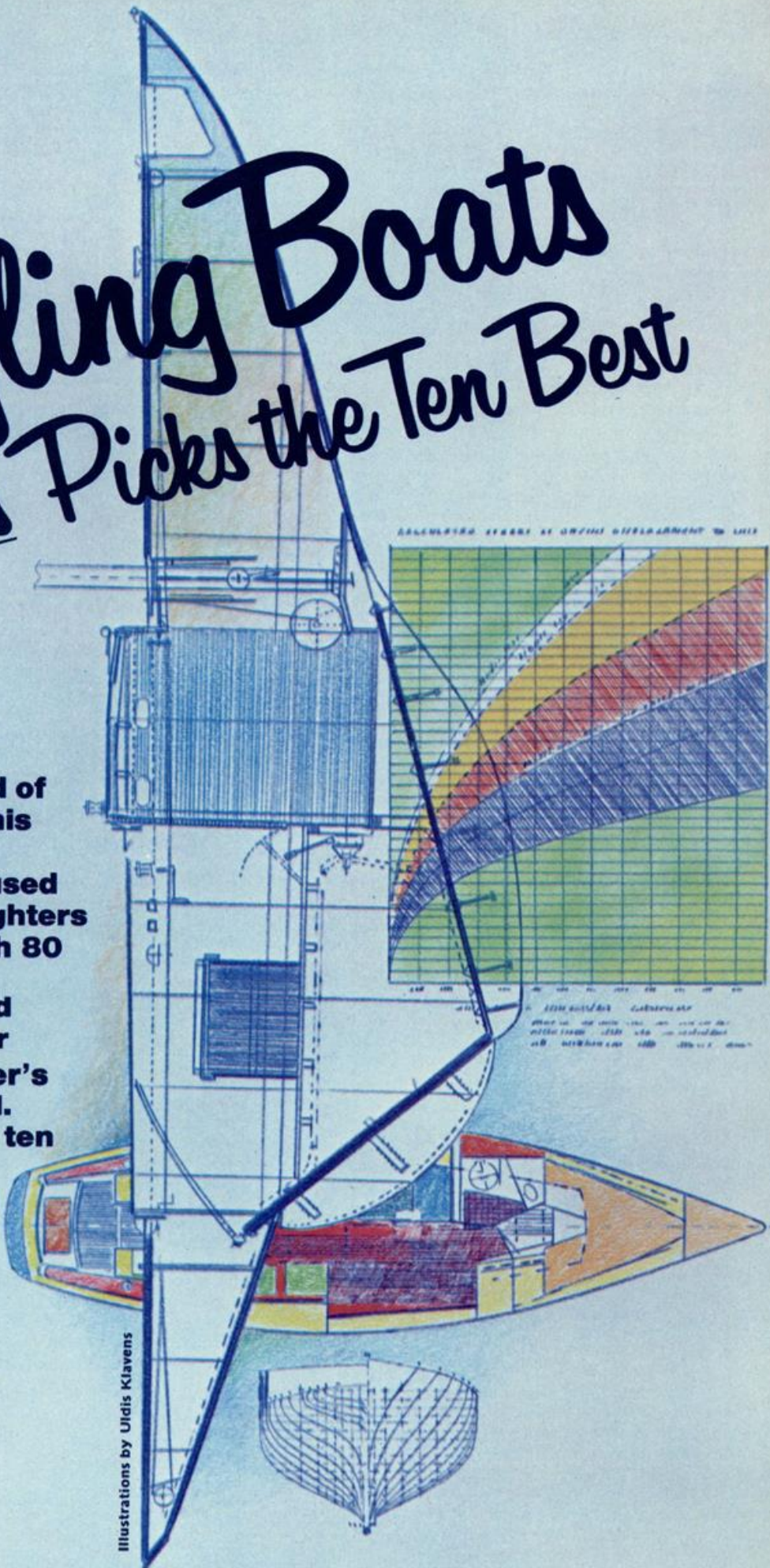
It is this author's opinion that it is not desirable to begin an individual's experience with psilocybin. The reason for this is that psilocybin does not have as great a potential as LSD for breaking through resistances to expanded states of consciousness. It is best to use the most potent material available to increase the probability that an individual will be able to overcome his resistance and attain a state of cosmic (expanded) awareness. Psilocybin, although a powerful psychedelic, does not have the breadth of power of LSD. The experience of getting involved and encumbered with one's old, inadequate value system or uncreative basic assumptions about life is to be avoided, and the most powerful agent to block these attitudinal sets is to be used when available.

Here in the U.S.A., it is oftentimes preferable to use plant drugs available in the
(continued on page 78)

Smuggling Boats High Times Picks the Ten Best

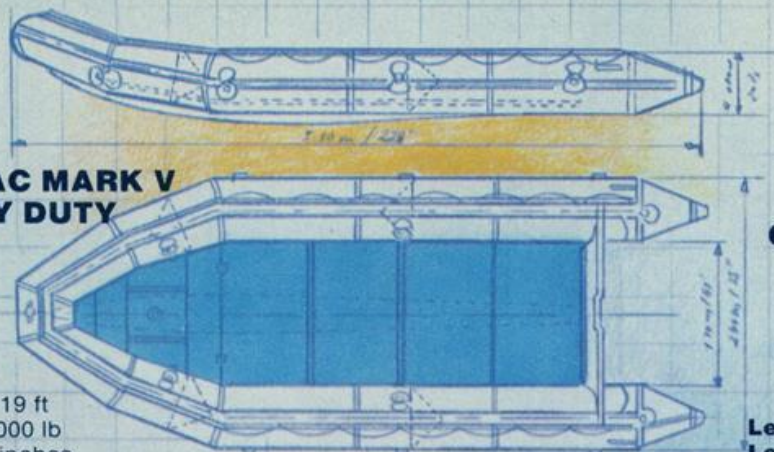
Much of the precious lifeblood of High Society is brought into this country on the high seas. Waterborne smugglers have used everything from 300-foot freighters (one was caught last year with 80 tons of marijuana aboard) to one-person dinghies propelled by paddles. With million-dollar shipments at stake, a smuggler's choice of boats can be critical. Herewith, our selection of the ten best seagoing vessels for transporting anything from an ounce of coke to the entire marijuana crop of Mexico.

by Dave Noland



Illustrations by Uldis Klavens

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Speed: 30 kt (with 115-hp outboard)
Price: \$5,600 (motor \$2,000 extra)

French-built Zodiac inflatable dinghies have crossed the Atlantic, run the Colorado and explored the Amazon and Antarctica; no reason they can't smuggle a little dope, too. For offshore pickup duty, the 19-foot Mark V Heavy Duty is just about perfect. Deflated, it can easily be stored aboard the mother ship, or a pickup man on shore can keep it hidden in a van, then deploy it himself under cover of darkness. It deflates into a 7 x 3 x 2-foot package. With a big outboard, it'll run 30 knots, and the shallow draft lets it skim right up onto the beach with a load of nearly 3 tons. (The yacht *Siboney*, recently captured off California with 9,500 pounds of weed aboard, was using a Zodiac for ship-to-shore transfer.) Another advantage: the rubber hull does not show up on Coast Guard radar. The Mark V has five separate air chambers, so it would take a veritable hail of Coast Guard bullets to sink this one. The inflatable bladders also provide perfect stash points, although the C.G. has caught onto those already. A proper internal stash job requires some planning; you'll have to cut a hole in the double-layer neoprene/nylon skin, and a proper patch job takes three days to dry. With a little ingenuity, however, some sort of quick-opening stash orifice could be worked out.

All things considered, the big Zodiac is probably the best of all the short-range shuttle boats—so good, in fact, that the C.G. uses hundreds of them. Smaller models are available, right down to a 7-foot job that'll carry one man and 300 pounds of dope.

BOATEL ISLANDER 470 HOUSEBOAT

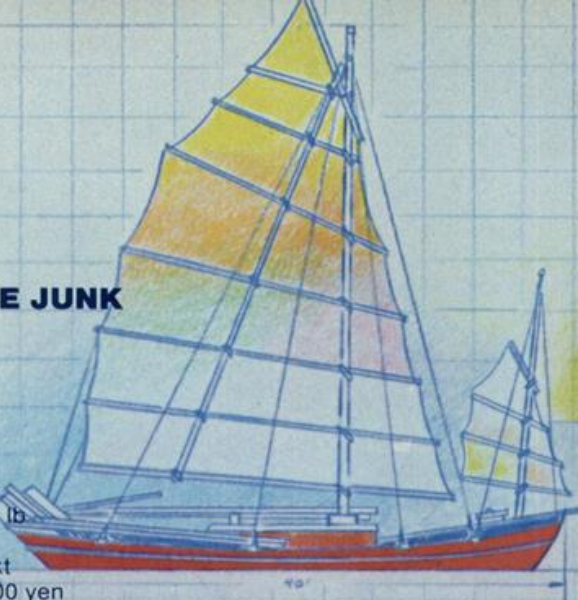
Length: 47 ft
Load: 10,000 lb
Draft: 3 ft
Speed: 30 kt
Price: \$75,000

For transporting medium amounts of low-density stuff, like grass, the Boatel Islander provides 470 square feet of cabin area, plus lots of outside deck space. And if you're going to hide out from the law, this is the boat to do it in. It would be quite possible—downright pleasant, in fact—to live aboard this floating split-level almost indefinitely, hovering just outside the 12-mile limit, thumbing your nose at the Coasties and getting occasional supplies of food and water from your unindicted coconspirators.

A word of caution about deep-water operation in a houseboat: don't do it except in emergencies. With its bathtublike hull, the Islander 470 can't handle really bad water. One houseboat smuggler flipped

CHINESE JUNK

Length: 40 ft
Load: 10,000 lb
Draft: 5 ft
Speed: 6–8 kt
Price: 100,000 yen



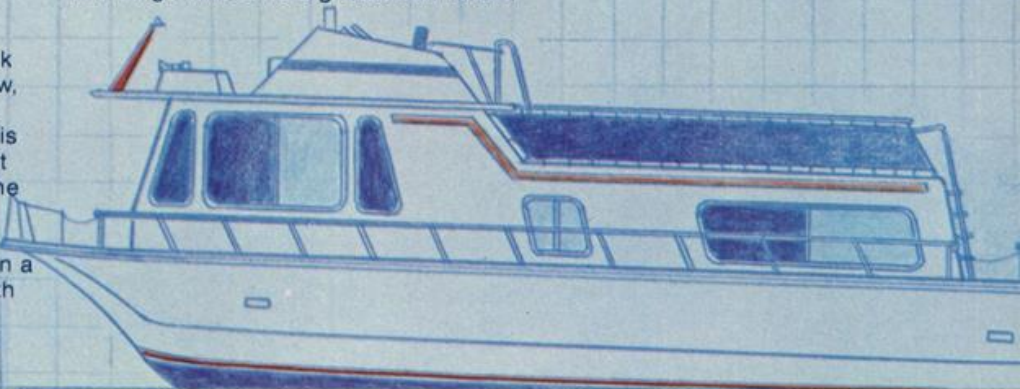
Let's face it: if you're going to run a load of opium out of Singapore, a Cigarette racer or a Boatel houseboat is going to attract attention. Better to blend in with the Oriental scenery, and for that, there's no better choice than a Chinese junk. The junk is a squat, broad-beamed, high-sterned sailing boat that's plied the waters of the Orient since before the Ming Dynasty. There's a huge variety of sizes and shapes, but a typical live-aboard junk is about 40 feet long. Most have three sails.

Only one problem with junks: they're slow. Inscrutably s-l-o-w. To solve this problem, *High Times* suggests that enterprising smugglers install auxiliary power in the form of triple 400-horsepower V-12 Liberty aircraft engines. Although it's a mite outdated (designed in 1918), the Liberty engine has a rich heritage of running nautical contraband, going back to Prohibition-era rumrunners who used Liberty-powered speedboats.

We would also suggest hiring a family of orientals as crew. (A round-eye at the helm of a junk is bound to cause suspicion.)

over in rough seas recently. The C.G. came to his rescue and happened to notice bags of funny looking stuff floating all over like an oil slick. Moral: stick to the Intracoastal Waterway or the Mississippi.

For extremely shallow water operation, Boatel also offers a 50-foot steel-hulled catamaran houseboat with a draft of only 18 inches. It's slow (15 knots), but it'll go where no big boat can follow.





CIGARETTE

Length: 35 ft

Load: 5,000 lb (less if max speed necessary)

Draft: 3 ft

Speed: 80 kt

Price: \$85,000

Quite simply, the sleek deep-V Cigarette can blow the gunnels off any boat the Coast Guard's ever had—and a lot of their helicopters, too. Designed by a swarthy chap named Don Aronow, the Cigarette is history's most successful offshore racing boat and holds the world's offshore speed record of more than 90 miles per hour. Power comes from a pair of 454-cubic-inch MerCruiser Chevy V-8s equipped with fuel injection and tuned exhaust headers. Each puts out 625 horsepower. A more sedate version (twin 370-horsepower mills) goes a mere 65 miles per hour and costs \$38,000 less.

The Cigarette's cruising range is about 325 miles, just fine for the Baja-L.A. run. With auxiliary tanks, the Cigarette could make Jamaica from Florida with only one stop. The Kingston-Miami run, in fact, could be made in 10 hours in calm seas, all under cover of darkness.

A word of caution about high-speed offshore operation: crewmen are normally strapped into padded cockpits—not because they're crazy, but to protect them from the vicious pounding as they go skipping over the ocean like a stone at 90 miles per hour. In rough seas, broken bones are common, even routine. (On second thought, maybe they are crazy.) Packages of dope must be wrapped, padded and tightly secured to prevent destruction.

GLOSSARY

LENGTH Length overall (LOA) of the boat from bow to stern.

LOAD Maximum carrying capacity, including fuel and crew. Our figure reflects the rated load of the boat, plus a generous overload factor. Listed loads may not be safe in rough water or high winds.

DRAFT How far the bottom of the boat sticks down into the water. Deep-drafted boats have the disadvantage of not being able to operate in shallow water near the shore, and therefore usually require small pickup boats. Our figure reflects the draft of a normally laden boat; overloads will, of

course, ride deeper in the water.

SPEED Speed is given in knots, or nautical miles per hour. A nautical mile, or knot, equals 1.15 statute miles; for example, 20 knots is 23 miles per hour. Speed figures are for normally loaded boats; overload speeds can be much lower for planing-type boats. Speeds of displacement-type ships are largely unaffected by the load.

PRICE Cost of a new boat with normal optional equipment. Used prices are somewhat less, depending on age and condition. Prices quoted for out-of-production boats are current market prices for used craft.

MORGAN OUT-ISLAND 41

Length: 41 ft

Load: 8,000 lb

Speed: 10 kt under full sail; 6 kt with auxiliary

Draft: 7 ft

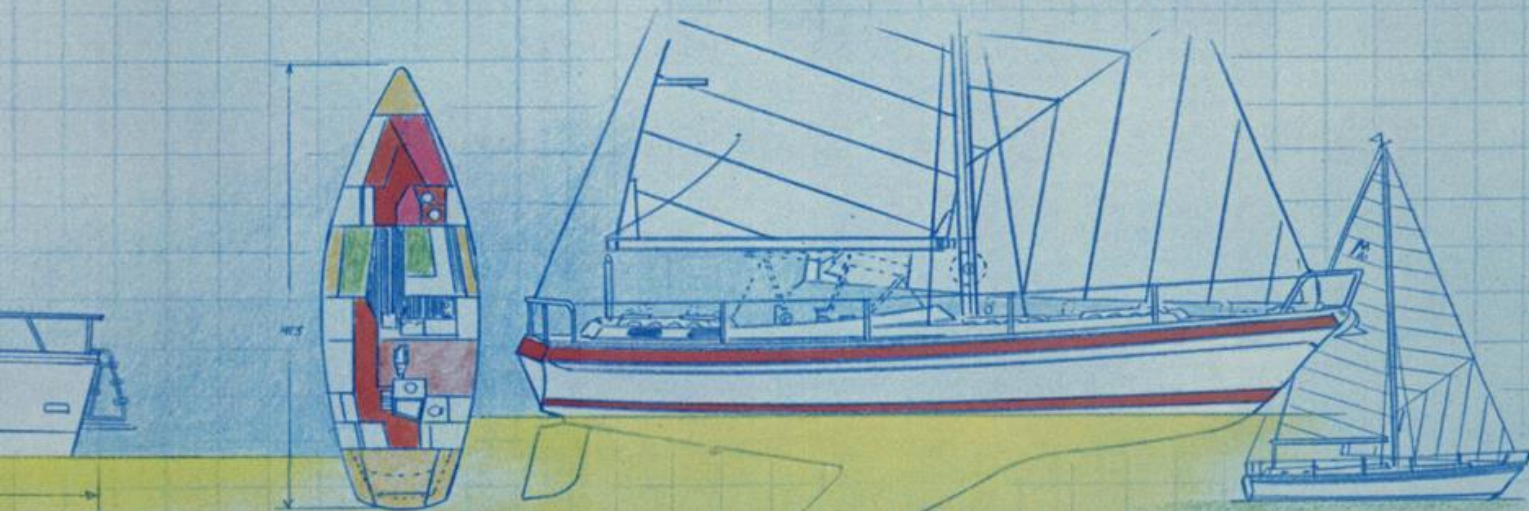
Price: \$60,000

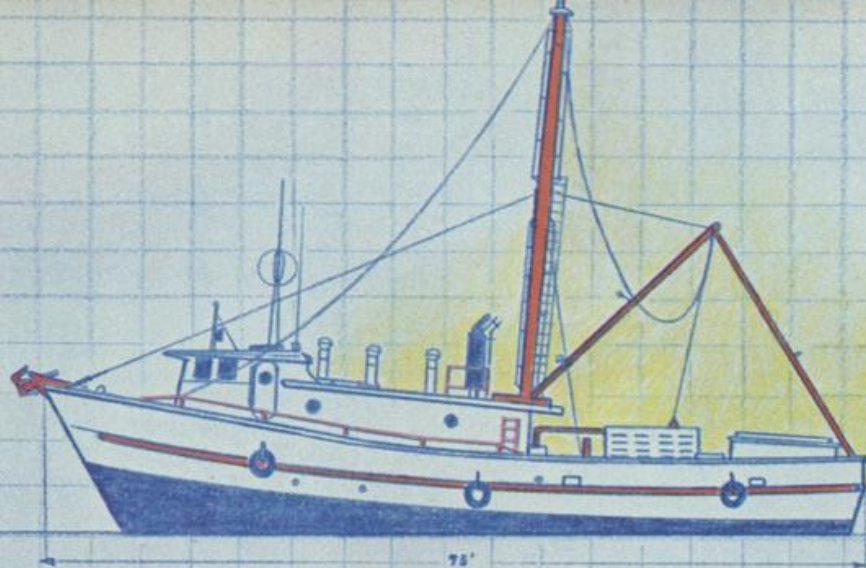
The Morgan 41-foot sailing ketch offers one feature no other boat on our list can match: unlimited range. Though a sailboat lacks speed, it has the distinct advantage of being able to go as far as the crew's endurance permits. If the wind dies for a week, you can still go 1,000 miles on the auxiliary. Of all the vessels on our list, this is the cheapest of the long-range boats able to steam from Colombia to Miami nonstop. The combination of a Morgan ketch and a Zodiac inflatable Mark V provides a

relatively cheap total shore-to-shore dope transportation system.

Some sort of pickup boat is a must, since the Morgan's deep keel prevents shallow water or beaching operations. The keel does provide an excellent stash area, however. Also, since the engine is unnecessary, small, high-value shipments, like coke or heroin, could be hidden inside the cylinders or crankcase of the auxiliary engine. Just drop the shit through the spark plug holes or oil filler cap. This isn't foolproof, by the way; if the Coasties are suspicious enough, they'll haul you out and X-ray the whole goddamn boat.

The Morgan offers the extra advantage of being very common in the Caribbean. A smuggler could prowl around deserted Bahamian backwaters without drawing a second glance.





BENDER CHALLENGER 75 SHRIMP BOAT

Length: 75 ft
Load: 60 tons
Draft: 9 ft
Speed: 10 kt
Price: \$200,000

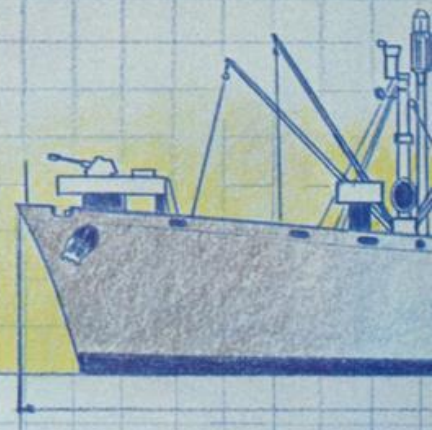
Shrimp boats are popular dope-smuggling vessels—at least half a dozen have been captured by the Coast Guard in the past two years, and countless more go uncaught. The Bender Challenger 75-footer is typical of the breed, which ranges in length from 40 to 180 feet. The 75-footer will carry better than 100,000 pounds of weed in its huge 3,000-cubic-foot fish hold.

Shrimp boats, designed to stay out at sea for weeks at a time, have phenomenal range. The Bender carries 20,000 gallons of fuel (about \$10,000

per fill-up), which will carry it 10,000 miles. That's New Orleans to Marseilles, round trip. Power is a single or twin diesel. The most powerful option is a pair of 425-horsepower Caterpillars with aftercooling. Speed is a plodding 10 knots, which means that the New Orleans-Marseilles trip will take a whole month or more.

Used shrimpers are often available for \$50,000 or so: an old wooden-hulled 40-foot junker sold not long ago for \$16,000. Right now the used market is fairly tight, because the shrimp business is good.

Two warnings for smugglers using shrimp boats: First, keep the fishing gear in good shape and highly visible. As a Coast Guard intelligence officer told *High Times*: "We jump on any fishing boat that doesn't have all the proper fishing equipment." Second, no legitimate shrimp boat has more than three men aboard. If your smuggling operation requires more than that, keep them well hidden.



BERTRAM 42

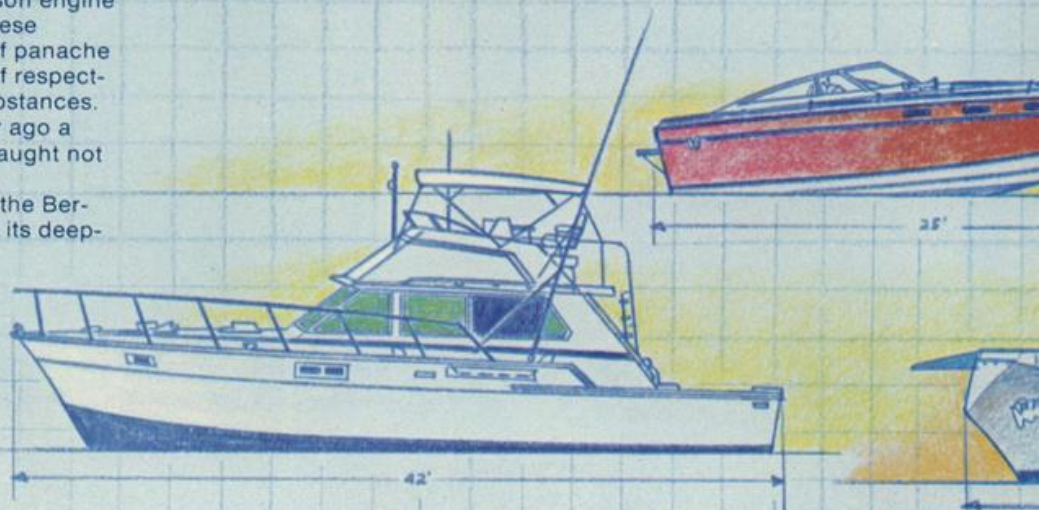
Length: 42 ft
Load: 8,000 lb
Draft: 4 ft
Speed: 24 kt
Price: \$170,000

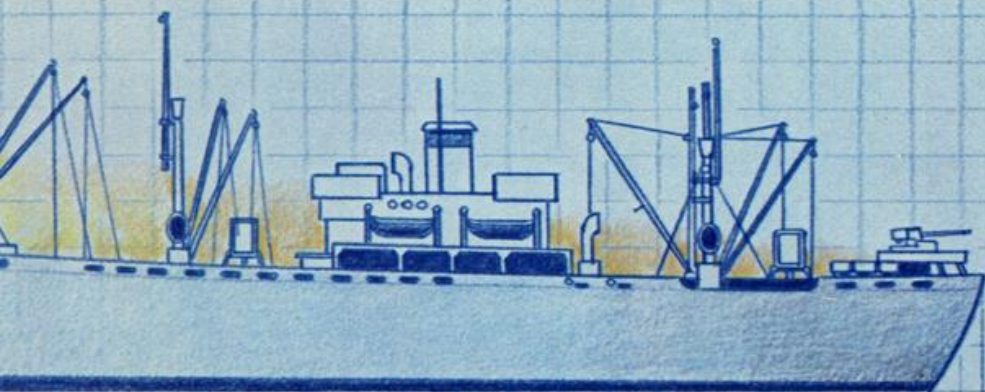
The Bertram sport fisherman is *the* class item among fast yachts. Powered by twin turbocharged Cummins VTA-903M diesels of 425 horsepower each, the deep-V 42 will hit 26 knots and range as far as 1,100 nautical miles at slower speeds—enough for Jamaica-Miami, nonstop. Mostly rich folks buy Bertrams, so they come with air conditioning, AM/FM, dual Benmar autopilots, Judson engine synchronizers and teak cockpit trim. All these accouterments bestow a certain amount of panache upon the user and provide a good cover of respectability for nefarious transporters of vile substances. (The cover isn't foolproof, however; a year ago a Bertram loaded with 3 tons of grass was caught not far from Miami.)

The luxurious aura is complemented by the Bertram's soft ride in heavy seas, the result of its deep-

V hull. The Bertram, in fact, was the first boat to have the deep-V design, now nearly universal in fast oceangoing craft.

A desirable option on a Bertram dope-hauler is a "tuna tower"—a raised lookout platform that reaches 5 to 10 feet above the fly bridge. Besides providing better visibility, a tuna tower could support a cable or small crane for off-loading large amounts of weed in a hurry.





LIBERTY SHIP

Length: 441 ft
Load: 10,000 tons
Draft: 28 ft
Speed: 11 kt
Price: \$100,000-\$500,000

In a mad paroxysm of patriotic fervor, American shipyards built nearly 3,000 of these archetypal tramp freighters between 1941 and 1945. (One was built in a record 7 days, 14 hours and 23 minutes.)

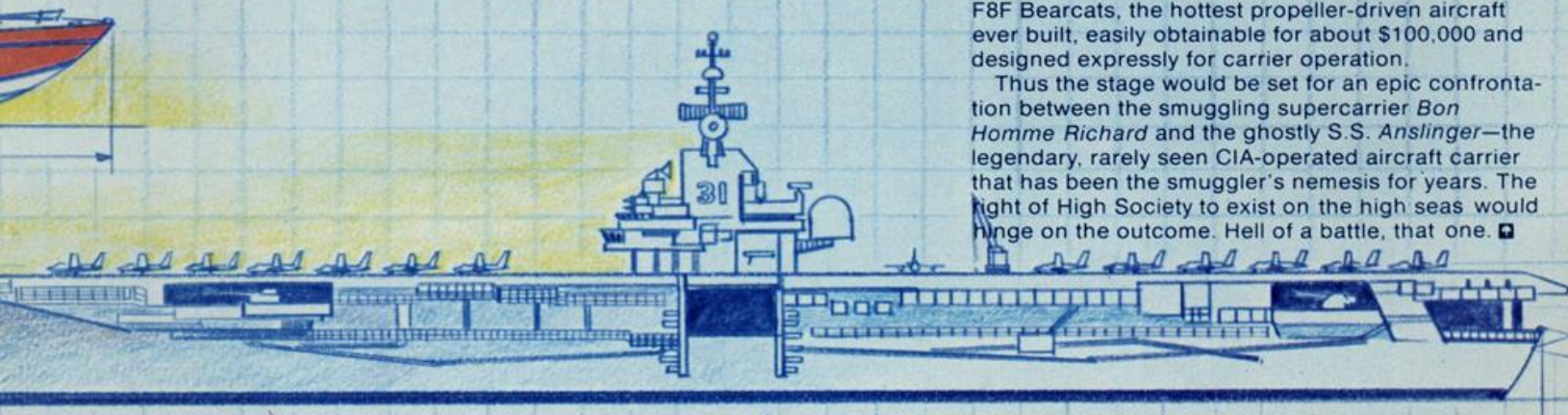
THUNDERBIRD FORMULA 255

Length: 25 ft
Load: 3,000 lb
Draft: 2 ft
Speed: 35 kt
Price: \$25,000

Thunderbird's big claim to fame is the fact that its boats were used by the heroes of the "Flipper" TV series—you remember, the one about the porpoise. The company's Formula hulls also have a long heritage of offshore racing success, though they don't race these days.

The Formula 255 is an ideal contact, pickup and courier boat for smuggling operations: fast (35 knots), strong (hand-layup fiberglass) and with enough range to make the nearer Caribbean islands nonstop. The 255 sleeps four and has lots of stash capacity under the long, sleek foredeck. Power is a pair of 280-horsepower MerCruiser V-8s. The "inboard-outboard" power train is a big advantage for high-speed, shallow water operations. If the boat hits a rock or a reef, the stern drive merely flips up like an outboard. With a straight inboard or V-drive, the propeller and drive shaft would be wrecked.

Overall, the Formula 255's racy good looks and stout performance should overcome the stigma of its association with a dopey adolescent dolphin.



After serving heroically in the wartime merchant marine, about 1,000 Liberty ships were sold to commercial shipping lines, but only a decrepit handful remain; the rest are sunk, wrecked or scrapped.

Only one original, unmodified Liberty ship still exists, in fact. The *Jeremiah O'Brien* is part of the huge mothball fleet in California's Suisun Bay. The *O'Brien* is the only Liberty left with the original armament: one 5-inch gun, a 3-inch and eight 20-millimeter anti-aircraft guns. A big-time dope-smuggling outfit would certainly find that kind of fire power useful in warding off Coast Guard cutters and helicopters.

The cargo capacity of the Liberties is astounding: a full load of 10,000 tons of hash would have enough street value to pay off the national debt. One Liberty ship could carry 3½ million cans of C-rations in its five cargo holds. A C-ration is almost exactly the same size as a kilo brick. Figure it out.

You won't outrun anybody in a Liberty ship. Its 2,500-horsepower three-cylinder steam engine can get it up for only about 11 knots. (Barranquilla to Miami in four days). You'll also have a tough time insuring your load. The big marine underwriting companies don't like ex-wartime ships. Try Lloyd's.

Other ex-military ships are handy for big-time dope smuggling. The Coast Guard last year captured an ex-navy minesweeper, the *Lillian B*, loaded with dope off the outer banks of Virginia.

U.S.S. Bon Homme Richard

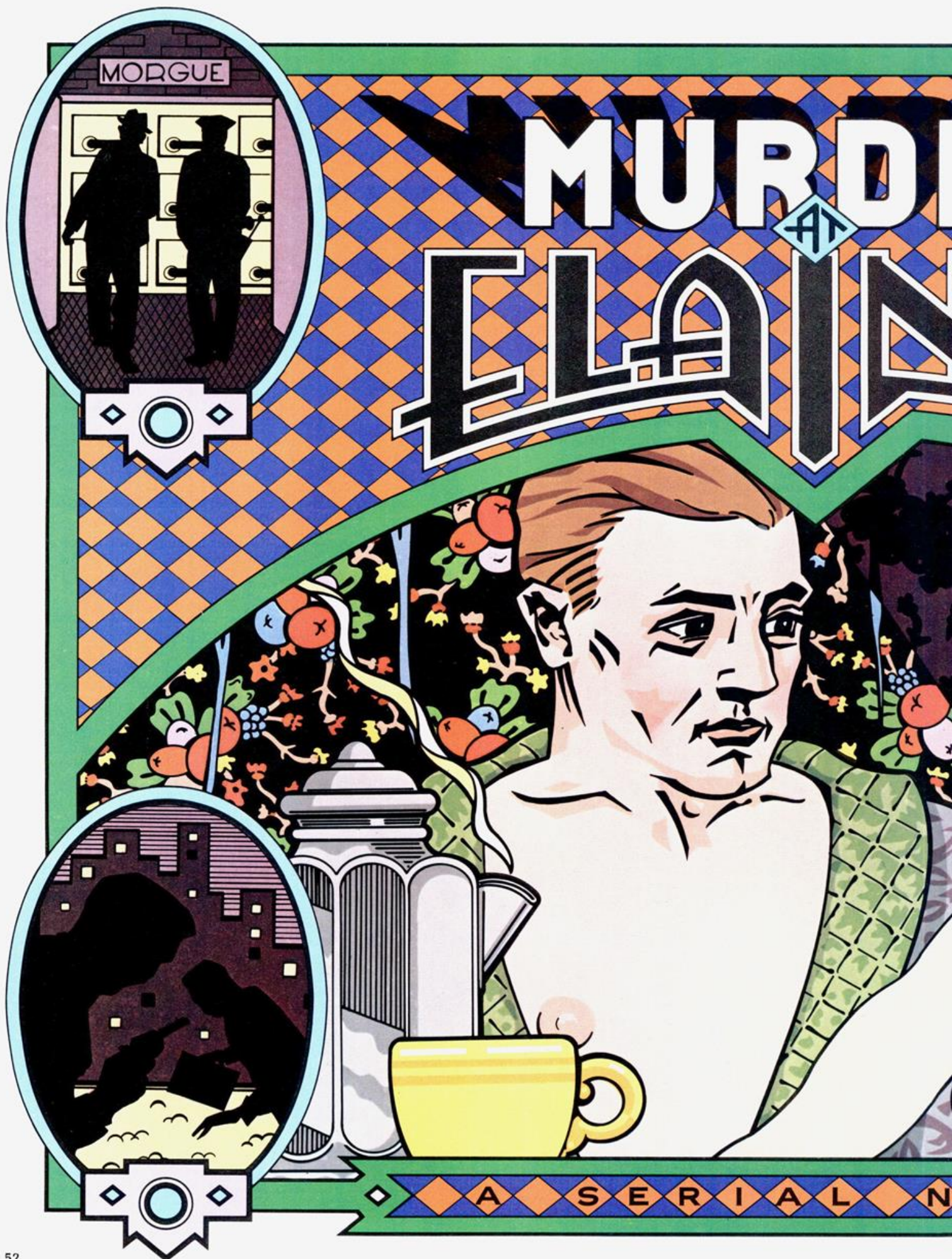
Length: 888 ft
Load: More than enough
Draft: 30 ft
Speed: 32 kt
Price: If you have to ask, you can't afford it

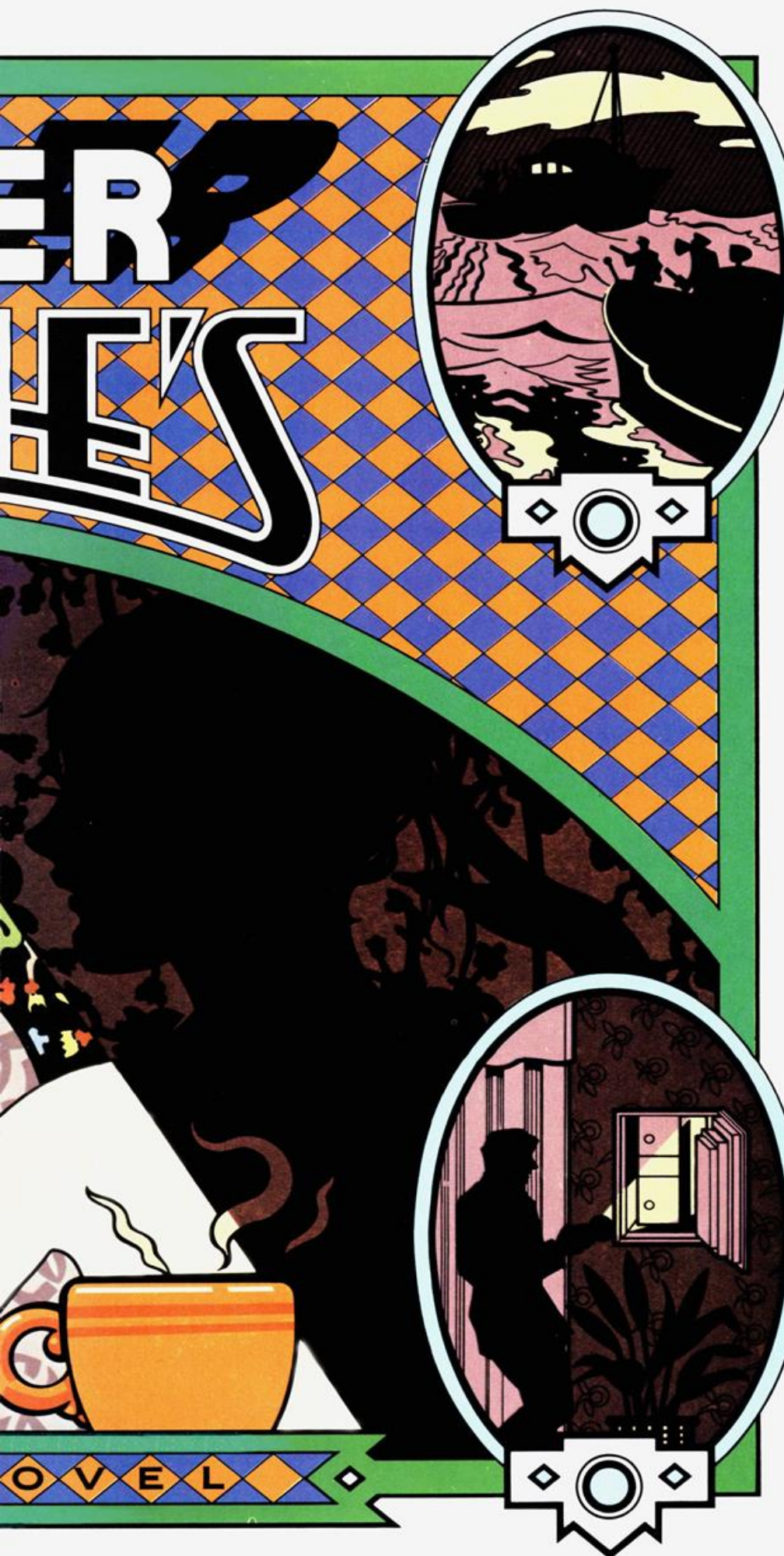
There are currently six surplus navy aircraft carriers mothballed around the country, and if one of them could be bought, borrowed or stolen, it would surely make the most formidable dope-smuggling vessel ever. Best bet would be the U.S.S. *Bon Homme Richard*, an Essex-class attack carrier now lying fallow in an old ship's home in Bremerton, Washington. Besides having room for all the dope you're ever likely to run across in one place, the *Bon Homme* is fast—better than 30 knots.

A carrier-based smuggling operation might go something like this: The carrier lies unobtrusively off the coast of—say, Colombia—while a fleet of surplus B-25s (easily obtainable on the used-plane market at about \$20,000 each) makes shuttle runs back and forth to the pickup point ashore. Each B-25 can carry about 5 tons of weed per trip, so a squadron of 16 aircraft making hourly runs could accumulate nearly 2,000 tons per day. (Yes, B-25s have been launched from carriers before. Chap name of Doolittle.)

Now, of course, a civilian aircraft carrier bedecked with bombers is bound to attract the attention of the authorities eventually, so some protective fighter cover would be helpful. We recommend Grumman F8F Bearcats, the hottest propeller-driven aircraft ever built, easily obtainable for about \$100,000 and designed expressly for carrier operation.

Thus the stage would be set for an epic confrontation between the smuggling supercarrier *Bon Homme Richard* and the ghostly S.S. *Anslinger*—the legendary, rarely seen CIA-operated aircraft carrier that has been the smuggler's nemesis for years. The fight of High Society to exist on the high seas would hinge on the outcome. Hell of a battle, that one. ■





CHAPTER 2

The Woman in White Changes Her Clothes

by George R.
Boz

Never trust a goddamn opium dream. Really. There's nothing more seductive, nothing more treacherous. I know I never could've been so easily sucked into the whole treacherous Elaine's murder business if I hadn't been locked in an erotic opium dream with tigerish Helena Landless just moments before Lilah knocked and the beast broke down my door.

I had begun that Sunday evening quietly enough, reading *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* in the sitting room of my Gramercy Park walk-up and smoking a few pipefuls of Golden Triangle black opium, which had come to America by way of diplomatic pouch from Singapore.

Let me explain about this

opium smoking, lest you get the wrong idea. You see, in addition to being the half-crazed, totally obsessed, conspiracy-minded parajournalist whose adventures on the campaign trail you've read about in the pages of *Argonaut* magazine—you know the image: “the guy who dropped acid on Air Force One”—actually, in case you didn't catch that issue, what happened was I literally *dropped* the acid on the carpet in the press section of the President's plane—the goddamn little speck of Windowpane slipped out of my fingernail just as I was about to lick it up, so naturally I started crawling around on my hands and knees, looking for it, perfectly prepared to chew up the entire carpet to get it into my system, when who should decide to appear for an informal press conference but President Gerald Ford himself, flanked by a grim group of Secret Service guys, looking at me like I needed to explain myself.

“Just looking for a contact lens,” I said, realizing too late this may have sounded a bit lame, since I was wearing mirrored sunglasses at the time.

“Didn't know you wore contacts, four eyes” one of them said pleasantly. He had a point there—I don't.

“Well, actually I don't wear contacts,” I said. “But I thought if I found one down here I'd try it on and see if I liked it.”

Chris! There I go wandering into the past like a punch-drunk fighter, when the whole point of this is that the kind of *image* I have from the *Argonaut* stories can give you the wrong impression when I say I was smoking the Big O. Because basically I am a bookish and a scholarly sort at heart—I don't even like drugs very much, but I'm under a lot of pressure from editors to act crazy. And, in fact, I was smoking this opium only in conjunction with the sophisticated and scholarly piece of literary detection I was engaged in.

You see, I had solved *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*. Maybe some of you weren't aware the mystery *hadn't* been solved, but, you see, Charles Dickens never finished the novel. He died suddenly in the middle of serializing it. Precisely in the middle: Dickens had just completed the sixth of a projected 12 monthly installments when he dropped dead—from natural causes, it was said.

But Dickens's death left several *Drood* mysteries unsolved: just how did that oily, opium-smoking choirmaster John Jasper do away with Drood? Can the strong and sensual, tigerish Helena Landless, one of the most overtly erotic women in Dickens's work, save her twin brother from being framed for murder? Could Datchery, the mysterious stranger who comes to shadow the evil Jasper, really be Helena in male disguise? For more than a century, scholars and detectives have failed to come up with any convincing answers.

Then, one night in the Peoria Hilton, I found the clue. Yes—the Peoria Hilton. This was another “Bozo special,” as we called the Ford campaign trips, and we were holed up there while the president was addressing a banquet of sorghum growers, so I decided to while away the evening by smoking opium and reading *Drood*.

Suddenly things began to fall into place. I knew exactly how Dickens intended *Drood* to end. I gave up the ridiculous campaign, gave up everything, to devote myself to finishing it for him.

But then something very weird happened. The more opium I smoked—to recreate the sensibility of the opium-smoking choirmaster villain, of course—the deeper I got into the *Drood* mystery, the more something very, very strange began to stir and emerge from the depths beneath the text.

At first there were hints, then horrified flashes, then a growing coherent suspicion: Dickens himself found out, during the writing of *Drood*, that *someone* was out to kill him. And he was murdered—poisoned in a way that would make it appear like natural death. But he had

She had begun taking her clothes off as she spoke. The white linen skirt was at her feet and she was standing with her back to me, wearing only a thin silk blouse.

managed to slip some hints into *Drood*, clues to suspicions he had about who was threatening him and what dark reasons kept him publicly silent.

Once, deep in an opium trance, I thought Dickens himself was about to reveal to me the name of his own murderer, when the phone rang and shattered the vision. It was the editor of *Argonaut*. He pointed out to me that I had run up some \$20,000 in expenses covering the presidential campaign so far and had yet to indicate whether I intended to write anything.

“Goddamn you!” I yelled into the phone. “I'm on the trail of the fucker who murdered Charles Dickens—it's the literary crime of the century—and I'm about to nail the bastard who did it, and you call me up and ask me about expenses. You'll go down in history lower than the jerk-off who interrupted Coleridge. Fuck the campaign—I've got serious work to do!”

That ended my long association with *Argonaut*. Since then court papers from three magazines demanding return of expenses in five figures have arrived at my door. The last woman who could stand

being around this mania left me last week, making some crack about Lee Harvey Oswald.

My only sexual experiences since then have been some increasingly intense and erotic opium-dream meetings with the lithe, tigerish—and fictional—Helena Landless in settings from *Drood*. In the one tonight, Helena and I were floating in the cathedral bell tower, rising and falling rhythmically as we pulled the bell rope. But suddenly a malevolent presence in the dream was twisting and jangling the bell ropes into discord. I felt myself torn loose and plunging fearfully down and down into the labyrinthine crypts beneath the cathedral, there to be assaulted and pursued by the ghostly cries that terrified Durdles, the keeper of the crypts in *Drood*.

“It was the ghost of a cry,” Durdles was telling me. “Followed by the ghost of a howl of a dog; a long, dismal, woeful howl, such as a dog gives when a person's dead.” The howl of the dog grew louder; then there was a pounding from inside the walled-up crypts, like some Thing trying to break out, and then more pounding—but now it's at my door, something trying to break in.

As I stumbled to the foyer, I still wasn't sure what was going on inside my head and what was outside my door. Keeping the safety chain fastened, I creaked the door open two inches and put my eye to the crack.

Something large and powerful blasted the door open from the outside, tearing the chain off its hinges, smacking me viciously in the forehead and knocking me to the floor. I felt my neck seized and held by seething incisors that threatened multiple puncture wounds each time I so much as inhaled or exhaled.

Then I heard a lilting west Texas drawl over the growls. “My goodness, Khan, I'm afraid you've given the nice man a scare. Git. Sit over there. The nice man is our friend, and we want him to help us.”

“Hello, Lilah,” I said when the beast—a Scottish deerhound, I think they call the huge, savage animals—freed my jugular. “The nice man would like to put the big dog to sleep.... Hey, why are you here?”

She knelt down and touched the swelling on my forehead and stroked my jaw. “Precious one. I am so sorry for this. Khan is a very sensitive and chivalrous dog. He senses that tonight I am very much a damsel in distress, and he wants desperately to prove his devotion to me.”

“So I noticed.”

“He's so sweet and well intentioned. But so are you, darling. And I have come to take advantage of you. I need help. I am doing something that may be dangerous. I need to get myself and certain items safely out of town before at least two groups of people—one of them being the police—find either me or those items. Now, I can't hope from you the gallantry of Khan, but if memories of bright college

(continued on page 58)



★O★LD★ ★GL★ORY★

Polish up the old brass band, spike the punch and run up the flag! It's springtime, and the 201st annual Fourth of July Smoke-In is at hand again! This year's smoke-in will feature fireworks, parades, speeches and a gigantic nonesuch. The ladies will shout and the men will cry as hundreds of thousands of dopers get high, through the rockets' red glare and bombs bursting in air, the star-spangled Smoke-In soon will be here. And here's *your* invitation, Mr. and Ms. Pot-Smoking America... ☐





The July 4th Coalition
for Marijuana Reform
cordially invites you
to a
Marijuana Reform Rally
at Lafayette Park,
front lawn
of the White House,
1600 Pennsylvania Avenue,
Washington, D.C.,
at High Noon,
July 4, 1977
B.Y.O.

Murder at Elaine's

(continued from page 54)

years are not enough to motivate you, I am prepared to offer you explicit sexual favors in return for your cooperation.

"But before you start asking me questions, make us both some strong black coffee and change into some real clothes. Is there any law that says you have to wear those silly-looking silk bathrobes when you smoke opium?"

I had to laugh. That was Lilah, all right. She had that knack of throwing up at you the bewildering repertoire of the Texas woman: mock raillery, mock coquettishness and several varieties of seductiveness, which kept you guessing which was the real and which the mock. Except that underneath it all was a flinty, high-prairie stoicism that was very real, very tough.

Not that she grew up in some sod house. Her father was one of the biggest wildcat-ers out of Dahart, Texas. Owned half the Panhandle before he moved to Palm Beach and decided to buy his way into polite society. Failing that, he married Lilah's mother, the closest thing to a wild cat Palm Beach society offered—a member of that select club of women said to have slept with Joseph Kennedy, both Senior and Junior, before the latter's war-time death.

In fact, there had been some talk that Lilah was really the child of one or the other. All of which gave her a special cachet when she transferred to Yale from whatever Swiss *école* her mother had stashed her away at. Swiftly she became a legend in New York, as well as in New Haven. Her Park Avenue triplex became the scene of masked balls and decadent private parties. She dazzled the Romance Language department with her mastery of early Provençal poetics and delighted the visionary company on campus when she returned one spring from Basel with a gram of pure Sandoz LSD she claimed she had stored in a safe-deposit vault when the pharmaceuticals firm stopped its production.

That was how we met. I was otherwise out of her league, but in certain circles I had a reputation for a gourmet sensibility when it came to such compounds, and one day that spring she invited me to share a trip.

I promptly fell deeply in love with the entire expanding universe, and particularly the breathtaking shimmer of it in her wide, green eyes. She fell in love with the universe in general, but not with me, in particular. Our souls merged, but not our bodies, if you get my drift. We did form one of those bonds of acid kinship from that trip together but, she explained, I couldn't offer her the adventure and danger she was looking for.

In the middle of her senior year she ran off with someone who could. He called himself a diplomat, had been Nicaraguan consul in New York—he was a Somoza—

but was up to his neck in mutinous intrigue against the ruling branch of his family. There were stories of trade in guns and other substances that enter the country in fast hydrofoil boats. There were stories about his arrest and her escape.

We had dinner a few times, and several long and inconclusive evenings, but I'd never been able to sort out which of the stories about her was true and what she was really after. Had she inherited the Somozas' smuggling connections and staffed them with expert women couriers and dealers? Had she flown to North Africa and spent a year in Morocco trying to shift the sexual attentions of a brilliant expatriate novelist from native boys to her? Had Dylan written that song ("If you see her, say hello, she may be in Tangier") for her?

Coffee steaming. Joint burning. Beast munching rock-hard frozen hamburger as if it were ladyfingers. Lilah pacing the room waiting for the multiple stimulants to clear the opium glaze from my eyes. Me watching her powerful graceful movements.

"I'm going to need some of your clothes," she suddenly announced, fling-

**"You could call Victor one
of the great promoters of
the fine arts in America.
However, I call him a
pimp."**

ing open my closet door. "Let's see. Corduroys. A shirt from Brooks. Penny loafers. My, my, I knew all along that behind all that decadent talk in *Argonaut* you were still a dear preppy Yalie at heart. I'll pin up my hair; find me a hat. They're going to be looking for a woman in a white linen suit—and no one will even know I'm a woman."

She had been taking her clothes off as she spoke. The white linen skirt was at her feet and she was standing with her back to me, wearing only a thin silk blouse. I felt my appetites revive and walked across to her.

She turned to face me, holding a couple of pairs of corduroys over her arm. Reaching out, she tugged at the knot on my dressing gown and drew me up close to her.

"Look," she said softly. "I've been trying to play this scene with you with a light touch, but I'm in some very heavy trouble and don't have much time to get out of it. So let's both put some pants on and talk about it." She handed me a pair of corduroys. Dutifully I stepped into them.

"O.K. In 24 hours I'm probably going to be wanted for murder and I'm going to

have to leave the country for an indefinite period of time. The first thing I want you to do is take care of Khan. I'll guarantee he'll be friendly—won't you, beast? Just keep—"

"Wait a minute, Lilah. What are you talking about—what murder?"

"Walter Foster was shot dead in Elaine's tonight. I was sitting with him before it happened. The lights went out. No one saw it happen."

"But wait a minute. Why would they want you? You didn't?..."

"Of course not, but I think he was shot with my gun—it's registered to me—and there will be my fingerprints on it."

"I don't understand."

"I'm not sure I do either, but Foster calls me yesterday and says he needs a gun to protect himself. Someone's been calling and threatening him. At first he thought it was a joke but now he's scared because the caller is giving little hints he's been inside Foster's apartment and knows his daily schedule. So he begs me to bring him a gun, to meet him at Elaine's, at a certain time on the dot. With the gun in my purse."

"When I meet him there I know something's very wrong but he won't say a thing during dinner. When the lights go out, I pick up my purse to run and it feels empty. The gun is gone. Then I think I hear a shot, and Walter is dead. I just ran and ran and, well, here I am. You look at me as if you don't believe me. Go ahead, look into my eyes."

"No, no. What I don't understand is why you have to leave town right away. Why don't you just call the cops? Talk to them in a lawyer's office. Tell them the whole story. They can start looking for the guy who made the phone threats. Then he's the suspect, not you."

"Well, I wish I could do just that. You don't know how much more at ease my mind would be, but there are some other people I'm involved with in a very large business deal at the moment. I've been staying with the beast here at Foster's place while making, ah... you know... some last-minute arrangements."

"You mean smuggling? Then what is your relationship with Foster, anyway? Or what was it? I shouldn't ask?"

"It's complicated. Part business, part personal, but nothing like you'd think, although maybe worse. Can we save that for later, because time is running out for this poor cracker child in the big city and I've got one more wish, which, if you grant, shall place me at your service forever. I have to get down to my place and remove something... some things... fast before the cops find out who I am and what kind of investments I make. One of the bartenders at Elaine's tonight was in the trade. He could have recognized me and tipped the cops. They could come busting in while we're there, but I've got to risk it."

"I want you to drive me to my place and

take certain packages into safekeeping for me. You don't know what's in them. Maybe your reporter's shield law is good for something. Protect your source. Protect me. Coming?"

According to my FBI files—courtesy of the Freedom of Information Act—I've been tailed by professionals at least twice before: once by the Secret Service in Key Biscayne after I lightheartedly announced to the press room that I was inviting the Hell's Angels for a spin on Bebe Rebozo's yacht; the other time by the Weather Underground when I said something to make them suspect I was meeting with the FBI to betray some confidences we shared about the Timothy Leary breakout. I was meeting with the FBI, but only to demand they return the hunting knife they confiscated from my baggage on Air Force One.

All of which is by way of saying the strange guy in what looked like a forest green Rolls who began tailing us as soon as my car pulled away from the curb was not a pro at the trade. Either that, or he didn't give a shit that he was making himself obvious by staying less than a car-length behind my aging Dodge.

Just to test my paranoia, always high after coming down from O, I drove around the whole of Gramercy Park, then stopped the car, got out and wiped the 5 A.M. dew off the back windshield. The guy in the green limo made all four turns with me, then stopped and waited for me to get back in the car. In the early dawn light I could make out black hair and a blue blazer behind the wheel of the beautiful green machine. He ran the light at Twenty-second Street to follow me into Park Avenue.

"Listen, Lilah, I don't want to alarm you, but there's a man in a Green Rolls-Royce trailing us. Could he be a friend of yours?"

She whirled around. "Oh, God. It's Victor," she sighed. "The creep. The stinking Ivy League pimp! And it's not a Rolls—it's a Bentley."

"You know him?"

"Lord, yes. Who doesn't know Victor, the literary pimp. Of course it's unfair to call him a pimp, the pimp. At Elaine's they call him The Introducer. He has a class act."

"Would you like to introduce me to him now, or would you like me to lose him?"

"Could you do that?" she asked skeptically. "Pray tell Lilah how."

"We go visit the morgue. It's not far from here, over on First and Thirty-first. We go down the ramp to the underground parking on First Avenue. They'll let me in because of my NYP press plates. Victor won't follow us in there because there'll be lots of cop cars flashing danger signals to him. The morgue guys know me. I wrote them all up once—a piece on how they're the most psychically healthy people in the city—from their intimacy with

death, you see..."

"Listen, darling, this is fabulously interesting about the morgue and all, but how will we lose Victor? Won't he just wait for us to come out?"

"I was coming to that. We'll drive out the meat-wagon ramp. That opens onto the side street. You can get to it from the underground parking lot; the morgue guys will let me through. They'll think I'm doing it to impress a date, or something. I actually did once."

"I'm sure it was a divine evening, but tell me: I'm right in assuming that by 'meat wagon'..."

"I mean the van that brings the corpses back from the death scene in the black rubber bags. Also, I got a friend there, helped me on a story—he works the meat-wagon night shift. A little weird, this guy, but he can give us the word on what the cops are looking for in Foster's death. It might turn out he actually worked on... Oh, I'm sorry. You were telling me about Victor."

"Oh, Victor. He's some character. The Introducer, they call him at Elaine's. The story I hear is that he got his start back in 1960 as a JFK advance man. That was his title, but his real job was keeping the media sexually satisfied. Really. He'd go into a town ahead of the JFK campaign stop, line up some coeds—he was good-looking back then, just out of Princeton—tell them about the big-time reporters they could meet if they hung around a certain bar—usually in the hotel he'd book the press into. If he ran into trouble getting local talent, he'd call New York and fly in some light hooks, then lead the reporters to them. He'd pick up the tab for the hooks and ask them to pretend they were being seduced by these media guys. They loved it. Made them feel like real studs. Some of them never got over it."

"Later, the story goes, Victor moved up to become a kind of advance man for JFK himself—if you know what kind of advances I'm talking about. 'Road testing,' Victor called it, the creep."

I swung the Dodge north around the winding Vanderbilt Avenue ramp, then made a sharp U-turn around Grand Central and back downtown through the Park Avenue underpass, just to make sure Victor was serious about staying on our tail. He was.

"You have to give him credit for being a survivor," Lilah sighed. "It didn't take him too long after Camelot died to find Elaine's and discover he could still serve a function."

"The story goes that his first legendary introduction was when he secretly set up that meeting on the street outside Elaine's between Philip Roth and the woman who became 'the Monkey' in *Portnoy's Complaint*. After that it was easy. You see, a lot of these big-name writers get lonely and horny sometimes, and they can't get laid or they can only get it on with lit-crowd groupies who don't provide them any

good new material for their novels and who just as often turn around and write them up in their novels."

"So a guy like Victor has a function. He hangs around Elaine's early in the evening, sees who's hunting, gets a sense of what they're after. Do they need a young, long-haired girl to figure in their next novel? He'll make some calls or visit some class singles bar or take a spin up to Briarcliff or Sarah Lawrence—depending on their taste, of course—and finds just the right type, who's willing to be introduced to a writer. Famous writer walks out of Elaine's at closing time, Victor ushers him over to the Bentley. 'There's a woman sitting inside who's very eager to meet you,' he says. Writer finds compliant fantasy or good novel material within."

"You're not making this up?"

"I've seen him operate."

I turned left on Thirtieth and headed over toward First Avenue and the morgue.

"So is that where he gets the money for his Bentley? Do these writers pay him?"

"Cash? No, not for women. All he asks for that is the privilege of hanging out at the good table in Elaine's. No, he makes his cash from another kind of introduction. Maybe you remember a short story by one of the guys at the center table at Elaine's about how he and some writer friends got introduced to coke and found themselves a little hung up on it for a while? Fiction, of course. But I hear Victor was the introducer. A lot of big money screenplays have been rushed out on Victor's coke. You could call Victor one of the great promoters of the filmic arts in America. However, I still call him a pimp."

"You had some dealings with him?" I asked.

"A while ago some of my partners and I had managed a tight corner of the Thai weed import routes, and Victor was looking to supply the 'Saturday Night Live' crowd. I got to know Victor's scene for a while. It's ugly—he's a vicious decadent swine beneath his English suits and blue-blood charm. He's got a violent hair-trigger temper. I had to stop him from pistol-whipping a friend of mine once."

"Why do you figure he's tailing you now? Could he know about you and Foster?"

"I don't know. Victor knows too many secrets for anybody's good. God, he makes me shudder. I'll take a morgue over Victor any day."

"You got it. We're here." ■

Coming Next Month...

From Chapter 3 of
Murder at Elaine's:

A talk in the baby locker.

Ashes The of

Michael Bro



He gave away millions on TV, dive-bombed the White House in a helicopter and

Michael Brody was stoned as hell, and he wouldn't take it anymore. He had the money and was determined to run, to become famous, a rock star, even if it broke and killed him. By those two standards he was an amazing success. He was famous, not so long ago.

In fact, he was the first media sensation of the Seventies—the madcap “hippie heir” who vowed to give away his millions in the name of peace and love. Time magazine compared him to Terry Southern's fictional Guy Christian and Kurt Vonnegut's Mr. Rosewater. For almost two months in 1970 the New York Daily News and Times devoted front-page coverage to his antics. He handed regal tips to cabbies, doormen and waiters; laid \$500 on a junkie; rented entire 707s; publicly sassed President Nixon and appeared on the Ed Sullivan Show, right on the same stage where Elvis and the Beatles became household words. Mobs of supplicants followed him in the streets of New York, hoping for handouts. Hundreds more kept a frigid vigil outside his Scarsdale home. To millions he was fantasy incarnate: rich, reckless, lovable and blessed with an uncanny ability to bamboozle the world. To others, he was a true spawn of the Sixties, heralding the new decade with gonzo generosity. To the press he was a dream come true.

He also was blown totally out of his skull most of the time. He once took so much PCP his eyes began to turn yellow from vitamin deficiencies. In the midst of Brodymania, the media either downplayed or ignored his more outrageous claims: that he was the new Messiah, that his personal fortune was in the billions, that PCP was the cure for cancer, that he possessed an arsenal of missiles with which he would annihilate civilization. These were products of a derailed imagination losing touch with reality. And eventually Michael Brody began to believe his delusions. The come-down was ultimate.

Even if he wasn't worth millions, or even a million, Brody was sincere. You might say that he gave until it killed him. A suicide at 24, he was a flame-out in the classic Sixties mode. A sort of omen of what the Seventies had in store.

What follows are excerpts from his forthcoming unauthorized biography, *The Ashes of Michael Brody*. Brody's loony legacy.

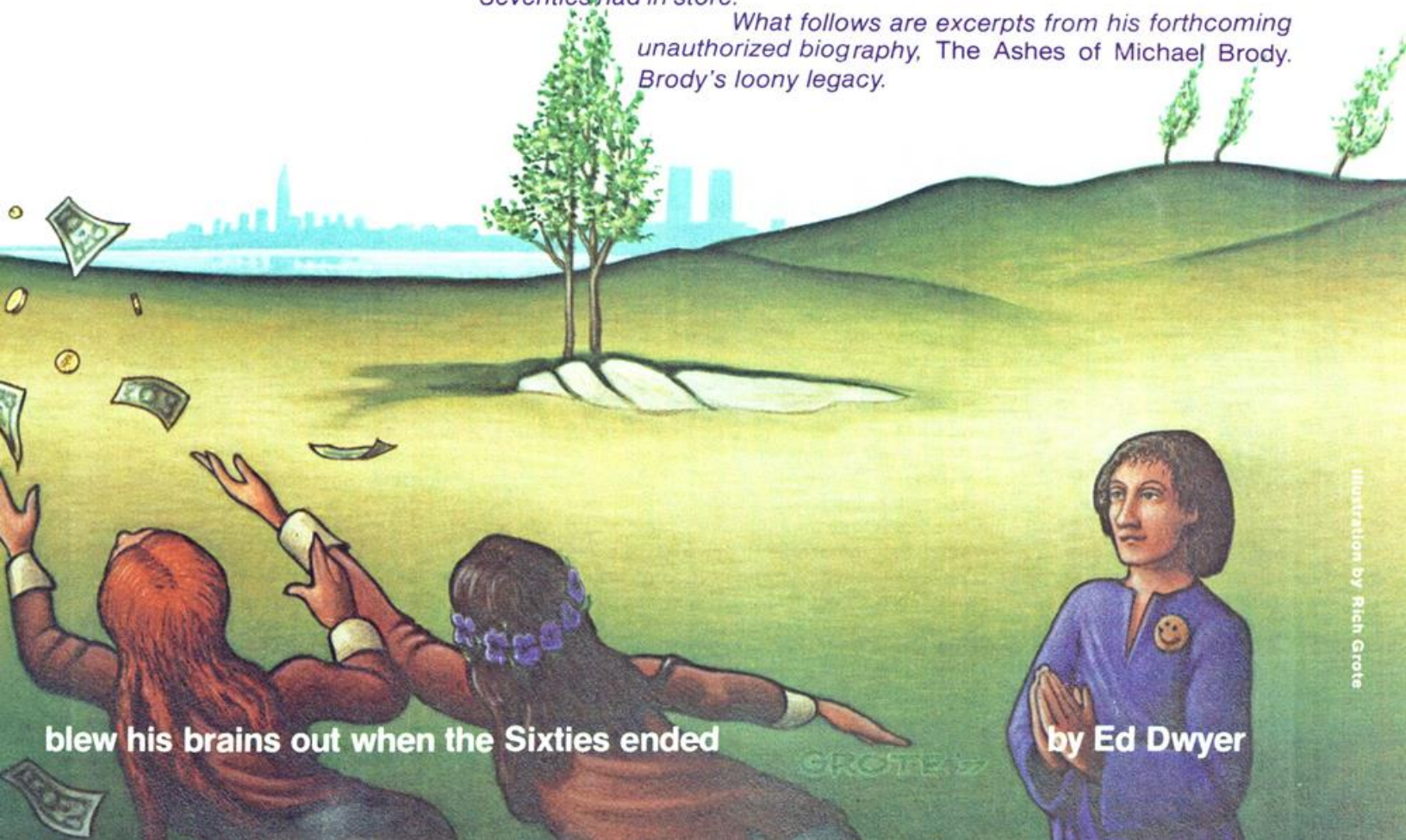


Illustration by Rich Grote

blew his brains out when the Sixties ended

by Ed Dwyer

October 1969. By the time the TWA jet landed at Kennedy International in New York, Michael Brody was convinced that he was a multimillionaire. The check told him a different story than it would to casual observers. Asked to comment on the nature of the stubby yellow piece of paper in his hand, they might think for a moment and say that it was a cashier's check for \$350,000. They might also say that Michael Brody, Jr., the name on the check, was a damned fortunate 21-year-old, for \$350,000 is one heck of a lot of money to be given in one lump. If they knew that he was also the recipient of a monthly allowance of \$1,800 for perpetuity, or until it was judged that he was able to control the funds from the \$6-million personal fortune set aside for him in the will of his grandfather, oleo king John F. Jelke, Jr., they would probably laugh and say that this indeed was a fortunate young man.

But Michael Brody, Jr., felt differently. For this was not what he had expected. He had been told for years that his was a fortune that glittered, that held promise of many years of fame and glory. Michael knew that he was a millionaire, born and true. His friends all knew; they had told him many times that he was worth several million. By Michael's most recent calculations, made that very morning at the airport, he was worth an easy five million.

Michael's reputation had gone before him. In January 1970 the world awaited the "hippie millionaire" who had paid \$8,000 for the rental of a 707 from Montego Bay to New York. Michael called his old friend Brian the night before to ask him to be there to drive them back to Scarsdale. Four nights earlier, Brian was awakened by a person-to-person call from Jamaica. Michael and Renee, his new bride, were at the other end. Brian was glad to hear from them.

"Brian?"

"Yeah, how's it going in Jamaica?" Brian had never been to Jamaica and was anxious to hear about it. He was especially interested in the ganja that grows in the lush island hills and is cultivated by the Rastas.

"Fantastic, man," blurted Michael breathlessly. Then he unloaded. "I'm chartering an entire jet and I'm going to give you a million dollars. And, listen, I've discovered that I'm God."

Brian caught his heart before it went through the roof of his mouth. Maybe this time he was going to get a million dollars? Shit, hadn't Michael given him a Lotus?

Now Brian stood behind about 50 eager, rude reporters who had just rushed toward the cluster of mikes that stood at the exit of the passenger ramp. The New York press had jumped on the Brody tale like a prospector jumps on a gold nugget, and just like prospectors they were eager for more. The story broke in the Kingston Daily Gleaner. A young American millionaire had spent \$10,000 in five days,



The whole world awaited the arrival of the "hippie millionaire" who had paid \$8,000 for the rental of a 707 from Montego Bay to New York.

dropping lavish tips on shopkeepers, taxi drivers, waiters and doormen. Michael Brody had also told reporters at Montego Bay International Airport that he planned to distribute his \$25 million to foundations and charitable organizations.

What the New York press had forgotten, or chose to forget, was his declaration that he was "Christ reincarnate." An excited Brody had stunned the reporter in Jamaica by explaining that he did not fear death, because "I will be resurrected in three days as a baby." He further claimed the ability to hypnotize anybody in less than 30 seconds and that he was going to be bigger than the Beatles in a mere three months. He was a pop singer, too.

Brian saw Michael approach the microphone. He looked like a man from Mars. He had on a pair of sunglasses that were perfect for intergalactic journeys. They wrapped clear around his head, from his nose to his forehead. Stoned out. His fashions were lunar. He wore bell-bottoms that were a size too small and frayed completely around; he had no socks. He had on the eternal blue blazer, which had begun to look tattered at the elbows. Flashbulbs exploded madly and 50 voices raised a united inquisitive howl. It was a welcome fit for a millionaire.

When asked how much money he really had, Michael answered, "I have so much money I can't believe it myself. Not only am I one of the most wealthy men in the world; I am also one of the most intelligent men in the world." As the cameras whirled and the video tape machines recorded history, Michael laid his new line on the press. "It's quite possible that I'm Jesus Christ, but I'm not sure yet."

"I've got \$25 million, but I'm driving home in my friend Brian's mother's

Volkswagen." He pointed at Brian who was now hiding his face with his hands to shade it from the camera lights. "That's Brian back there in the back of the room."

The questions became broader, and so did Michael's answers. His brain swelled in his head with PCP and his eyes began to glaze. He told one reporter that he had actually spent \$100,000 in Jamaica. When he was asked how much in tips he had given at the Playboy Club, he quoted the outlandish figure of \$25,000. He claimed that he had donated \$60,000 to the University of the West Indies for the construction of an outdoor athletic facility. When asked how all this generosity was possible, he impishly replied that he was a "financial wizard who knew the secret to the stock market and intended to become a billionaire through his genius."

A few minutes after 6 P.M., Brian's lady called. "Michael's on the news. On television." This was it, thought Brian; they're going to crucify him. Instead of a crucifixion he saw a masterpiece of editing. On every channel he saw Michael making profound philanthropic promises. The millionaire miracle of Scarsdale, the scion of the oleo fortune, was going to bring good luck to those less fortunate than he. Michael's exaggerations about his wealth were reported as fact, and his claim to divinity was carefully deleted. The press had a story.

Broadway begins to dip in the vicinity of the Ed Sullivan Theater, signaling to the southbound driver or pedestrian that the late Great White Way is about to begin. It squats on the approximate center of a DMZ, between the hookers on the street and those in the fancy restaurants and hotels. A perfect place for the new friends of Michael Brody to gather and make their pitch. On the night of Sunday, January 18, 1970, they stood an estimated 6,000-strong at the police barricades waiting for a glimpse of America's hippie hope.

Michael was scheduled to appear last, after Muhammed Ali, June Allyson and Minnie Pearl. Originally the slot had been held for the Bolshoi Ballet, but at Sullivan's personal orders they had been preempted for the oleo heir from Scarsdale. Brody and his entourage arrived amid flashing lights and wailing sirens and shot into the stage entrance surrounded by yelling onlookers. In the Green Room, the associate producer of the show briskly told them that Michael would go on after the next commercial. Michael insisted on having Renee on stage with him. No problem, Sullivan's man nodded, we'll just put out another stool.

Michael asked when he was going to meet Sullivan and strummed a bit on the guitar. He hopped up and down from his chair and hummed irregular snatches of Dylan tunes. When one of his managers suggested he relax and take things easy, he settled back and broke into high-pitched

laughter at Ali's strained poetry. To nobody in particular, a visitor announced that about 10,000 people were outside waiting for handouts.

The associate producer walked in and signaled for the group to follow him. Michael took a quick jab at his top E-string and groped for Renee's hand at the same time as he tried to slip into his fringed vest.

They reached the stage where Sullivan was announcing that in a moment Michael Brody would be there. As Sullivan strode off stage, Michael approached him triumphantly, extended his hand. The M.C. balked momentarily when he saw the unmistakable joint in the hand coming in his direction. He quickly shifted the angle of his stride and moved around Michael in order to give him a paternal squeeze on the shoulders. Michael asked him if he wanted some PCP and waved the joint in his face; Sullivan dryly declined and walked back into the cameras.

He introduced Michael with a brief recap of his promises to give away his fortune, which the famous master of ceremonies cited as \$25 million. There, on the same stage that had launched Elvis Presley and the Beatles into modern history, were Michael Brody and his wife, who sat like a schoolgirl with her hands folded in her lap. There was scattered applause. Michael shook his hair to one side and began "You Ain't Goin' Nowhere." He chopped the same two chords resolutely and thumped gamely on the base of the guitar to accompany himself. As usual, he was out of tune and off key. But Sullivan was all smiles when the number was over. He blessed Michael for what he was doing and asked him what new plans he had.

"I'll do the best I can," Michael assured the audience, "But I've been running around. Don't crowd me."

Then he stared into the camera, deadpan. "I've got a lot more money to give away." Sullivan took his hands out of his jacket pockets and crossed his arms. "I've got \$100 billion to give away next week!"

Brody's brain swam. Thick patches of color began to detach themselves from the scene before him as he struggled to maintain his composure. He was about to embark on a mission of peace. He musn't allow a couple of PCP joints and a capsule of crank buffalo his sense of reality. He dug into his pockets and fingered the \$100 bills for reassurance. Michael Aronin, an old acquaintance from Scarsdale, stood by his side. Aronin had been recruited because of his Marine Corps background and his good vibes. Now, as two dozen reporters began to pick the scales from a fishy Michael Brody, he fixed his face into what he assumed was a Brian Donlevy mold and stared at the runway and the jets that sank and leapt in quick succession.

"All right, listen." Michael tried to si-



As the cameras whirled and the video tape machines recorded history, Michael laid his new line on the press. "It's quite possible that I'm Jesus Christ, but I'm not sure yet."

lence the press with his coming declaration. "This is Michael Aronin. He's my Marine Corps bodyguard." Aronin smiled gamely. A hitch in the Marines hadn't prepared him for this guard duty.

In a few minutes the number of reporters had swelled to about a hundred. They seemed unusually relaxed. They were waiting to be entertained, thrusting mikes upward and adjusting sound levels on Sony porto-pacs without the slightest flick of excitement in their wrists. They were cool in the face of an "eccentric" story.

Michael proceeded to heat things up a bit. "We'll give the president ten minutes to show up," he said.

Heads swiveled madly; eyeballs twisted between Brody and undefined areas to the rear, where bulky Secret Service men were imagined, ghostly figures in a phantasm front page story. Would he come? Who knew?

"Time is running out," Michael continued. A reporter raised his voice over the din and asked him for a statement. On the Sullivan show he had promised the definitive statement on the war. The countdown was on for Michael Brody, too.

"The war is over!" All systems go. The Brody rocket zoomed out of reality, fueled by PCP and popping flashbulbs.

"I'm leaving for Washington, D.C., to tell Nixon the war is over." Then, with an indignant lapse of logic: "Nixon is the only man holding up the whole shebang, and I'm not going to let him get away with it for one minute. I'm taking my private helicopter and land on the White House lawn. He'll have to see me."

The manager of the Kennedy Airport press room was summoned and asked where a helicopter could be had. He led

them to his office and began to search through his rolodex for a private helicopter pilot who was willing to fly three people to Washington on short notice. After three quick calls, one pilot, by the name of Castle, accepted. The manager had wisely avoided disclosing that ground zero was the White House lawn.

A squad of reporters waited for the pilot, who arrived in ten minutes. On the way down to the copter pad Castle tried to persuade Brody to take a scheduled commercial airplane flight. Brody leafed through an immense wad of hundred-dollar bills and muttered that an airplane couldn't land on the White House lawn.

The reluctant pilot and his three excited passengers boarded the four-passenger Jet Ranger copter. Even as the copter made its vertical ascent into a cobalt January sky, Castle attempted to dissuade Michael, who was sucking merrily upon a long joint, as were Michael Aronin and Renee. Brody would hear nothing of it.

"No, man, this is great. This is the only way to fly. I'm going to get my own helicopter." He was enraptured. "My own fleet of helicopters." Leaning into the plexiglass, he nudged Aronin on the knee. "Do you think we can see Scarsdale from up here?"

Aronin had no idea.

Fifteen minutes in the air, and Brody asked Castle, "How much do you want to be my private helicopter pilot?"

Castle shrugged in the most nonchalant manner he could muster. He didn't want to commit himself.

"I'll give you a million dollars a year." Castle kept his eyes on the horizon and was forced to doubt his ears for fear of accepting the offer.

The Jet Ranger intruded over the wealthy outskirts of metropolitan D.C. It swooped low over Georgetown in a beeline for the White House. Their altitude dropped to 5,000 feet. As they approached Wisconsin Avenue, a composed voice came over the copter radio. "Attention, helicopter, alter your course. You are heading directly for a restricted corridor."

Castle expected as much and started to turn, relieved that the signal had come through so soon. It was still a \$650 day. Renee tapped him on the shoulder; he turned and she nodded her head toward her husband, who was busy digging in his large canvas overnight bag. He was pulling out handfuls of \$100 bills and piling them on his lap.

"O.K., friends, that's it. That's the government speaking."

Brody made a quick motion.

"Hey, listen," the pilot marveled. "What's going on?"

Brody was stuffing \$100 bills into Castle's jacket. Two were slipped into the open neck of his sport shirt. Castle shut his mouth and fell back on course.

"Attention, helicopter, the airspace below 10,000 feet over the White House is restricted." (continued)

Michael Aronin dug his fingers into his vinyl seat. His money has to run out soon, he hoped, and then we'll land at an airport. Renee blew smoke from her seat and into Castle's face. Castle began to sweat. Brody's hand was busy shoving bills into Castle's lap. Three more found their way under his right leg.

"We repeat. That airspace below 10,000 feet over the White House is restricted. If you enter the airspace, we will have no choice but to blow you out of the sky."

"They're going to kill us!" Castle took off his sunglasses and stared Brody straight in the face. Brody's right arm floated over his head and an autumn wind full of gently drifting \$100 bills fell about Castle's ears.

"All right! This is too much. Keep on flying, pilot." Renee was draped over Castle's seat, urging him on.

Brody was bent forward, his eyes fixed on the approaching White House. Aronin thought hard and fast. "Listen, Michael, listen. How can you end the war if you're dead? Exploding over Washington won't do any good. You won't be able to talk to President Nixon if you're dead, Michael." Michael's eyes narrowed. He was thinking. If he died the press might make a martyr of him. Was it worth it? On the other hand, alive he could continue to use his millions for peace. No, he wasn't ready to die yet. He had to work for peace.

Brody straightened up and spoke quickly. "O.K., forget it. Go to the nearest airport."

Castle's face fell back into shape, his knuckles relaxed on the stick. His sigh of relief scattered \$100 bills around the control panel. He aimed the 'copter in the direction of National Airport. At National, they were ignored. They had been expected to land at Dulles International, where Secret Service and press waited, attracting a large crowd.

On the way to the White House, Michael hopped from side to side, pointing out the tourist attractions. "Some day," he said, "there will be a monument to Michael Brody." As the cab pulled up in front of the White House guard gate, Aronin noticed two stocky men in business suits and regimental ties. He checked the cut of their pants. Neat and trim, two years behind current styles and conservatively coordinated with Supp-hose socks. Then he checked their lapels. Yup. Tiny circular pins on the left lapel of each. They weren't Knights of Columbus, either.

Brody hassled with the cab driver as Michael and Renee waited on the sidewalk, trading stares with the gentlemen in gray and two uniformed guards who carried big pistols on their hips.

"I don't have the cash right now; I spent it all on the helicopter."

"What am I supposed to do about this fare, bigshot?"

"Look, give me your name and address, and when I get back to New York I'll send you so much money you won't have to

drive a cab again."

"Bullshit!" The cabbie hit the gas and took off. Brody joined the other two and they walked to the guardhouse. The two men in suits stood waiting.

Michael introduced himself and his wife and again introduced Aronin as his "Marine bodyguard." Aronin tried to feel tough, but only succeeded in feeling foolish. The two men identified themselves as Secret Service agents and asked Brody and his "friends" to follow them. They were led into the White House, past the tourist beat and into a small office that resembled a doctor's waiting room. Agent number one asked Renee to come with him. She shrugged and followed him into an adjoining room. Number two came right to the point.

"Why do you want to see the president, Mr. Brody?"

Twenty minutes later he was still sitting patiently. Michael was pacing the small room, expounding his proposals for peace. They all centered on money. Pay off the North Vietnamese and they will leave the south. Pay off the Nigerians and

Michael asked him if he wanted some PCP and waved the joint in his face; Ed Sullivan dryly declined and walked back into the cameras.

they will pull out of Biafra. Pay off the Jews and the Arabs together and they will use the money to build a Middle East paradise. He wove a hundred side illustrations to adorn his principal theme—Michael Brody has the money and the talent to bring peace to the world.

Finally, the agent spoke. Aronin stopped flicking through a National Geographic. Brody smiled.

"The president is busy today, but if you write a letter explaining your reasons for wishing to see him, an interview may be arranged."

"But..."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Brody." The agent knocked twice on the door behind, into which Renee had disappeared. It opened immediately and Renee appeared, no worse for wear. As the five walked through the White House, Michael was asked if he would like the regular tour. It was forming in 40 minutes. No, thanks, said Michael. Good-by, White House.

They were escorted to the sidewalk and wished a nice day. Brody turned to Renee and Aronin. He explained that there was no money to get them back to New York. In fact, he didn't even have his wallet with

his credit card with him. He had spent \$2,000 for the dizzy flight down Pennsylvania Avenue. While they stood debating how to get home, an AP reporter and his photographer arrived from Dulles. What had happened with the president?

"We set it up so I'll see President Nixon next week, but now I have to get back to New York because I'm going to address the U.N. tomorrow on the Middle East." He and Renee posed for shots in front of the White House fence. The reporter ran to call in the United Nations story. Michael started to ask him for a loan to get them home, but the reporter was already out of earshot.

"Well, here goes." Brody stepped out on Pennsylvania Avenue and stuck out his thumb.

Ernst Altschuler, RCA Division vice-president and executive producer, laughed. So did Dick Etlinger, RCA's manager of business affairs. They had done what other record companies had been trying to do for weeks, now. A front-page phenomenon was now an RCA property. Michael Brody, hero to millions of poor folks the world over and example to the young, had just signed a contract for a single for a mere \$10,000 cash. Across the table from Ernie and Dick sat Michael, laughing uproariously, twirling the silver pen they had given him.

Three hours later, a mob of 70 crowded the small recording studio. Michael stroked his guitar worriedly. Ernie had suggested they start for the studio right away and put the single onto wax. Dick agreed and began to rise. Michael blanched and looked beseechingly at his managers. He held the \$10,000 in his hand. He told Ernie and Dick he couldn't record today because he didn't have his guitar with him. Since they didn't know that Michael couldn't play well enough to accompany himself, Dick and Ernie agreed that he would need the guitar of his choice before he was recorded. They smiled and said they would wait until he got one, and left the office for the studio. He was to meet them at a studio in three hours. The press was expected.

When Michael finally walked into Studio E, he saw that he was alone. No other musicians. None. He asked if he couldn't have some instrumentation behind him. They were in a hurry, he was told; there was no time for rehearsal. In fact, the recording engineer was told that he was to keep the board at zero. The job had to be done that fast. Behind the glass partition, Ernie lifted a sweaty face at the lights and cameras blazing at him. He was venturing a response to a TV newsman's query, "Does Michael have any talent?" "Michael won us all over," he offered. It seemed the best he could do.

A minor fuss began to simmer around Michael in the studio control room. He insisted that he wasn't stoned enough
(continued on page 76)

A woman with voluminous, dark, curly hair is shown from the waist up. She has a white dot on her forehead and is looking directly at the camera. She is holding a large, rectangular, silver-colored electronic device in front of her torso. The device has a control panel with a square screen, several buttons, a row of five colored lights (green, yellow, red, yellow, red), a speaker grille, and a large circular dial. She is adjusting the dial with her right hand. Her left hand is raised near her head. The background is a plain, light-colored surface.

Ionized Air

Changing
the
Blahs
to the Ahs by Jim Hougan

Why don't ants drown when it rains? I asked my Uncle George this question and he just shook his head, embarrassed at our kinship.

George's problem is that he's obsessed with the really important mysteries: the Meaning of Life, the Nature of Reality and the Secrets of the Pyramids.

I'm more comfortable with mysteries that belong in italics rather than capitals: the ant problem, for instance, and the *nature of the blahs*. And why it is that a waterfall or thunderstorm makes me laugh and want to dance.

But the problem of the blahs is no trivial matter. A few minutes spent in front of a television set demonstrates conclusively that Americans—Left, Right, Middle and Don't Know—are languishing in a blizzard of psychosomatic discontent.

Combating the post-industrial malaise is both an industry and a national pastime: attempting to gain a sense of well-being, we resort to primal screams encounter therapy, yoga, transcendental meditation, jogging, dieting, tennis, streaking, Adelle Davis, Vicks, Ex-Lax, Contac, needlepoint, analysis and Woody Allen movies.

All these things work. More or less. Pretty well. Sorta.

But the ones that work the best are the ones that require the most effort, and what people want is a solution that requires no effort. Something you can go out, buy, plug in and BANG! Dr. Feelgood. An immediate sense of comfort and well-being.

And guess what? It's here and it's legal. And it takes no effort, has no side effects and functions without the cooperation of anyone else.

What is it?

In a word: *ions*.

In three words: *an ion generator*.

In dollars and cents: *about \$90.85*.

That may sound like a lot, but remember, what we're talking about is the second most precious thing in the world: a sense of well-being. Not to mention statistically probable relief from a panoply of ailments that include asthma, anxiety and the flu. Not to mention increased plant growth. Not to men...

Already I can see a credibility gap developing. These damned generators turn an otherwise objective reporter into a proselytizing maniac. We'd better turn the thing off.

There.

Blah.

Ants don't drown in the rain because they block their tunnels *before* it rains. How do they know when it's going to rain?

Well, they can just *feel* it, and so can most people. Before it rains, the air becomes heavy, dull and somehow oppressive. Positive ions accumulate, and their nature is such that they trigger a number of physiological responses in both ants

and people. The ants react by blocking their tunnels, and the people react by complaining. When lightning finally begins to flash, we start to feel better. In fact, most people feel terrific, exhilarated by the thunder and electrical discharges.

What happens is that the lightning generates enormous quantities of negative ions, thereby returning the atmosphere to electrostatic equilibrium. Our exhilaration, however, is due entirely to the negative ions (which make us feel good), just as our prestorm depression was due to the positive ions (which make us feel bad).

An ion is a charged particle. Ions form naturally when sufficient energy acts upon a neutral molecule to pry loose one of its electrons. The molecule with the missing electron is called a *positive ion*. *Negative ions* are those molecules to which the expelled electrons have become attached.

A variety of naturally occurring phenomena transform otherwise humdrum

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The same kind
of imbalance that occurs
in cities, cars and homes.**

molecules into ions. Cosmic rays, ultraviolet light, friction, falling water and radioactive materials present in the earth's crust all provide sufficient energy to detach electrons from the nuclei they normally surround.

And then, of course, there are unnatural sources of ionization. Atomic research, various combustion processes, high tension discharges and the operations of electric plants are just a few.

One would expect that, given the nature of the ions' formation, there would be an equal distribution of positive and negative ions in the air. But such is not the case. For one thing, negative ions are more mobile, and for another, the earth's surface has a negative charge that tends to repel ions of a similar disposition. The result is that negative ions tend to be in shorter supply than their positive counterparts, about 1.2 positive ions for each negative.

This ratio applies to air circulating

outdoors in rural, unpolluted environs. Unless we happen to be Yukon trappers or Eskimos, we probably don't breathe that kind of "normal" air.

Instead, people tend to spend much of their lives in cars, cities, offices, air-conditioned buildings, smoke-filled rooms, ashrams and the corridors of power-enclosed spaces whose atmospheres have ionic imbalances ranging from bad to *positively* nasty.

It's fair to say that ion concentrations vary enormously from place to place and for different reasons. Urbanization and industrialization have completely upset the natural ionic balance of the atmosphere. In urban areas, more positive ions are present in the air because of pollution from factories, traffic congestion, the presence of metal-framed office blocks, geographical features and the ratio of built-up ground area to the neighborhood as a whole.

On the other hand, there are some rural places with extraordinarily, naturally occurring negative-ion concentrations. According to the Stanford Research Institute, Yosemite Valley is such a place.

What causes this happy state of affairs is the presence of waterfalls, which, by splitting drops of water, create ions. Indeed, it's reasonable to expect that almost any waterfall area, or locale where water is churned and aerated, will have generous ion concentrations.

Other locations, such as the bathroom shower and tops of mountains, are similarly disposed for different reasons. And, in landscapes where radioactive materials are found (e.g., New Mexico, Arizona and Bornholm), inhabitants know that certain spots are "good for asthma": those places correspond to the level of radioactivity in the soil, which is, in turn, an index to the area's ion concentrations.

On, if I had one, the third hand, some areas are natural ionic disasters. The Near East is one. Los Angeles is another and Austria's Danube valley (extending into Bavaria) is a third. Each of these locations is battered by a hot, high-velocity wind that blows at fairly regular intervals. In Israel they call it the *sharav*. In Egypt, the *khamisin*. In Germany it's the *Fohn*. And in L.A. it's the Santa Ana.

These hot winds are accompanied by an "irritation syndrome" in the natives of the area, characterized by sleeplessness, tension, nausea, irritability, migraine, palpitations, edema, dyspnea, hot flushes with sweating or chills, diarrhea, tremor and vertigo. Also apathy, fatigue, depression and even suicide. Those persons most seriously affected seem to be the very young, the old, the "weather-sensitive" and those in poor health.

And what such ill winds do is to create temporary ionic imbalances characterized by an extravagant preponderance of positive ions. The same kind of imbalance that occurs in cities, offices, houses, cars and air-conditioned buildings.

The cause of the wind-borne malaise seems to be the effect air ions have upon the endocrine glands and the respiratory tract. Researchers have discovered, for instance, that positive ions increase the death rate of mice infected with certain kinds of fungus, bacteria or influenza viruses. Ion-depleted air also increases the death rate of flu-sickened mice, while high concentrations of negative ions improves their survival rate. Tests with rats also show that negative ions facilitate learning and reduce anxiety, while positive ions make rabbits aggressive. Thus, city rabbits are meaner than their country kin, and rats living next to a waterfall are probably a lot smarter and more cooled-out than their city brothers.

More importantly, perhaps, air ions affect tissues that produce compounds strategic to the regulation of essential bodily functions. The adrenal, pituitary and thyroid glands all respond to changes in the atmosphere's ionization levels, which affect significant shifts in the body's water balance, sensitivity to pain, sexual behavior, appetite, thirst and adaptation to stress.

The mechanism responsible for these (and other) changes seems to be that positive ions increase—while negative ions decrease—levels of serotonin in the blood. Serotonin is hormonal dynamite, affecting sleep, mood, nerve impulses, blood-clotting and the contraction of smooth muscles.

In nature, serotonin is fairly commonplace. It's found in a variety of vegetables and plants, including bananas, plums and figs. The bo tree, under which the Buddha sat when he was enlightened, is an oriental fig tree whose fruit is richest of all in serotonin. Octopi have the hormone in their salivary glands, and penguins have it in their pineals.

The pineal gland, a kind of vestigial "third eye," is the great reservoir of serotonin in the human brain. It's in the pineal that an enzyme (rather poetically called HIOMT) acts upon the serotonin molecule to produce a second hormone, melatonin, which is an important regulator of human sexual development. Inhibiting the production of serotonin results in a corresponding decrease in the manufacture of melatonin. When this happens, sexual development is speeded up. In young people, hormonal deficiency of this kind leads to premature sexuality.

Scientists have found that substances that inhibit the effects of serotonin also cause mental aberrations. LSD-25, for instance, is a powerful "antagonist" of serotonin. It seems that LSD bears a remarkable molecular resemblance to the hormone. What the hallucinogen does is to enter special "receptor sites" in certain brain cells. Those cells would normally admit serotonin, but, stuffed with acid, they can't. LSD thereby deprives the brain of serotonin. It is this deprivation that

seems to be at the root of the peculiar mental state associated with the hallucinogen. That is, acid works in an indirect way: what makes people high is not the LSD per se, but the serotonin shortage that it causes.

Since ion ratios affect serotonin levels, proponents of the organic-high are advised that it is at least theoretically possible to induce an LSD-like perspective via ionization. Mystics have traditionally been associated with locales that have peculiar ionic characteristics (waterfalls, deserts, mountaintops, etc.) and have, moreover, so often been depicted with a prominent "third eye"—the serotonin-producing pineal.

People, rabbits and mice aren't the only ones affected by ionic variations. Plants also respond. In one series of studies it was shown that increases in either positive or negative ionization caused barley, oats and lettuce to grow at rates up to 50 percent faster than normal. Taking ions

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out of the air caused the plants to grow more slowly and produced "soft, fleshy leaves." What caused the more rapid growth is thought to be the expeditious effect ions have upon the plants' use of iron and oxygen.

Tests on humans have been carried out with widely varying degrees of ionization, and the results have sometimes been startling. In one experiment, two American scientists subjected 40 volunteers to a 20-minute stay in a room containing 32 million positive ions per cubic centimeter (about 2,000 times normal). When the doors were opened, several subjects were too depressed to leave under their own power and had to be carried out on stretchers. Everyone in the room was affected.

In Switzerland in 1972, 671 bank workers were tested by dividing them into two groups. In one group, 309 volunteers worked for 30 weeks in an area containing

about 4,000 ions/cm³, with negative ions predominating. A control group of 362 workers labored in untreated air. At the experiment's end, scientists found that the control group lost 16 times more work-days due to respiratory illness than did those in the ionized environment.

Dr. Albert Krueger, professor emeritus of bacteriology at the University of California, along with Dr. Richard Smith conducted a series of tests designed to show the effects of ionization on the respiratory system. The bronchial tubes and wind-pipe are lined with microfilaments called cilia, whose whiplike movements, coupled with mucus, rid our air passages of dust and pollen. Normally, cilia maintain about 900 "beats" per minute. Exposed to negative ions, however, the ciliary beat accelerated to 1,200 per minute and mucus flow was increased. Positive ions cut that improved rate in half—to 600 beats per minute.

In Philadelphia, scientists have demonstrated that negative ion treatments can have dramatic effects on a variety of ills. In one experiment, Dr. Igbo Kornbleuh treated hundreds of patients with negative ions and reported that 63 percent experienced partial to complete relief from respiratory problems of hay fever and bronchial asthma.

In another finding, Dr. Kornbleuh learned that negative ions have a pronounced tranquilizing and analgesic effect upon people suffering from severe pain. In a demonstration at Northeastern Hospital, the Philadelphia physician exposed an emergency room admission (a worker with second-degree steam burns) to negative ions. Within minutes, the pain disappeared, and morphine, usually administered in those circumstances, was unnecessary.

Today, burn patients at that hospital are routinely placed in a windowless room conditioned with up to 10,000 ions/cm³. Usually, their pain disappears within ten minutes and no narcotics are required. Physicians report that the ion treatments reduce the incidence of infection and cause the burns to dry faster, heal quicker and scar less. In addition, fewer skin grafts are required, odors are eliminated and the patients sleep more comfortably. Similar results were reported with deep postoperative pain.

Ion treatments have also been shown to alleviate psychoneurosis and anxiety syndromes. The results of tests in Argentina were impressive: 80 percent of the patients were reported to have benefited, and their somatic complaints disappeared entirely.

In Budapest, Hungarian scientists have shown that rats learn "defensive" reactions to dangerous situations significantly faster in negatively-ionized atmospheres. A second result of these experiments indicates that negative ions accelerate the speed with which rats are able to discriminate between dangerous and safe

situations. Since automobile interiors have an excess of positive ions, and since traffic accidents increase when hot winds blow, it is probable that vehicle ionizers could make driving a safer activity.

Indeed, there may even be a geopolitical ion "gap." In Russia, for instance, ion therapy is literally standard operating procedure. Convinced that many unexplained heart attacks and postoperative complications can be attributed to positive ions, Soviet physicians routinely de-ionize each operating room before surgery. In fact, the Soviet Union is so far the only country that has specialized clinics where patients are given ion treatments in addition to their regular therapy. So popular are the treatments that Russian drugstores sell ion generators in kit form (a do-it-yourself construction that has reportedly resulted in the electrocution of several ham-handed comrades).

A by-product of all these successful experiments has been a kind of backlash: some researchers are embarrassed by their positive results, and many physicians are openly skeptical.

The problem is that negative-ion therapy is so versatile that it seems too good to be true. Physicians tend to be wary of any treatment that does not respect the specializations characteristic of their profession. When they hear that negative-ion therapy seems to be indicated for patients suffering from burns, asthma, catarrh, rhinitis, pulmonary tuberculosis, colds, neurosis, paranoia, pain, depression and the flu—they start to wonder. If they are then told that such treatments also engender a sense of well-being in healthy people, make workers happier and more efficient, speed up reaction times and make plants grow faster—doctors begin to get extremely agitated. If one then reveals that negative-ion therapy may reduce the incidence of heart attacks, improve gastroduodenal ulcer conditions and retard or stop the development of cancerous tumors (in mice at least)—doctors are likely to call the police.

But ionization isn't a panacea, and no one claims that it is. Its effects, while statistically positive, are not certain in any individual case. With respiratory ailments, for example, the incidence of benefit reported is usually between 50 and 70 percent, with children responding most favorably.

Moreover, it's not clear whether ionization therapy actually cures anything or merely acts as a palliative. Early investigations, for instance, showed that many hay fever victims obtained rapid relief from their symptoms upon exposure to ionized air. Their sneezing and wheezing stopped almost immediately. Once they left the ionized atmosphere, though, their symptoms returned—often within an hour. The treatment seemed to alleviate the symptoms without affecting the cause. More recent studies, however, sug-

gest that for those patients who obtain any relief through ionization, long-term benefits are possible if their exposure to an ionized atmosphere is prolonged.

Exactly how ionization therapy works upon the body is not wholly understood. But it has so far been established as fact that ionization:

1. increases oxygenation in the lungs;
2. increases "vital capacity" (the amount of air inhaled in an average breath);
3. accelerates ciliary activity;
4. slows the heartbeat;
5. causes the oxidation of inactive serotonin by affecting its release from the tissues into the bloodstream (this seems to be responsible for relieving migraine headaches and reducing blood pressure);
6. normalizes the activities of the endocrine glands.

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Most importantly, ionization has a normalizing effect on the electrical potential of the central nervous system and body cells. Under ordinary conditions, those cells have a slight negative charge of about 70 millivolts because they pump positive sodium ions out into the bloodstream. During the course of a disease, however, the electrical balance of the autonomic nervous system shifts into a state analogous to the atmospheric conditions prevailing before a thunderstorm. If a person is healthy enough, the body will restore its electrical tonus in much the same way that lightning restores the electrical equilibrium of the atmosphere. If patients lack sufficient reserves to accomplish this, they will remain in the allergic phase of the illness, inclining toward a panoply of ills including migraine spasms, angina pectoris, hypertension, eczema and asthma. Ionized air, acting directly on the central nervous system, can restore the desired equilibri-

um, thereby lifting the patients out of the allergic and into the healing phase of their illnesses.

Ionized air is unquestionably beneficial to people afflicted with a variety of ailments, and physicians will no doubt exploit its potential more fully in future years. But the use of ion generators may eventually be even more common in the home or office than in the clinic. If we smoke, drive, live in a city, spend time in extended meetings or work in air-conditioned offices, negative-ion generators can clear the air—literally and figuratively. Removing dusts, smoke, pollen and fungus from the air, and inhibiting the growth of bacteria, ionizers reduce the incidence of minor infections and irritations. We become healthier and breathe more easily, our fatigue is reduced, resistance strengthened and concentration increased. We become happier and more efficient. Indeed, a breath of ionized air can be exhilarating, just as a whiff of pure oxygen can.

Basically, commercial ionizers come in four types, each of which copies a method nature uses to produce ions.

One kind of ion-generator consists of an ultraviolet lamp whose light causes particular materials to give up electrons, thereby creating ions. Those materials, however, must be carefully chosen and the machine must be operated under conditions that minimize the production of potentially harmful ozone.

A second type of machine ionizes the air by means of radioactive beta rays. Obviously, evidence of the device's safety should be sought before purchase.

A third kind utilizes water spray, splitting droplets in the same way that a waterfall does, but there does not yet seem to be a commercial ionizer of this sort on the market.

A fourth type employs a high-voltage corona discharge whose effects are similar to that of a lightning flash. Large quantities of negative ions ought to be produced, but consumers are advised to seek evidence of correct design since some companies have sold machines which produce ozone, but no negative ions.

The best way to be certain that a machine produces negative ions and not much else is to buy one from a reputable company that supplies each device with a negative-ion counter and each customer with references when asked.

Someday, as Dr. Krueger and a number of other professionals and their organizations have predicted, "negative-ion generators will be as popular as cigarette filters." Our homes and offices will incorporate ionizers into the heating and air-conditioning systems and vehicular ionizers may well become standard equipment.

And now, back to my ionizer.

There.

Aaaah.■

THE FABULOUS FURRY

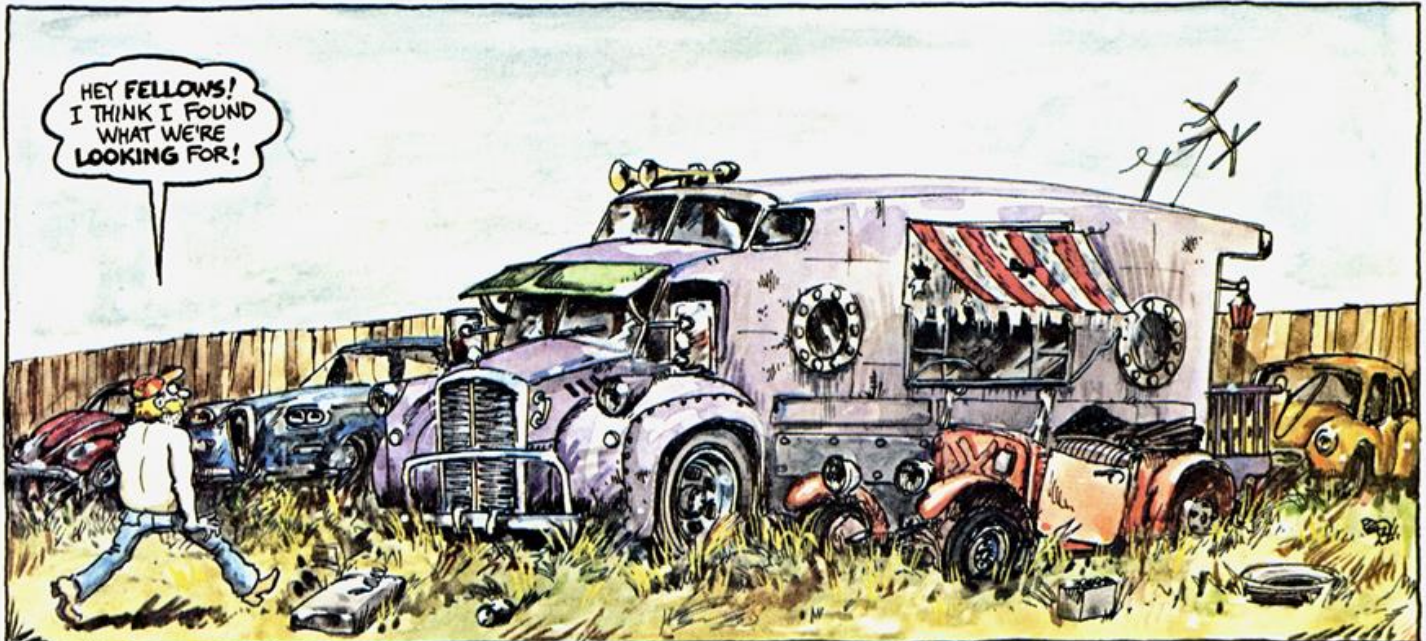
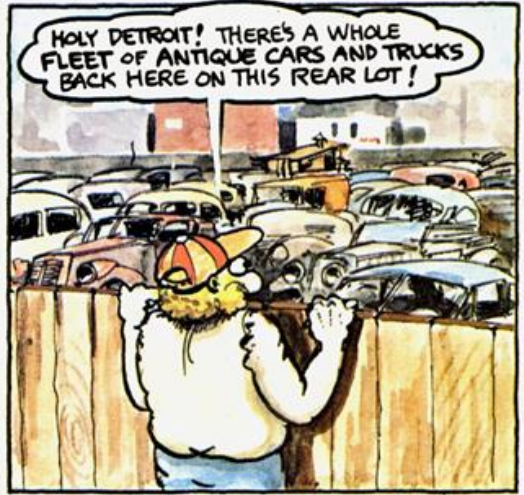
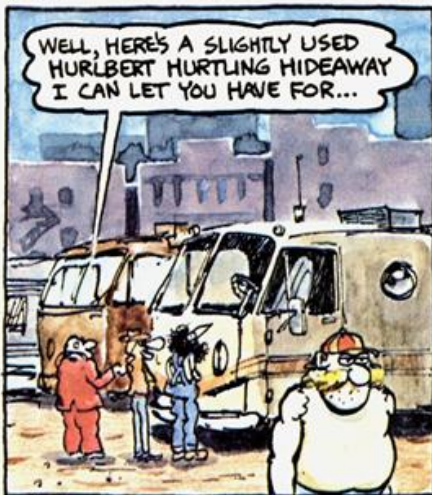
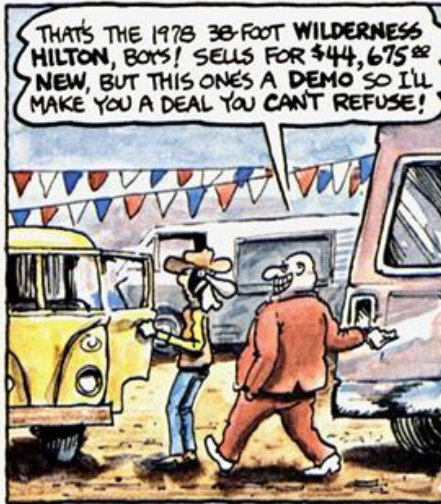
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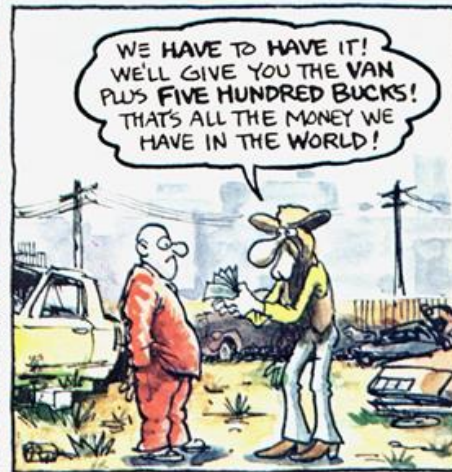
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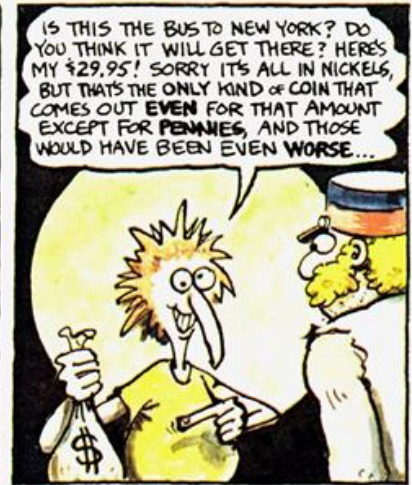
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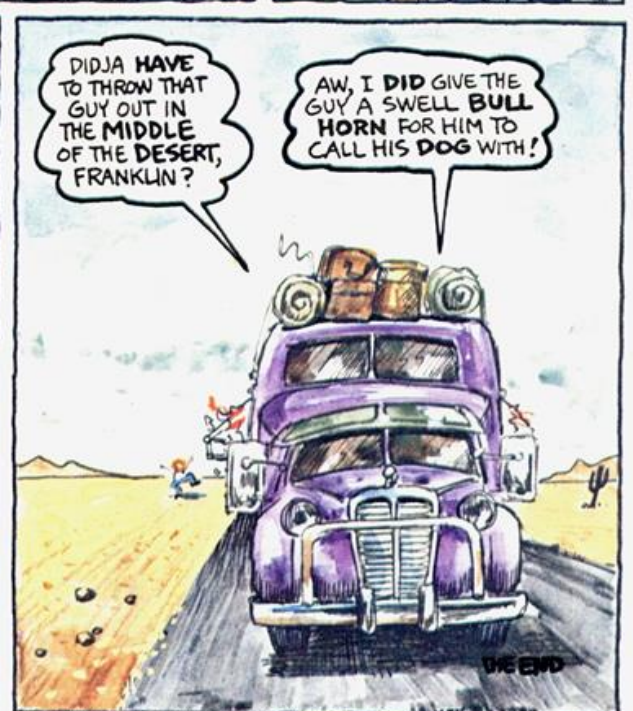
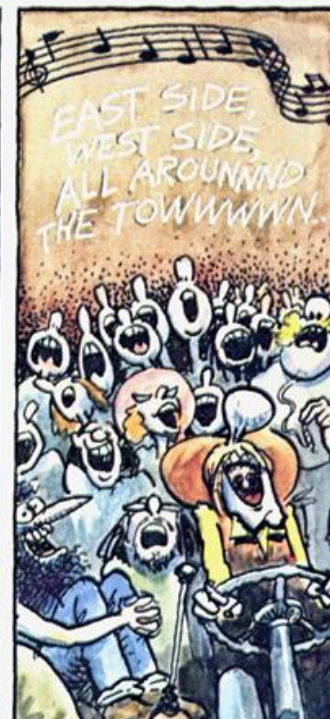
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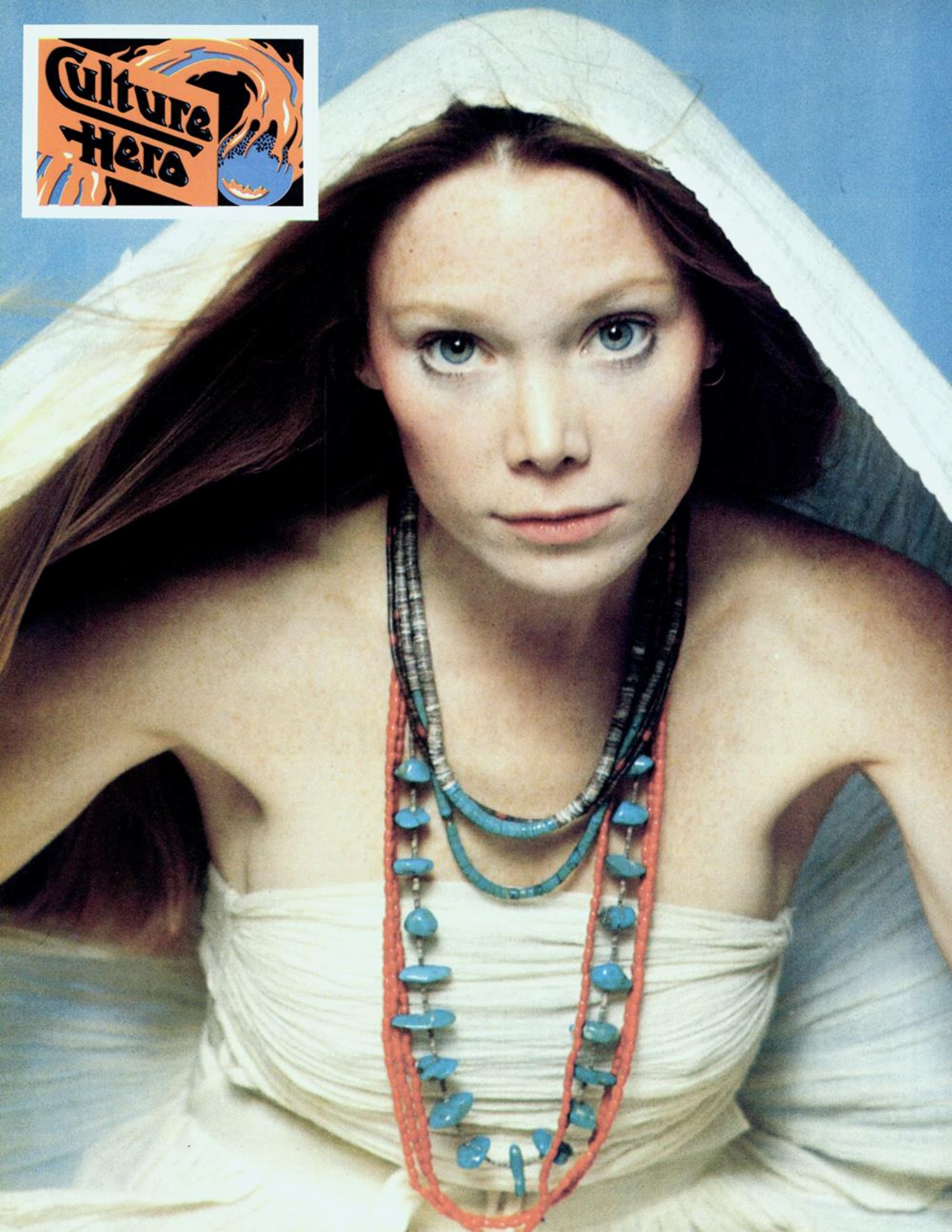
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Photos by Lynne Goldsmith

According to a recent film popularity poll, Sissy Spacek is the promising young actress three-out-of-five American male moviegoers would most like to be shipwrecked on a desert island with. Women, too, find her performances haunting, enigmatic, adjective. Like a wildcat oil well, Sissy Spacek has bubbled out of her native Texas soil to become one of the motion picture world's hottest box office attractions. Of course, she's a better actress than Shirley Temple and Vanessa Redgrave put together and she seems to be related to half of Hollywood, but that alone cannot account for the viselike grip her wan and delicate personality has taken on America's imagination. Who is Sissy Spacek, and why does she remind critics of Greta Garbo?

Like a magazine article, Sissy's life is padded with facts, names and dates that seem to have little relation to the strangely driven, Lolita-like strawberry blonde critter we see on the screen. She was born in Quitman, in the Big Woods of Texas, out near Tyler and Longview, in 1952, the year Hill Gail won the Derby. The population of Quitman was 1,235—with Sissy, 1,237—and some dusty tumbleweeds blowing through the streets. Her mother's family came over on the Mayflower; her father's people were Czech-German immigrants who settled down in Central Texas and continued to speak Czech for three generations. "It was real ethnic," Sissy later told fellow ex-Czech Andy Warhol. "Everyone spoke Czech." Sissy's cousin Rip Torn is Czech, though his wife Geraldine Page is not.

A stay with Rip and Geraldine in Hollywood gave Sissy a bite of the acting bug, and soon she was enrolled in Lee Strasberg's Actor's Studio and Max's Kansas City. There she met Holly Woodlawn, the Warhol superstar who helped Sissy get work singing on the soundtrack of Warhol's *Lonesome Cowboys* and hanging around as an extra in Warhol's *Trash*. Unlike many Warhol alumni, Sissy sur-

SPACED-OUT SISSY SPACEK



BY ERIC KIBBLE

vived the ordeal and received her first role in the Lee Marvin-Gene Hackman shoot-'em-up *Prime Cut*. The critics began to sit and beg for more.

They got it in *Badlands* (1974), based on the epic tale of Fifties culture hero and mass-murderer Charlie Starkweather (Martin Sheen). As Starkweather's tag-along girl friend, Sissy began to create a screen personality the world soon realized it had been waiting for—ambiguously innocent, obscurely threatening, and intensely expressive, in a vacant sort of way, of pretty much whatever hopes and fears the movie stirred in its viewers. That is what they call star quality.

Sissy laid back for awhile, learning the craft of set design from her husband Jack Fisk. That led to a chance meeting with director Brian de Palma, and the result was *Carrie*—that morbidly perfect reconstruction of a Fifties high school horror

film, the dark side of *American Graffiti*, in which the lonely, out-of-it teenager is gifted with violent psychic powers to destroy her tormentors as millions of suffering adolescents have always longed to do. High school genre film buffs noted a spiritual kinship to *Lord Love a Duck*, where the 98-pound weakling sophomore (Roddy McDowall) learns to fly and dates Tuesday Weld. Sissy was on her way to becoming one of Hollywood's gilded vessels of mass wish-fulfillment. There was talk of casting her as Wang Lung's wife in a remake of *The Good Earth*.

Then came *Pinky Rose*, the schizophrenically shy and sadistic sex kitten in *Three Women*, based on a bad dream by Robert Altman. As the autistic amnesiac who cannot express her feelings in a simple sentence to Shelly Duvall's vacuous soubrette, La Spacek plumbs the depths of catatonic narcissism. Director Robert Altman summed it up when he described her character as a "blank page" where the audience could write its own ticket to fantasy in this dreamlike, hallucinatory film. She seems to combine the two sides of film femininity that Duncan Fallowell discerned in Garbo and Marilyn Monroe when he wrote "In essence they were both vehicles for exactly the same force. Its effect was perfect presence, what occultists call 'an unfractured aura.' . . . They both arrived complete from outer space with supremely effortless powers in the art of screen alchemy, complete naturals in an unnatural world. There is Garbo and there is Monroe. At this level there are no others."

There is another one now, Sissy Spacek, a mutant with perfect presence. She can act but acting has nothing to do with it. Spacek is a spaced-out superstar from outer space, whose spaciness is a perfect mirror for minds bred on TV and dope. She is the dream we are all dreaming now, a ghost of meaning we can't get our hands on. I wonder what she'd look like in a bathing suit. ■

Ashes of Michael Brody

(continued from page 64)

to go into the music all alone. Everything would be cool if they could just get Michael a place to blow a few joints. Ernie flushed and took a brave step. He ordered three guards to escort the Brody bunch to the executive men's washroom. They were to prevent anyone from entering, and they were to wait until the talent was ready to return. Michael and Renee sat on one toilet bowl and puffed on a PCP joint. Then another. The others stared at themselves in the oversized mirrors, waiting for the rock star.

As the lights dimmed Michael felt like a beached fish. He took a deep breath and waited for a voice to come over the speaker. When it did, it asked what he was going to sing. He thought quickly and blurted, "The War Is Over." He got his signal from the engineer and began to talk, not sing. "I just want to thank everybody for letting me record now. All the money from this record is going to peace. And... let's get into it." His brain churned furiously, snatching from newsreels and articles he had skimmed, dragging in every available cliché and image he had assimilated:

I met you on the battlefields on Biafra
Saw you in Vietnam,
Lost an arm in the Middle East war,
In Nigeria...
President Nixon, if you had seen me in
Washington, D.C., last week,
We could have ended it all,
I'm not really a freak,
I'm just trying to do my thing... End the
war in Vietnam.
I have no bitterness against you for locking
my friends away, too.
Let your Secret Service kill me if that's
what you want,
Makes no difference... I will be reborn
Vietnam brothers and sisters drop your
guns, rejoice.
The war is over! Now.
Oh wow!...

Michael's company looked pained. Ernie smiled at the reporters and walked out of the control booth.

Brody didn't even get his geography straight. His guitar was out of tune and his melody was consistently off key. However, some figures in the music world chose to overlook the deficiencies in Michael's performance, for reasons honorable or dishonorable. Dan Goldberg of Record World witnessed the session and exulted, "Michael J. Brody, Jr., is out of sight. Few would have expected the Seventies to begin on the Ed Sullivan show or in an RCA studio... Talent is the ability to move people. By this standard Brody has magnificent talent."

Not too many people accepted Goldberg's tortured apologies for a dismal performance. The record was an instant bomb. It was never released in the U.S. outside of New York, and though it was

the Sam Goody pick hit of the week, the only place it made the charts was in Belgium, where it rose to number ten.

Michael never received a cent in royalties. Just as they say, it's a tough business.

In Woodstock, the morning of January 26, 1973 rose unseasonably warm, and Michael pattered about the kitchen, silently, looking for a pen and paper. He scrawled a short note while sipping beer from a can.

He tucked the note under the can, left the table and walked outside to the Malibu he had rented two months earlier. He was buried in thought and muttering to himself.

First 50, then 60, then like a wind-up toy car, the blue auto would grind down to 30 and start to veer, avoiding the shoulders at the last minute. Michael continued his staccato ramble to empty seats.

"They all knew me. Nixon is my friend. John and Yoko, the Stones, all the people loved me. Who cares what you think? Thousands, millions out there loved me. Jesus was loved and millions loved him and he didn't screw anyone. Millions will still love me. Jesus did."

She poured half the urn's contents out. A mound of chalky white, yellow and brown dust, salted with lumps of calcified matter... the end product of a fiery dream that had lit their lives for a brief, fierce time.

He jerked the wheel abruptly and the car pulled off the road and into a narrow drive. A tiny bungalow sat at the end of the drive, framed by an acre of neatly trimmed grass. He turned off the engine and sat staring at the house. His hair was rumpled and stuck out in thick brown clumps. Intensely, as if performing for an unseen audience, he slid from his seat and strode up the gravel path.

Inside the house, the half-drawn Venetian blinds threw brilliant white streaks on the long, smooth barrel of the .243 Savage lying in his lap. In the half-light, the red print on the cartridge box stood out in bold relief as the young man's hands rummaged for two shells.

The rifle was clean and well oiled and the shells slid in with ease. He cradled the stock between his knees and leaned forward, stopping to push his hair behind his ears, stretching his arms along the barrel and down to the trigger. The gun metal was cold as it touched his lips and the taste of lubrication sent shivers to his stomach. He gagged slightly as the sight dug into the roof of his mouth, but he took several deep breaths through his nose and the moment passed. As he reached down

toward the trigger, he felt his shirt sticking to his back and realized that he was sweating. He pushed the trigger once.

Michael was cremated and it was a small, quiet funeral.

His real friends were there.

There were no reporters. Brody was now dead press: morbid filler strung together from old columns and information provided by the Woodstock police.

Renee had carefully studied the brochures and settled on the deluxe cremation urn. Tall, classically struck and almost cold in its perfection, it was aptly named "The Apollo." Ironically, Michael's ashes ended up in two common brass urns, by a bookkeeping error.

The blinds in her home were also half shut. Her parents and the older guests were in the larger room, so Michael's intimates adjourned to the bedroom. Renee brought in the smaller urn, the one that wasn't going to the family mausoleum in Lake Forest, and closed the door. Brian and the rest of Michael's intimates eagerly leaned forward to get a look. On a low dresser she poured half the urn's contents out. A mound of chalky white, yellow and brown dust, salted with lumps of calcified matter... the end product of a fiery dream that had lit their lives for a brief, fierce time. And then the moment was over and those who felt sensation began to rap. Who would be able to entirely discard the dream that held such potency as Michael's? It was Renee's suggestion:

"Let's smoke Michael."

Yes, Michael would have liked that.

"Yes, let's smoke Michael!"

Who had some grass, some good grass for the ascent of Michael's spirit? The Hindus say that to watch the incense is to find the home of all souls.

Who had some hash to mix Michael into their lungs? "Let's smoke Michael!"

Renee would hold Michael inside her again. They would recapture what had been so difficult. Dead Michael.

Sensibility prevailed. After all, the family was in the other room, and they would be scandalized. Instead, everyone took a piece of Michael home. They all had grand plans.

Brian planned to have his piece of Michael placed inside the Taj Mahal, or mix it with some hash and mix it into the wall of the "House of Much Smoking" in Kabul, Afghanistan. It still resides in an empty amyl nitrite container.

Michael Aronin once let a stoned chick from White Plains hold his box of Michael Brody. She was told to hold the clear plastic cube tightly in two hands, place it to her lips, and whisper over and over, "Michael Brody, Michael Brody."

After two minutes she began to cry.

"What a rush; it's better than cocaine."

Michael Aronin just nodded in agreement.

Renee's half-filled urn sits atop the television in her living room. ■

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The Great Debate

(continued from page 46)

"underground" than "black market" synthetics. Yet the reason for this is not included in those listed by Dr. Weil. The reason: governmental repression has created a situation in which synthetic drugs are prepared by the underground and are impure and unreliable in general. LSD is not naturally speedy, as Dr. Weil has stated; it is impurities that create the speedy effects of "street acid."

The problem with plant drugs is that they are fairly unavailable. Not everyone has the privilege of government-sanctioned use of drugs that Dr. Weil has. Synthetic drugs are more democratic. Not everyone could get peyote or mushrooms; it would be difficult to grow and distribute enough for everyone. But LSD is cheap to make and distribute, as well as being, as Albert Hofmann says, "the prototype of psychotomimetic compounds."

So I would remind all those with a "natural mind," as Baker-Roshi puts it: "From the Buddhist point of view, everything is artificial."

REPLY TO BRUCE EISNER Andrew Weil

Let me comment on Mr. Eisner's position by focusing on some of his statements:

All drugs are natural. How can we separate humans from the rest of nature except by some sort of dualistic thinking?

Of course from one point of view, everything is natural, just as from another, everything is artificial. Sometimes it is useful to see things nondualistically. But there is nothing wrong with dualistic thinking as long as we can discard it when we want to. Sometimes it is useful to distinguish the natural from the man-made. Formica and wood might be the same from a cosmic vantage point, but for day-to-day living I would prefer to have a wood table. Mr. Eisner sounds like spokespeople I have heard from the big processed-food companies, who soothingly explain that all foods, even the plastic varieties, are "natural," since "everything is made up of chemicals." Fine. But I know what I like, and I'll take real orange juice to Tang any day. And I would much rather use coca leaves than cocaine.

Why should we reject laboratory-produced drugs?

We shouldn't. They can be interesting and useful and may have things to teach us. But we live in a culture that has virtually rejected natural plant drugs, and that is too bad. Most drugs used in medicine today are pure, isolated, laboratory-produced compounds with high potentials for misuse and abuse. An enormous amount of illness today is the result of "adverse reactions" to prescribed drugs. Pharmacologists, doctors

and patients are in the mistaken habit of thinking that isolated chemicals are more modern and effective. In general, plant drugs in natural form are much safer and easier to use than derived drugs. The pure derivatives should be retained for special cases and emergencies where quick, dramatic results are needed. But we would be a healthier society if we relied more on natural medicines and natural psychoactive drugs.

Each drug has its own distinct consciousness-altering effect. We can't take aspirin and go on a trip.

The consciousness-altering "effect" of drugs is actually the result of an interaction between an individual's expectation (set) and the pharmacological action of the drug. Pharmacology is less determining of the result than expectation. Under certain conditions of set and setting, amphetamines will cause drowsiness; under other conditions, barbs will cause stimulation. Drugs merely trigger or release experiences that are latent in our nervous systems. It is perfectly possible to take aspirin—or nothing at all—and go on a trip if you learn to get in touch with those experiences in other ways. Trips don't come in tabs of acid. They come in human nervous systems.

The state of non-ego is mental health.

Sorry, but this is just New Age Bullshit. It has become very fashionable to trash the ego as the source of all problems. In fact, the ego is our vehicle for dealing with other people and the world. We create through our egos as well. All great artists and thinkers have had strong egos. Destruction or loss of ego is not a realistic or desirable goal. Rather, it is useful to learn how to disengage from ego-centered consciousness when we want to so that we can transcend our limits and plug into more universal kinds of consciousness. Drugs may or may not help us learn how to do this. I know some heavy acid users who are firmly attached to ego, and I know some people who have never taken drugs who can let go of ego very easily.

We could say that stimulants or depressants are malevolent drugs, despite the fact that they make people feel good for a short time.

For someone who puts down dualistic thinking, Mr. Eisner is very nonchalant about classifying drugs as good and evil. There is no such thing as a malevolent drug or a benevolent drug. Drugs are drugs, and people get into better or worse relationships with them depending on their expectations, values and experience. I know some people in good relationships with opiates, alcohol, amphetamines and cocaine. I know some people in bad relationships with marijuana and LSD. Drugs are what we make of them. We can make them into useful tools that increase our freedom to experience or into instruments of limitation that restrict our capacity to grow and change.

Psychedelic drugs are beneficial to the psyche.

Come, now, Mr. Eisner, your prejudices are showing. You sound like the hard drinker who tells us that alcohol is as necessary to grown-ups as milk is to babies. If you say that psychedelics can be beneficial to the psyche or that they are beneficial to your psyche, I will not argue with you. But I cannot accept the sweeping generalization you make. I have seen clear cases of people who have had their psyches injured by psychedelic drugs. Some persons should not go near those drugs. Others should be very careful about how they do them. No category of drugs is uniformly beneficial or harmful.

Synthetic mescaline sulfate is preferable to peyote, and LSD is preferable to morning-glories or ergot.

First of all, LSD is not comparable in any way to ergot. Ergot does not contain LSD or anything close to it; it only contains chemical precursors of LSD, from which the drug can be synthesized. Ergot is dangerous and toxic, not psychedelic. Some morning-glory seeds contain a compound (LAE) that is closely related, but not identical, to LSD. LSD, itself, is found nowhere in nature.

By contrast, peyote does contain mescaline in combination with other alkaloids. I have argued that it is useful to learn to use peyote, because natural psychedelics tend to promote ceremonial or ritual use. They force you to think more about where, when, how and why you want to use them. I do not say we should reject mescaline sulfate as worthless. It may have its place. Personally, I prefer to use the plant.

We are more intelligent than plants; there's no reason we can't improve on them.

What arrogance! When was the last time Mr. Eisner synthesized his lunch directly from sunlight? It is true that plants cannot write books, publish magazines, manufacture nuclear weapons or do many of the other things that demonstrate human intelligence, but they are unbeatable at the things they do, including the synthesis of drugs. No human chemist can approach a plant in intelligence, efficiency or economy of drug synthesis. We extract all of our cocaine rather than manufacture it, for example, because no one has come up with an economically feasible synthesis.

I agree that we can improve on plants. The whole history of the cultivation of food plants demonstrates that possibility. We just have to be careful about how we choose to change things. At the moment we are developing varieties of foods that lend themselves to mechanical harvesting and packing. We have produced tomatoes that are firm, uniform, tasteless and nutritionally deficient, for example. That is not improvement. In general, the systematic improvement of psychoactive plants is an unexplored field. It would be interesting to

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New Cracks in Genetic Code

Life in the test tube came a step closer to reality as biochemists mapped the chemistry of genes in one of the simplest life forms. A Cambridge, England, research team wrote out the structure of the entire DNA molecule for the nine genes of the virus Phi-x-174. The molecular code for this one-millionth-of-an-inch-long critter required a computer printout 50 feet long. A similar blueprint for a human would unroll for 10,000 miles, chuckled director Dr. Fred Sanger.

Even this simplest of organisms is fiendishly complicated. The scientists found that many genes overlap and function in different ways depending upon where one begins to "read" along the DNA chain. In fact, some genes are contained inside others. Creation of an artificial virus is still years away, for biologists cannot yet read the genetic code as well as nature can. "We know the vocabulary, but not the syntax," Sanger explained. Still, he hopes to complete the next step, analysis of the 9,000 genes of the bacterium *E. coli*, in a few years. From there, it will be possible to start deciphering human DNA.

Tokyo Nose Blows Minds

Flabbergasted Japanese scientists are studying a ten-year-old Tokyo girl who has proven she can see through her nose. Sayuri Tanaka, discovered when police nabbed her for riding her bicycle blindfolded, has become the world's tenth person known to have skin vision. All but



one of the others, however, had video fingertips. With her eyes masked, Sayuri can read, watch TV and play catch. No word, though, on whether she can tell the difference between roses and onions while wearing earplugs.

A Ripple a Day

A glass of the grape kills more viruses than a shot of penicillin, say Canadian researchers. Jack Konowalchuk and Joan Speirs of Ottawa's Bureau of Microbial Hazards tested wines, grape juice, fresh grapes and raisins against several sub-cellular bugs. They found that compounds called phenols in grape skins are good medicine for polio, herpes and several other viral ills. Because only the skins work, red wines or roses are better than white ones, although whole white grapes are just as potent as Concord or Tokays. So next time you've got Benghi Fever, stop off at the corner bar on your way to the doctor's office.

Hard Sell Moves American Lemons

It took top-level talks between Japanese Prime Minister Fukuda and President Carter to get Japanese consumers to swal-



low America's chemical-sprayed fruit. Japanese health groups are still campaigning against new imports of citrus treated with the fungicide orthophenylphenol, which is banned in Japan. However, after U.S. pressure during Fukuda's visit to Washington and Vice President Mondale's trip to Tokyo last winter, Japan's Welfare Ministry now plans to buy the strange fruit, citing tests that show no "hereditary toxicity."

Electric Acupuncture Removes Pricks

Swedish doctors have come up with a portable gizmo that lets patients relieve their pain with do-it-yourself acupuncture—without the needles. Instead, the black box uses electrodes that shoot a weak current through the skin at the acupuncture points. The effect is the same as with the traditional method. Both seem to work by stimulating certain nerves to release morphine-like compounds into the bloodstream. The at-home apparatus eliminates endless visits to the needleperson and provides about a day of relief per treatment. In tests on 30 patients, 10 were completely freed of pain, while the others experienced about 50-percent relief. □

The Great Debate

(continued from page 78)

see someone work with a plant like peyote to try to develop more palatable and digestible varieties.

LSD is not naturally speedy.

So LSD fans would like to believe. But pure LSD is a strong stimulant of the sympathetic nervous system, and sympathetic stimulation is what we perceive as speediness. Street LSD may well be contaminated with all sorts of things that detract from its psychedelic effect, and I am all for using pure acid. But pure acid affects the physical nervous system in many of the ways amphetamines do. People who have good trips on acid tend not to notice the body stimulation, just as people who get good highs from grass tend not to notice the depressant effects of marijuana.

The problem with plant drugs is that they are fairly unavailable. Synthetic drugs are more democratic.

What could be more democratic than growing your own drug plants? It eliminates all of the middlemen and profit-taking networks and generally produces better goods than are available on the market. Plant drugs are as available as we want them to be. More and more people are growing their own weed, peyote and psilocybin mushrooms. I expect this trend to continue, and I am all for it. As people discover the advantages of whole plant drugs they will find ways of obtaining them and making them available to others. And, as I've said before, people who collect or grow their own drugs tend to be in better relationships with them than people who buy drugs far removed from plant sources.

REPLY TO ANDREW WEIL Bruce Eisner

The effect that a drug has on a person is the interaction of six major factors: set (your long-term psychological development and short-term expectations about the experience); setting (the environment of the experience); the guide (who takes the drug with you); the kind of drug you take; the purity of the drug; and dosage level (how much you take). The first three are nonpharmacological factors (what Dr. Weil calls "the relationship a person has with a drug"); the last three are pharmacological variables.

All of the factors are crucial to the drug experience, but nothing is more important than the drug itself. This was dramatically demonstrated in the Good Friday experiment carried out by Timothy Leary, Walter Huston Clarke and Walter Panke in 1962 at the Marsh Chapel in Boston, Mass. Twenty divinity students were divided into groups of four. In each group, two students were given psilocybin and two were given the

active placebo nicotinic acid. As the effects of the two drugs began, some of the students who took nicotinic acid thought they were coming on, but when they saw the beatific reaction of the psilocybin students, their hopes were dashed.

Timothy Leary comments in *High Priest*. "It's a ridiculous ritual to run a double-blind study using psychedelic drugs. After 30 minutes, everyone knows what has happened, who has taken the sacrament."

Nine out of ten of the students who took psilocybin reported mystical experiences, whereas only one of the ten who took nicotinic acid reported anything at all of a mystical nature—and his experiences met few of the criteria that had been established to evaluate mystical experience by researchers.

The simple fact is, consciousness states are linked to chemical states within the brain. Charles Muses points this out in *Journal for the Study of Consciousness*: "It is thus as impossible to enter into a trance state without characteristic molecules being synthesized in the brain as it is to move one's arm without characteristic molecules first being present at the end plates of the muscles governing that arm movement, notably the acetylcholine molecule."

It is rare to "disengage from ego-centered consciousness" and "plug into more universal consciousness" without the use of psychedelic drugs. It is almost impossible to experience this consciousness expansion with stimulants or depressants. There has been no scientific production of mystical states with any other technique of consciousness expansion (est. T.M., Arica, biofeedback, Eastern yoga and guru worship included). The exception: certain spontaneous acts of grace visited upon rare souls whose nervous-system chemicals happened to arrange themselves into psychedelics of their own accord.

Despite Dr. Weil's label of "New Age Bullshit," I believe that the evolution of the human nervous system is toward experiencing higher states of awareness and eventually, enlightenment. Strong egos are useful mostly in materialistic and competitive societies, which I believe we must evolve beyond. Yesterday's archetype might be the artist or writer or rock star; tomorrow's will be the scientist/mystic.

I personally prefer the taste of orange juice to Tang, but I certainly don't prefer the taste of peyote to mescaline sulfate. I don't like getting sick—I don't think it is very ecstatic to feel bad. Dr. Weil has made a big thing out of getting sick (as a means of purging oneself of original sin, no doubt). But besides being a masochist's pleasure, it isn't any fun. Dr. Weil says, "Take your medicine—it might not taste good and it has lots of somatic side effects, but it will make you feel better." It is true that peyote is good medicine. But mescaline sulfate is all of the good things (other alkaloids added, if desired) about

peyote, with all the bad things taken out through modern chromatography. And LSD is a lot better than either.

All true psychedelic drugs, and these include the lysergic acid derivatives (of which LSD is a member) and tryptamines (of which psilocybin is a member), work through common mechanisms of action or through some pathway in the brain, according to most pharmacological theory. Thus, they affect the nervous system in similar ways (though somewhat differently). And this effect is very different than that of a stimulant. Although they activate the nervous system, rather than depress it, their effects are not "speedy." Nowhere in research with Sandoz LSD or Spofa LSD do you find accounts of speediness. Since psilocybin works in very similar ways to LSD, you would expect psilocybin mushrooms to be "speedy," as Dr. Weil has characterized LSD. They are not. Instead, they are serene and relaxing. LSD is more energized, but it is not a stimulant in the sense of cocaine or methedrine.

As I made clear before, I feel that LSD is the most useful psychedelic biochemical mind-changer. When I say that psychedelics are beneficial to the psyche, I assume they are used with proper set, setting and guide. Albert Hofmann says of it, "LSD has by far the highest and most specific psychotomimetic effect and may therefore be considered the prototype of psychotomimetic compounds."

In *High Priest*, Timothy Leary says of the difference between psilocybin and LSD:

My previous psychedelic sessions with psilocybin had opened me up to the sensory levels of consciousness, sucked me down into nerve nets, into the somatic organs, heart pulse and air breath, had let me spiral down the DNA ladder of evolution to the beginning of life on this planet. But LSD was something different. Michael's [Hollingshed] heaping spoonful had flipped consciousness out beyond life into the whirling dance of pure energy, where nothing existed except whirling vibrations and each illusory form was simply a different frequency.

Dr. Weil makes many statements of preference. He says he would prefer real orange juice to Tang, wood to formica, peyote to mescaline sulfate, ego to non-ego. But we should understand that these are preferences of his and do not help in understanding things like which drug works better in helping to unlock the mind. I'm sure the redneck prefers his booze to LSD, but that doesn't make it good for him.

I'm all for having people grow their own. These days, the only way most people can experience a pure psychedelic is to grow mushrooms, and the only way to beat the high price of pot is to grow your own. But the kind of energy that will transform society, the kind that made the Sixties the high times they were, will come only as a result of the crown of human creation—science—and its technological culmination, the pharmaceutical laboratory. ■



Lawyer Challenges Unreal Coke Law

A New Jersey attorney is goading the federal bureaucracy to put some realism in the cocaine laws. If the move is successful, coke would be transferred from Schedule II to Schedule III of the Controlled Substances Act, reducing the maximum jail term from 15 to 5 years. In addition, explained public defender Roger Lowenstein, if the feds accept the facts about toot, state lawmakers will be inclined to follow suit.

Lowenstein's administrative challenge asks the Justice Department to transfer the question to the Department of Health, Education and Welfare for hearings on current knowledge about cocaine. The Andean elixir is now classed with heroin as a narcotic with no redeeming social virtues. But even scientists now know that blow is no down. In fact, recent studies have shown it's medically useful, nonaddictive and harmless.

These and other facts were recognized in a recent Massachusetts state court decision ("HighWitness News," February '77) that declared the coke classification unconstitutional, but that verdict will probably have little effect outside Massachusetts. Lowenstein feels his challenge has a good chance. If the Justice Department ignores the request, he predicted, federal courts would be willing to update the law themselves.

So That's How the Cookie Crumbles

A mistake by the U.S. Customs Service may lead to the latest scam in smuggling currency out of the country. An erroneous report picked up by the Wall Street Journal said agents seized a shipment of Chinese fortune cookies bound for Jamaica with \$100 bills baked inside each one. C-men fear they may have let a real cat out of a nonexistent bag.

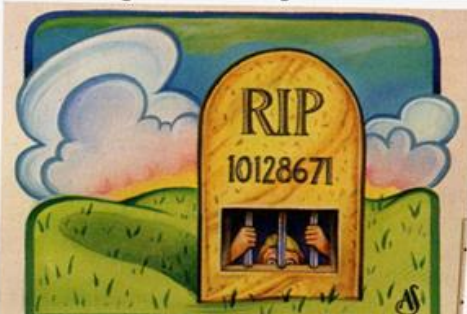
Lawyers Press Suit

Nixon-era tricks once again have led to a multimillion-dollar lawsuit—this one by the National Lawyers Guild for \$15-million from the FBI, CIA and 11 other

federal agencies. Documents revealed under the Freedom of Information Act show dozens of infiltrations and burglaries against the group. Guild members headed the FBI A-dex list of those to be rounded up first in a "domestic national emergency," and the CIA paid Philippine police in 1972 to raid the lawyers' Manila office, steal the files and deport the members.

Out of Sight, Out of Mind

Minnesota plans to cut costs on a new maximum security prison by burying it, eliminating the need for gates, walls, bars



or windows on all but one side. The planned three-floor slam would be built in the side of a hill near Stillwater, with even the roof covered with sod "for insulation and aesthetic purposes." Although most cells would get some light from the side facing out of the hill, some local critics say the plan is too tomblike.

Woman Freed in Rapist's Death

A California woman has been retried and acquitted of murder in the death of a man who allegedly raped her. Inez Garcia was released after serving over a year of the five-to-life sentence handed down in her first trial.

The verdict vindicated claims that male chauvinism had prompted the first court to exclude testimony about the rape that preceded her fatal shooting of Miguel Jimenez. Ms. Garcia testified she left her house with a gun after the rape because Jimenez and another man had threatened to return and kill her for considering herself "too good" for local *hombres*. She said she met the men on the street and fired when Jimenez approached her with a knife.

Boise Boils Over Rain Rustling

Idaho threatened to sue the state of Washington last March for stealing rainwater. Like many drought-damaged western states, Washington has invested in massive cloud-seeding, and Idaho Attorney General Wayne Kidwell quoted evidence that cloud taps would rob his

state of future precipitation. Kidwell was talked out of the suit by Idaho Governor John Evans, but the problem remains. Says climatologist Norton Strommen: "There's only so much moisture in the atmosphere, and if you take it out in one place it's gone."

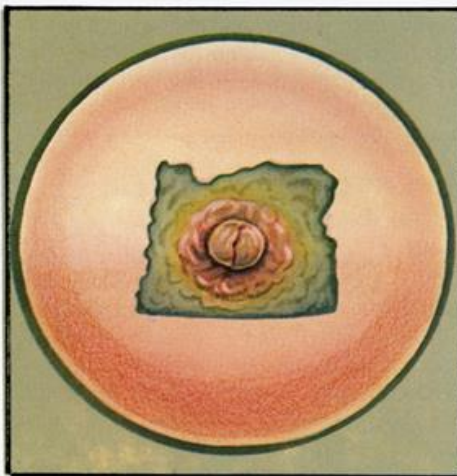
Cool It, It's the Heat

There are already more kinds of cops than you can count, but the French Ministry of Industry and Science has come up with some new official snoopers: the Heat Police. Armed with platinum resistance thermometers, which "cannot be bribed, cajoled or tampered with," the Heat enforce an energy conservation law that limits the temperature of all public or private buildings to 20 degrees Centigrade (68 degrees Fahrenheit).

The hot fuzz quickly produced interesting results. Most police stations were found to be overheated. And the treasurer general, who collected the \$125 to \$175 fines from the heat offenders, was himself found to be enjoying 23 (73 Fahrenheit).

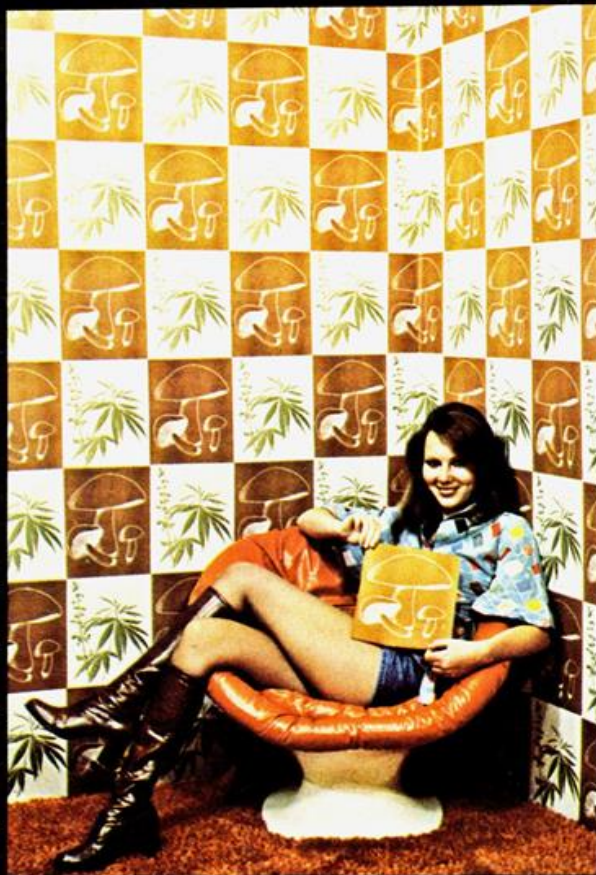
CATS Spray EPA with Eco-Charges

Living up to its name by protecting the business environment for chemical companies, the Environmental Protection Agency is hampering efforts by Oregon citizens to clean the poisons out of mothers' milk. After a Harvard research



team traced the spread of the highly toxic herbicide dioxin all the way to the nipples of the Oregon food chain, the EPA began trying to discredit the tests. Oregon's Citizens Against Toxic Sprays (CATS) claims the EPA is withholding many untested samples and trying to cut off funds for further dioxin monitoring. CATS is suing federal, state and local agencies to prevent any more poison "protection."

Much of the case information in "Law" courtesy of Peter Meyers, NORML Legal Department. ■



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64 NEW WEST/MARCH 28, 1977

Sniffers Rush to Locker Room Odor

Recently, Long Beach police raided head-shops selling bottles and ampules of "room odorizers" called "Rush." Much to their dismay, and that of L.A. and S.F. police, the cases were dismissed.

"Rush's" main ingredient, nitrite, is an orally-toxic poison and a drug, but the court said it's legal to sell them as "room odorizers" if labeled as such. Nitrite is only a few molecules from amyl nitrite, the over-the-counter sales of which were banned by the FDA because of potential harm. Inhaled in regulated doses, both drugs can save certain heart patients.

One Hollywood head-shop owner says everyone from "street people" to "well-dressed businessmen" is buying the stuff. A San Francisco-based manufacturer claims 1 million bottles were sold last year, at \$6 per one-third ounce. Most buyers use it during the final blissful moments of sex, apparently to give them a euphoric boost. But a lot of kids are using it just to get high.

Federal Consumer Products Safety Commission is investigating the products, but the FDA says it can't touch the stuff as long as it's not being sold as a drug.

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Would you like to know more about Lettuce "Opium"?

1. What is Lettuce "Opium"? Lettuce "Opium" is a pure extract from a combination of various strains of lettuce (*Lactuca sativa*). Lettuce "Opium" contains no other chemicals or additives. Instead, it contains the natural active ingredient, lactucarium, which has such a wonderful effect on body and mind. According to Dorland's *Illustrated Medical Dictionary*, 25th edition, the juice of lettuce (*Lactuca sativa*) "was formerly used as a sedative and hypnotic." Many other reference books refer to lactucarium as an opium substitute, hence the name, Lettuce "Opium."

2. Is Lettuce "Opium" really opium? No. Our product has no connection whatsoever with real poppy opium which is both harmful and illegal.

3. How do you use Lettuce "Opium"? We manufacture our unique product expressly for smoking purposes. It can be smoked alone or blended with your favorite herb. It has a pleasant taste and a sweet mystical aroma which makes smoking it a pleasure rather than a chore. It should be smoked in a pipe, but it can be crushed, mixed with any herb and rolled into joints for added pleasure. We recommend that you smoke it alone to enjoy its fullest effects.

4. Is Lettuce "Opium" harmful? Our cat accidentally ate a few grams of our Lettuce "Opium," crashed, and woke up five hours later with no visible side effects. In fact, he likes it as much as we do. Besides, have you ever heard of a lettuce addict?

5. Is it really legal? Of course it's legal. In order for this product to become illegal, all salads in America containing lettuce would have to be banned (not to mention the fact that all those involved in lettuce production would be out of jobs). By smoking our product, you will be doing your small part to bolster the economic status of those involved in lettuce production.

6. What are the effects and how much should you smoke? We believe that any substance is habit forming in direct proportion to the amount of pleasure associated with its use. Be sensible and know your own limits.

Below are excerpts from an article by Bob Rosen, a writer for "The Villager" of New York City. Mr. Rosen was, in effect, conducting a consumer fraud investigation aimed at objectively testing the various claims made by manufacturers of legal highs. Mr. Rosen received no special treatment from the companies he contacted, as he did not disclose the fact that he was a writer. Please read what he has to say because it will have a considerable impact on you, the consumer. We regret that we cannot print Mr. Rosen's article in its entirety, however, should you want a copy of his most informative article, send us a self-addressed stamped envelope and we will gladly forward a copy to you.



In celebration of the Bicentennial, I swindled my editor out of \$15 under the pretense of doing a "consumer fraud" story and mailed away for "legal drugs."

For the past eight weeks I have been smoking, drinking, chewing, swallowing and gagging on my legal stash. I have injected one ounce of Kava Kava Root, three-quarters of an ounce of Yohimbe Bark, one tablespoon of Gotu Kola, one tablespoon of Chia Seeds, one-quarter teaspoon of Lila Nut Powder, three bols of "Special Smoking Blend," uncountable joints of American Indian Smoking Herbs, several joints of "Aphrodisia Smoking Blend," and one gram of Lettuce Opium. The Lettuce Opium is the only substance that had any noticeable effect on me.

On the morning of January 19, a plain white envelope appeared in my mailbox. It contained one gram of Lettuce Opium. Bill Olmsted of

Natural Enterprises in Gaithersburg, Maryland manufactures and sells the stuff for \$4 per gram.

To prepare for my first opium experience, I read Thomas DeQuincey's *Confessions of an English Opium Eater*. I wanted to know what was in store for me.

I was ready.

January 20, 1 A.M.: I put a small chunk of the sticky black stuff into my pipe.

I want to push this to the limit.

It takes two matches just to dry out the opium. On the third, it catches and gives off a pleasantly sweet odor. I consume the chunk, then smoke two more.

Nothing.

The phone rings. It's a friend. "Opium?" she says.

"That's right."

"It should be just like heroin."

"I can dig it," I say and begin to laugh.

"You're laughing too much," she tells me. "I can't communicate with you."

She has a point. I hang up the phone and look at the clock. I expect it to be about 1:45 a.m. It is 1:10. Something is happening. I flip on the television and smoke more opium. I can't stop laughing and smoke opium straight through to two o'clock.

I have consumed one-half gram and cannot go on. My tongue feels as though it is vibrating.

I get the urge to walk my dog but can't get the beast on its leash. All my coordination has vanished. I whistle, and he follows. It's very cold out. I can feel the opium coming on strong. My mind drifts. I think of thermonuclear warfare, old age and death. It soon passes.

Have I unearthed something new? Am I in the vanguard of a drug craze that will soon sweep the country, corrupt youth and like LSD finally be outlawed by the government? Possibly. But looking at this objectively, the Lettuce Opium is not "real" opium. I'm sure it was not "like heroin." I did not have the hallucinations of DeQuincey.

Then things take a turn for the worst. I brace myself, and for the next four days quaff the vile potions and smoke myself blind with the Special Blend. Nothing happens. The Chia Seeds bring me closer to vomiting than anything else.

It is over. I have reached the light at the end of the tunnel.

Still, there is a positive side to my ordeal. The Lettuce Opium *did* work, and I am pleased to report the constant abuse of these "extremely dangerous drugs" has not rendered me dead, diseased or impotent.

by Bob Rosen

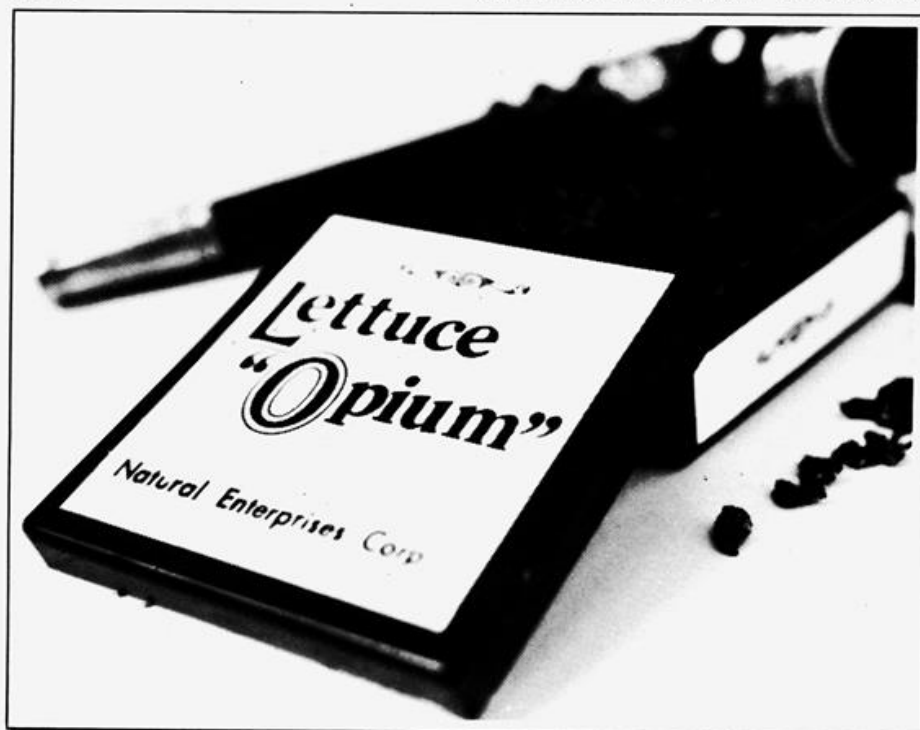
The Villager (March 11, 1976)



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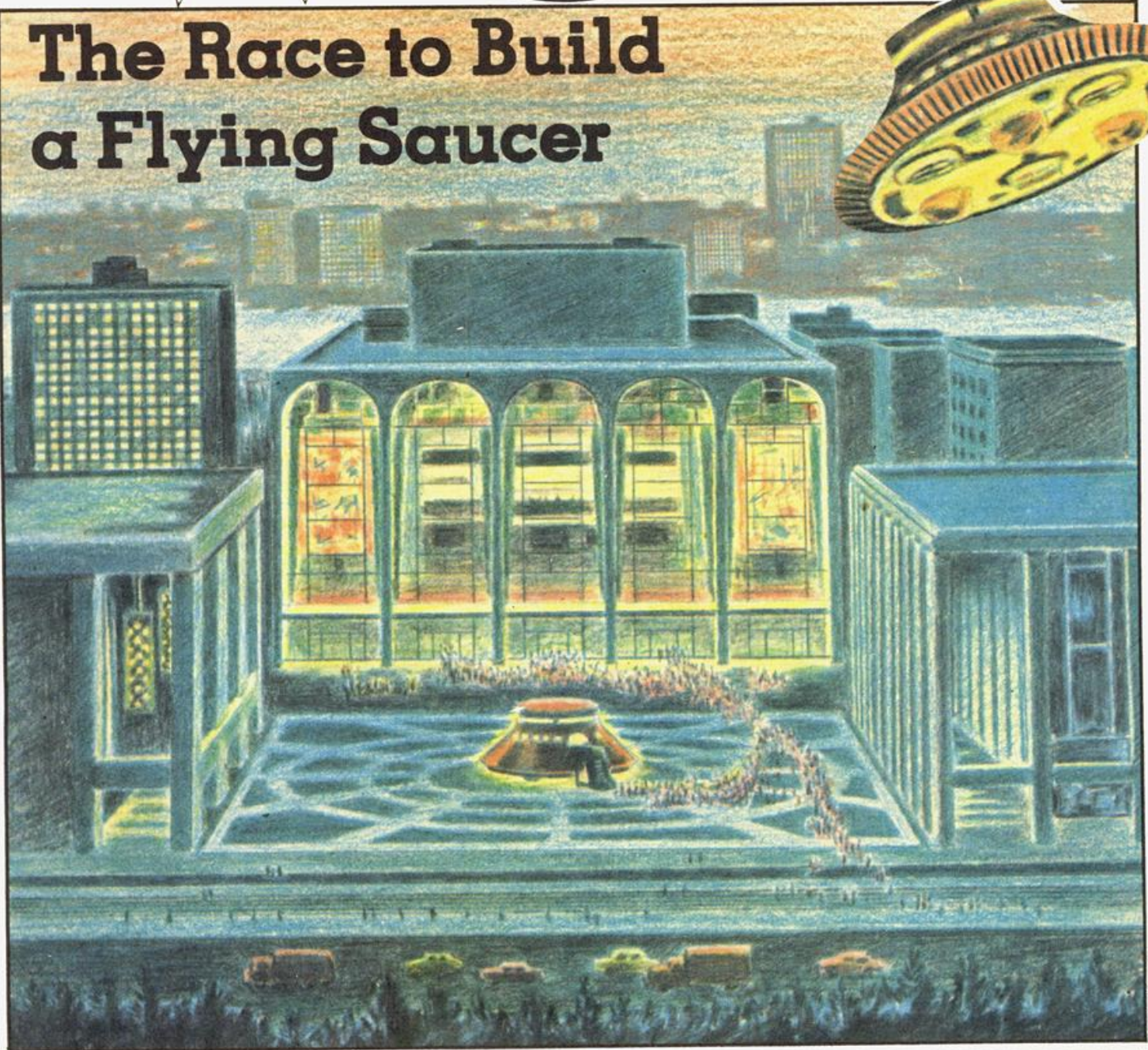
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July '77

AMERICA'S LEADING NEWSMAGAZINE

No. 23

The Race to Build a Flying Saucer



Robert George

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HIGH CRIMES

Bank's Shell Game Lands 2 in Court

Two former officials of the Chemical Bank, one of New York's largest, have pleaded guilty to complicity in an \$8.5 million cash laundering scheme for dope dealers. Twenty-five of the bank's Bronx employees were fired in the scandal, including a Chemical vice-president who had worked for the bank for almost 20 years.

Major dealers in the Big Apple were bringing in huge sacks of money from street sales, which Chemical employees were exchanging for large bills. The bank failed to report more than 500 such transactions and was accused of violating the Bank Secrecy Act.

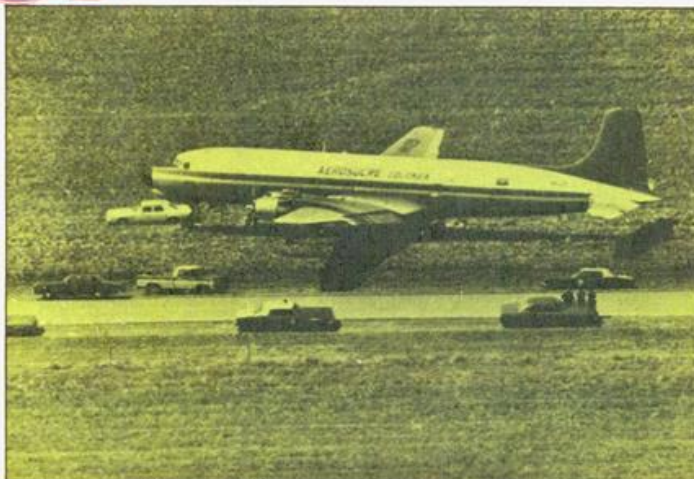
It wasn't the DEA that caught up with the white collar scam, but those pesky boys from the IRS. The employees getting payments for looking the other way failed to report the income on their 1040s.

- Speaking of Canadians, Mounties and other assorted heat have landed on seven people using snowmobiles to smuggle marijuana across the frozen St. Mary's River. \$40,000 in pot was seized.
- Premier Pierre Trudeau says, meanwhile, that he will tell some day whether he has ever toked up.

Asked at a news conference whether he had ever used marijuana, Trudeau replied, "You mean inside or outside of the country? What I do in countries where it is legal is something I don't think is of any interest to you, but some day I will tell you."

- Reggae star Bob Marley has been fined \$85 in London for possession of marijuana. He told reporters he smoked "because I don't drink."

- The federal government wastes nearly \$400 million every year to



Four men and five tons of smoke took a fall in Jetmore, Kansas, when the pilot of this four-engine DC-6 landed on U.S. 283 and then swung onto a wheat field. Fuzz surmised pilot mistook road in heavy fog for nearby abandoned airstrip.

fight illicit drugs, says the chief counsel for the House Select Committee on Narcotics Abuse and Control.

"It's the same old story of bureaucratic mismanagement," said Joseph Nellis. "The waste comes from duplication of effort and jealousies at the local, state and federal levels."

- Narcs in Amarillo are looking for the pilots of a dope-running B-25 bomber that crash-landed in the area with a payload of 3,860 pounds in its bomb-bay. The

plane, with its World War II pin-up decal still recognizable, skidded to a halt in a farmer's field adjoining the local airport. The pilots were last seen hitchhiking on Interstate 40, a long way from Nazi Germany.

- The latest breed of smuggler on the Southwest run is taking orders for "Mexican Brown"—not pot, but java. Coffee beans that go for up to \$5 a pound can be procured for \$2 south of the border, making a trunkful of coffee almost as lucrative as a trunkful of tea.

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COCAINE CONFIDENTIAL

Mex D-Men Score Record Nose Candy

Not even Pepper, the snow-sniffing canine, could find the owners of 17 pounds of uncut cocaine on board the banana boat *Frigora* docked in Miami. Customs agents watched and waited a week after they found packets of coke bearing a cartoon of a smiling Latin soccer player, with "Sports League" emblazoned on them in Spanish. They rushed the boat with Pepper, looking for more dope or a scent of the crew. They found neither, and at last report the coke was still there.

• In other maritime boondoggles, the sailor charged with commandeering a Colombian Navy vessel to run 30 kilos of coke (*High Times*, September '76) has been found not guilty by a military tribunal in Cartagena. The suspect, Quartermaster Gerardo Arias Londoño, broke down and cried at the verdict as naval personnel, watching the court martial gave him a rousing ovation.

Arias Londoño allegedly sailed the training ship *Gloria* with a heavy stow of toot to the United States. His defense claimed that the scam was "pure rumor" and charged that the allegations came from Mexican police officers responsible for five dope killings south of the border.

• The judge in one of the nation's largest possession cases has set a bond that could almost be a national record itself. Houston Judge Fred M. Hooey ordered Hernan Chavez, accused of holding 50 pounds of cocaine, incarcerated under \$2.5 million bond. Chavez's attorney

called it "ransom, not bail," although it was a kind of "leniency" from Hooey. The good judge had originally set bond at \$24 million—more than double the street value of the snort involved.

• Alec Jefferson Rose was studying how to be a good cop when he was arrested for conspiracy to smuggle cocaine. Rose, a student of law enforcement at California's Golden West College, was grabbed as he left an organized crime class on campus. He is suspected of attempting to set up a smuggling network with two 16-year-old American exchange students now

in Peru.

• The UnCoca police have been busy lately in Guayaquil. Two Ecuadoreans and a Colombian were cooled holding 14 kilos of coca paste, another Colombian was caught holding a kilo and four others were hit carrying assorted quantities of coke, paste and grass.

Ecuadorean narcs said one of the suspects in the 14-kilo bust had barely left the slammer on another dope charge when he set up the new deal, somehow managing to get \$26,000 in U.S. currency to pay for the unrefined cocaine.

• The DEA in San Diego is claim-

ing the largest coke bust in Mexican history—a 300-pound pop of South American toot seized in Tijuana in February en route to the states. U.S. sources told the L.A. Times the stuff was "very high grade" and was taken after a three-month investigation by U.S. and Mexican authorities. Narcs acted on a tip that the five suitcases of snow were being flown into Tijuana from Culiacán for a rendezvous with carrier cars from the U.S. Mexican police staked out Tijuana Airport and pounced on the Cessna 310 immediately upon landing. Three Mexicans from Culiacán were arrested.

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High Tides in Florida

by Lindsay Freburg

Bales of primo smoke are rolling in with the tide in an area of Florida quickly becoming known as the "Florida Kilos." In the first two months of 1977 over 76,000 pounds of floating dope has been confiscated in the crystalline waters of Monroe County.

"It's getting to the point where our agents don't have to rely on informants anymore," says Jim Dingfelder, a Miami Customs man. "We get calls daily from private citizens asking us to come down and retrieve the marijuana that has floated up on their property."

The reasons for the rush in seafaring weed are two. As always, smugglers being chased by Customs and Coast Guard cutters ditch the bales to avoid arrest. But, more significantly, an increasing number of smugglers are trying to play the tides to float their booty up Florida's east coast and inside the Customs-Coast Guard blockade. The floating smoke is then retrieved at an obscure pick-up point, precalculated by consulting the current and tide charts.

But it's a risky business. If the C-men don't see the bobbing bales,

any grunt or conch fisherman might. And, if your calculations are off, an entire Jamaican catch may well wash ashore where least expected. In February, 16,000 pounds were found mingled with real seaweed in upper Key Largo. One week later, 14,000 pounds found their way to Elliott Key. Two days later, 150 bales of Jamaican made an appearance at Angelfish Creek.

Also seized were 31,000 pounds and one live chicken found aboard two abandoned boats in the Largo area. The chicken was released on her own recognizance.



Legal Pot Futures

By Shea Addams

ATLANTA—"I sold a pound to a cop today," beamed Paul Cornwell of International Marijuana Wholesalers & Distributors, only weeks after opening for business in the Atlanta, Georgia, area. While few people in the marijuana industry today can make such a statement without locking and bolting the front door three times behind them, the young head of IMWD has nothing to fear from the reprisal of warrant-bearing narcs in the night. For his firm has become the first on this planet to offer potential investors an op-

portunity to speculate on the future legalization of marijuana through the sale of marijuana futures.

Ornately designed certificates, redeemable for quantities ranging from a 1-dollar joint to a 50-dollar pound of quality marijuana, are currently being offered for sale, each one registered by number in accordance with federal law. In addition to the promise of "quality marijuana in your future," such registration also serves as a means effective to express their disapproval of current prohibition.

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Magic Mushroom Relief Map



Varieties and locations:

- Panagolus Subpalteatus
- Psilocybe Semilanceata, Pelliculosa
- ▲ Psilocybe Cubensis
- ◆ Psilocybe Caerulipes
- Psilocybe Sivatica
- Conocybe Cyanopes



Excellent
If you walked in these regions barefoot, like Bigfoot, no one would see you either.

Good
Some mushroom will sprout every year (vegetarianism common here).

Fair
Plentiful crop in good seasons—seek and ye shall find.

Poor
Rare—membership in the local mycological society could be enlightening.

Unlikely
Unlikely to grow—cultivate acquaintances in Oregon and Florida.

Rich Williams

Stalking The Wild Psilocybe

by Robert Tkacz

Mexican Indians call them the "flesh of the gods." They have been found, eaten and smoked from South America to Canada, Indonesia to Israel, in either direction around the globe.

They are mushrooms of the genus *Psilocybe*.

To some cultures they are sacred. In others they are profane. Called "magic" in many tongues, hallucinogenic mushrooms are said to impart knowledge to their consumer.

Much of the mystery lies in the history of this relatively common fungus. Over two dozen species of psychoactive mushrooms (those containing psilocybin and psilocin, including several genera other than *Psilocybe*) have been identified in the Americas, more than half of these in the continental United States.

With proper weather conditions at the appropriate season, it

is possible for the sharp-eyed seeker of wisdom to discover *Cui-ya-jo-o-tno*, "The Great Sacred Mushroom," or one of its cousins, almost anywhere in North America.

Yet, like all things of value, magic mushrooms have their price. If they are divine in nature, the mushrooms are also cruel. Many who have sought their wisdom have found death after innocently mistaking their identity and consuming another lethal variety instead.

Psychedelic mushrooms are the fruit of a matured mycelium and sprout only 6 to 24 hours after a healthy rainstorm, during the proper season.

Mushrooms of all genera are most abundant during the spring and autumn, when rainfall and optimum temperatures (65°–85°F; 18°–29°C) are most likely to coincide.

Many psychedelic mushrooms grow in the dung of grain-fed animals or in such enriched soil as the naturally mulched Pacific Northwest. They flourish on well-drained shady slopes, for these fragile treasures quickly rot from too much water, but will wither from too much sun.

Mushrooms of the genus *Psilocybe* will, after an hour or two, show a bluish-green blemish on the cap or stem if they have been bruised: no blue, don't chew.

Once harvested, the magic mushroom will last indefinitely without losing potency, if thoroughly cure-dried in the sun.

Loser's List

The extended Colombian harvest and the swell of vacationing consumers eager to score in Florida has added up to an inordinate number of big busts recently in orange juice land. *High Times* regrettably presents this month's tribute to losers of more than a ton of fun:

Matheson Hammock, Fla.: 4 boats, 25,000 lbs, 4 arrests.

Boca Grande, Fla.: shrimp trawler, 20,000 lbs, 4 arrests.

Miami, Fla.: 15,000 lbs, 7 arrests.

Fort Lauderdale, Fla.: 2 boats, 8,000 lbs, 2 arrests.

Fort Lauderdale, Fla.: DC-4, 7,000 lbs, 2 arrests.

Green Swamp, Fla.: DC-3 and 2 campers, 5,000 lbs, 4 arrests.

Richmond, Va.: DC-4, flat-bed truck and forklift, 7,000 lbs, 3 arrests.

Tucson, Ariz.: flat-bed truck, 9,000 lbs, 1 arrest.

Vega, Tex.: B-25, 3,860 lbs, suspects at large.

Gilmanston, N.H.: 8,100 lbs, suspects at large.

E=MC² to Power Intergalactic Vehicles

by Aureliano Segundo

After years of puzzling over mysterious saucer-shaped vehicles flitting about the skies, earthlings are about to build their own. Recent discoveries about the nature of gravity as it is affected by mass in motion portend new energy sources that soon could power fleets of disk-shaped vehicles capable of traveling at close to the speed of light. At least one private concern is beating the bushes for funds to build a workable prototype. And although the corporate aerospace barons are keeping a tight lid on their efforts in the field, there is every indication that they aren't about to be left behind when the saucers rise.

The physics discoveries that bring the flying saucer into the realm of reality are actually new explanations for the oldest phenomena, best explained by the gyroscope and the wheel. If a 15-pound wheel is spun on its axle, the weight at the axis is only about 8 pounds. A toy gyroscope has the same gravitational decrease when spun.

The reasons lie in sophisticated quantum physics, based on the interrelationship between energy, mass and motion. Einstein's equation $E = MC^2$ is a somewhat ontological explanation of this relationship. Several studies by British, Russian and American scientists in the last five years have established that an "energy field" is created by rapidly orbiting subatomic particles that cause larger charged particles—protons, neutrons and electrons, for instance—to "wobble" in their orbit. This energy is translated as gravitational pull, a source of energy that some people believe can be controlled and directed.

"It is not an aeronautical design many people can comprehend, at the moment—not a propellant, not a windscrew, but directed gravitational force," explained Rabinjo Surinaphe to a meeting of potential investors recently. "The mass in a circular construct could be rotated or spun fast enough to impart a gravitational field in excess of the earth's. Such a machine would fly."

Surinaphe, a nuclear engineer trained at MIT, along with two other men, met with five possible investors, possibly including one person from a large aeronautical company, in New York sometime last winter in a top-secret presenta-

tion for plans to build a saucer. Word of the meeting leaked out when one of the investors checked the story to find out if it was a hoax. Although the story did check, he deferred interest in the \$12-million panhandle.

According to the sketchy information available, the three-man syndicate proposed building a circular, tube-type device. The tube would be filled with a heavy fluid mass, such as mercury or molten lead. This mass would then flow in a rapidly spinning motion through the tube by particle accelerators attached at intervals along the exterior that would fire millions of light-speed particles into the mass.

Particle accelerators operate on electricity or charged isotopes. When the mass spins in the tube—which remains stationary, so a body could be built atop or beneath—the gravitational pull generated by the immense mass traveling at such high speeds would theoretically be stronger than the earth's pull. With the basic power source built, the trio claimed, the only problems remaining would be both technical and navigational.

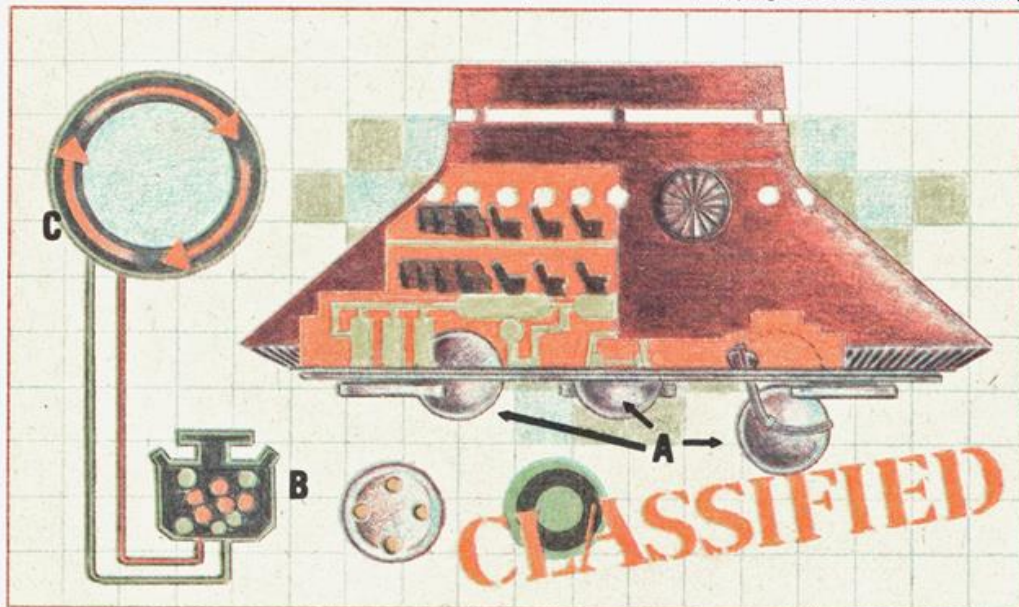
"And we can figure those out," said William Boyd, an aeronautics department spokesman for Litton Industries. "A lot of our work has to do with space shuttles, satellites, high altitude planes and other situations where the gravity affects the instruments. We wouldn't be the ones to build something like that [flying saucer], but we're watching."

The Grumman Aerospace Corporation, the ones who *would* build something like that, aren't talking. "There's nothing at all I can comment on," *High Times* was told by Sandy Jones at the Arlington, Virginia, corporate headquarters. When posed the hypothetical question of whether such a device as described *could* be built, Jones added, "I can't comment on this subject at all, not even on a hypothetical basis."

Al Balantine, of the General Aviation Division of Rockwell International, said, "The closest thing to a flying saucer we do research on is the space shuttle. They're unmanned and cheap. The expense of building a saucer would be astronomical."

A check with the National Aeronautics and Space Administration showed Uncle Sam is keeping tabs on the projects. A spokeswoman there said all information on flying saucers was top-secret, "especially the expense," but referred to some public studies in the Military Projects Branch of the National Archives. Another spokesman there said there were several flying saucer feasibility studies, most not very revealing and little discussed, because of public hostility. Specifically, he mentioned the much maligned "frisbee and hub-cap film study" carried out in the early Seventies. A government-sponsored study of the physics, flight patterns and gravitational effects of the frisbee, the research was considered wasteful by rafts of critics.

Today such a study might find more support, as energy and space travel become more of a concern. Even Jimmy Carter has stated that before the end of the year the public would be greatly surprised by disclosures about flying saucers. Maybe he'll unveil the first one.



One of two proposals by flying saucer syndicate. Rather than one large gravity wheel, three small ones. Blow-up on left: particle accelerator (B) shoots high-speed electrons into heavy circulating fluid mass. Note oblique angle of particle introduction, necessary to prevent ricochet and spin-off when it hits mass moving at near speed of light.

Aerosol Can Ban

The FDA has taken a first step toward banning aerosol cans, ordering a new warning on all aerosols by November 1, 1977—"Warning: contains a chlorofluorocarbon that may harm the public health and environment by reducing ozone in the upper atmosphere."

Most deodorants, hairsprays and colognes will come under the new ruling, but about a billion aerosol containers using other propellants are not affected.

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AFGHANISTAN

Local kabul hash	fair to good	oz	1-2
Water-pressed hash	slightly dry	kilo	50-100
Shirac hash	very tasty smoke	kilo	40-80
Mazar-i-sharif	excellent	kilo	100-200
		oz	5-10
		kilo	125-250

AUSTRALIA

Domestic grass	hopeful prospects	oz	20-35
Nepalese hash	quality on upswing	lb	200-325
		oz	75-150
Indian hash	better products	lb	900-1250
	available	oz	70-90
Afghani hash	pliable block; good	lb	800-1100
LSD	mostly blotter	hit	100-140
		100	1100-1550
Cocaine	fair	gm	2-5
		oz	100-225
		oz	75-125
		oz	1600-2200

AZORE ISLANDS

Angolan grass	supply and quality decreasing	oz	35-60
Mozambique grass	excellent when found	lb	450-700
Qualaludes	fluctuating supply	one	60-90
		100	500-800
Dormadinas	available	one	2-3
		100	75-150
		100	1-2
		100	75-150

BELGIUM

Nigerian grass	extremely resinous	oz	30-50
Chitral hash	good to excellent	lb	425-550
		gm	2-3
Lebanese hash	various kinds	oz	45-75
		lb	40-60
Nepalese hash	mostly dry fingers	lb	425-550
LSD	just fair	hit	45-75
		100	450-600
Cocaine	OK	gm	2-5
		oz	225-350
		oz	60-100
		oz	1050-1500

CANADA

Domestic	growing slowly	oz	15-30
Regular Mexican	steady supply and quality	lb	150-325
Top-grade Mexican	on occasion	oz	15-35
Commercial Colombian	readily available	lb	175-325
Connoisseur Colombian	short supply; usually gold	oz	35-55
Hawaiian	mostly stash	lb	450-575
		oz	35-50
Afghani hash	thin black slabs; OK	lb	400-550
Indian hash	supply decreasing	oz	50-85
		lb	450-700
Kashmiri hash	growing scarce	oz	200-275
Afghani hash oil	still around; good	lb	2200-3200
Honey oil	very stony	oz	175-225
LSD	crystal and blotter	hit	1400-2200
		100	125-200
Cocaine	fair to good	gm	1200-2000
MDA	just OK	oz	25-50
		gm	25-50

COLOMBIA

Santa Marta gold, red	disappearing into smoke	oz	5-15
Machu Picchu	excellent when found	lb	40-75
Punta roja	'sweet red'	oz	5-10
		lb	40-75
Colombian hash	still not good	oz	5-10
		lb	45-75
Colombian hash oil	improving slightly	oz	25-50
		lb	2000-3000
		oz	150-225
		lb	1800-2400

LSD	scarce	hit	2-5
		100	150-250
Mushrooms	good pickings	oz	3-5
		lb	30-45
Cocaine	top qualities	oz	250-400
		lb	4000-6000

DENMARK

Lebanese hash	getting scarce; OK quality	gm	2-5
Moroccan hash	decent head	lb	650-950
		gm	1.50-2.50
LSD	fair	hit	600-800
		100	2-3
		100	125-175

ECUADOR

Colombian grass	good quality available	oz	7.50-10
Ecuadorian red	sweet red; excellent	lb	75-150
		oz	3-5
Cocaine	good flake; some rock	gm	60-125
San Pedro cactus	around	oz	25-40
		oz	450-700
		oz	free

ENGLAND

Moroccan hash	crumbly blonde; good	oz	50-75
Lebanese hash	short supply	lb	600-800
		oz	70-85
Afghani hash	various qualities, some excellent	lb	800-950
Colombian hash	poor to fair	oz	75-125
		lb	800-1200
Hash oil	mostly Afghani	oz	50-65
LSD	US blotter	gm	550-800
		oz	25-35
Cocaine	heavily stepped on; just fair	hit	375-500
Mandrax	available	100	1-1.50
		oz	75-150
		gm	50-125
		one	2200
		100	1-3
		100	75-200

FRANCE

Yamba	still scarce	oz	40-75
Colombian	supply on increase	lb	400-650
		oz	35-65
Moroccan	blonde; better than usual	lb	450-750
Afghani hash	available in small amounts	oz	25-50
Chitral hash	excellent when found	gm	350-500
LSD	fair to good	lb	5-10
		hit	900-1200
Opium	around	100	50-75
		gm	500-750
		100	2.50-5
		gm	200-325
		gm	10-15

GERMANY

Lebanese hash	quality and quantity stable	gm	2-5
Afghani hash	thick slabs, black with white mold	kilo	1200-1300
Moroccan hash	soft green; OK high	oz	40-65
		lb	500-725
Thai sticks	usually good	oz	35-50
LSD	blotter	lb	475-575
Cocaine	just fair	one	10-20
		100	750-1000
		hit	2.50-5
		100	200-350
		gm	65-110
		oz	425-750

HONG KONG

Mainland weed	no improvements, just OK	oz	8-12
Thai grass	good bargain	lb	115-225
Thai sticks	excellent smoke	oz	50-100
Afghani hash	just stash	lb	750-1150
		one	8-15
		oz	75-175
		gm	7.50-15
		oz	75-175

ITALY

Colombian grass	fair quantity and quality	oz	75-100
Lebanese hash	several types, none fresh	lb	600-850
Afghani hash	excellent when found	oz	100-150
Moroccan hash	fresh green; fair to good	100 gm	300-400
LSD	blotter mostly	oz	75-110
		hit	3.50-5
Cocaine	just OK	100 gm	200-275
		gm	300-350
Speed	available	oz	45-75
		oz	900-1100
		gm	50-75
		oz	1000-1300

MEXICO

Torreón violet	extremely rare of late	oz	5-10
Guadalajara green	high potency	lb	80-125
Oaxacan tops	good supply and quality	oz	5-10
Guerrero gold	delicious	lb	75-125
Pueblo	stable condition	oz	5-10
		lb	4-6
Magic	pickable	oz	50-100
		oz	5-10

mushrooms	good rock and flake	lb	75-100
Cocaine	dreamy	gm	5-7.50
Opium		oz	55-75
		oz	400-500
		lb	5000

THE NETHERLANDS

Senegalese & Congolese	getting rare	oz	55-90
Domestic grass	slight improvement	lb	450-925
Moroccan hash	several varieties, soft blonde the best	oz	20-40
		lb	250-350
Lebanese hash	just OK	oz	50-75
Pakistani hash	fair to good	lb	400-575
Kashmiri hash	pliable black; wonderful high	oz	50-85
Hash oil	mostly Afghani, some Lebanese	lb	500-800
LSD	US blotter	liter	1650-2100
Cocaine	poor quality	hit	2-4
Burmese opium	tremendous when available	100 gm	150-225
		oz	2-4
		gm	1300-2000
		oz	3-5
		oz	60-85

TURKEY

Turkish hash	excellent when found	oz	5-10
Antonia hash	some of the best	lb	75-90
LSD	rare	oz	7.50-10
Opium	dreamy	lb	100-175
		hit	5-12
		100	500-600
		oz	3-7.50
		lb	60-85

USA

Regular Mexican	decent quality and quantity	oz	15-30
Top-grade Mexican	short supply	lb	100-300
Jamaican	poor to fair	oz	50-150
Commercial Colombian	improving	lb	200-1000
Connoisseur Colombian	some gold and red; seedy	oz	25-40
Hawaiian	available; delicious	lb	275-450
Thai sticks	sticked and unsticked; both good	oz	40-65
Nigerian grass	scarce	one	1500-3000
Moroccan hash	stale green	oz	20-30
Lebanese hash	fresh red; excellent	oz	40-65
Afghani hash	surfboard slabs OK	lb	350-550
Nepalese hash	short supply of late	lb	175-250
Paki hash	just fair	lb	1500-3000
Lebanese hash oil	scarce	oz	20-30
Afghani hash oil	potent	gm	325-450
Honey oil	excellent	oz	25-35
THC	some good, some bad	gm	350-500
LSD	brown blotter, occasional crystal	oz	25-45
Psilocybin mushrooms	slightly dry	one	375-600
Cocaine	all qualities available	100	1-3
Quaaludes	fluctuating supply	hit	75-175
		100	1-3
		oz	75-150
		lb	150-250
		gm	75-125
		oz	1200-1900
		one	3-5
		100	200-400

Alaska

Domestic	good prospects likely	oz	35-65
Regular Mexican	good supply	lb	425-500
Cocaine	fair to good	oz	20-35
		lb	250-400
		gm	75-150
		oz	1600-2300

Hawaii

Kona gold	excellent when found	oz	75-150
Maui	tremendous high	lb	1100-1700
		oz	100-150
		lb	1200-1800

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"Sniffers Rush to Locker Room Odor"

Recently, Long Beach police raided head-shops selling bottles and ampules of "room odorizers" called "Locker Room" and "Rush." Much to their dismay, and that of L.A. and S.F. police, the cases were dismissed. "Locker Room's" and "Rush's" main ingredient, isobutyl nitrite, is an orally-toxic poison and a drug, but the court said it's legal to sell them as "room odorizers" if labeled as such. Isobutyl nitrite is only a few molecules from amyl nitrite, the over-the-counter sales of which were banned by the FDA because of potential heart patients. But improperly used, drugs can cause respiratory paralysis and even death. One Hollywood head-shop owner says everyone from "street people" to "well-dressed businessmen" is buying the stuff. A San Francisco-based manufacturer claims 1 million bottles were sold last year, at \$6 per one-third ounce. Most buyers use it during the final blissful moments of sex, apparently to give them a euphoric boost. But a lot of kids are using it just to get high. One whiffer compared the smell to "a Federal Consumer Products Safety Commission is investigating the products, but the FDA says it can't touch the stuff as long as it's not being sold as a drug."

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Space Probes Seek Alien Gasbags

Yet another Fifties sci-fi idea is now being taken seriously, as *Mariner 11* and *12* scientists plan to look for balloonlike people on Jupiter. Space probes Carl Sagan and E. E. Salpeter say the giant planet's thick atmosphere may harbor huge blimpfolk that live on smaller organisms and move by pumping out helium. They think the Jovian predators may be big enough to be seen by cameras on the spacecraft as they pass.

Fossil Turds Go up in Smoke

Paleontologists are working to save a 25,000-year-old pile of shit from burning up in the Grand Canyon. The five-foot mound of crap was left in a cave by giant sloths, which became extinct about 10,000 years ago. The animals always defecated in the same place, and their dung heap, which includes bones of many other species, is a truly valuable record of prehistoric life.

Park workers tried to smother the blaze, started by campers, by sealing the cave, but when they reopened it, the shit still smoldered. Now they'll try to put it out with foam before the cave collapses from the heat.

Shaman Says, the Eyes Have It

Gazing into a woman's eyes will tell you if she's pregnant and, if so, the sex of the baby, claims an Arizona chiropractor. Sheldon Deal says he's been eyeballing ladies for four years with 95-percent accuracy after learning the method from an Indian medicine man.

A specialist in iridology (diagnosis by the condition of the eyes), Deal explains that a certain vein will appear in the white of the mother's right eye if she's carrying a girl. If it's a boy, a similar vein will show up in the left eye. He says the blood vessels show up three or four weeks after conception, but are harder to spot if the eyes are bloodshot.

Wonder Wheel Puts Tires on Skids

Parking problems will be a thing of the past once your car sports the new wheels invented by Swedish engineer Bengt Ilon. Called the first major wheel improvement since 4000 B.C., the "Ilonator" travels sideways as well as forward and backward.

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Robot Sailship to Chase Comet Tail

NASA engineers have announced plans to sail a spaceship to rendezvous with Halley's Comet in 1986. Dubbed the *Yankee Clipper*, the craft would use a half-mile-



square aluminum-coated plastic sail to harness sunlight for power, just as a canvas sail catches the wind for watergoing craft.

Setting out on its five-year cruise from the space shuttle in 1981, the clipper will use some fancy tacking to intersect the comet's orbit at the right time. Once there, the ship would furl its sail, maneuver close with small rockets and try to solve at last the mystery of what exactly comets are and why they produce feathery tails.

Lie Down and Get to Work

Bosses who for centuries have been firing their best workers for lying down on the job have been corrected by Colgate University thought researchers. Scientists proved that people think better when they take things lying down. A horizontal position with the feet slightly raised enabled subjects to solve math problems 7.4 percent faster and with 14 percent greater accuracy than with a load on their feet. The labpeople suggest desksbeds for folks who have to think for a living. □



WILDFLOWERS, The New York Loft Jazz Sessions (Douglas NBLP 7045-49).



The lofts of downtown Manhattan are to the jazz of the Seventies what the London and Hamburg clubs were to the rock of the Sixties: that vital, that much fun and that prophetic. The term "loft jazz" may be more a coinage of the lofts' musician-owners than an accurate label for the wide variety of alternatives to the musical legacy of Coltrane that have been created by those who play there.

The music's audience has steadily increased over the last two years in New York, and the music itself is just beginning to hit vinyl now. *Wildflowers* is a five-record collection of performances by many of the most influential players on the loft circuit. If you want a slice, or several slices, of the most vital jazz scene in the world, then I suggest picking up one or more of this series, beginning with Volumes 4 and 5.

Hamiet Bluiett, probably the outstanding baritone saxophonist of his generation, starts off Volume 4 playing clarinet with the soulfulness typical of the mid-westerners, shaping free ideas against a blues backdrop provided by two electric guitars, bass and drums. Yet the piece never seems loud.

Alto and soprano sax man Julius Hemphill shows the music's range with a long, slow piece called "Pensive," characterized by the open-spaced sound of Lester Young or his fellow emigrant from the St. Louis area, Miles Davis.

Oliver Lake leads the longest track, based on a tasty North African motif. It's a showcase for his astounding arsenal of sounds on alto sax, as well as for young guitarist Michael Jackson, who comes up with some of the most unusual electric guitar since Hendrix.

Twenty-one-year-old tenor prodigy David Murray's "Shout Song" is short and pungent, but really just a fragment. He is better represented on Volume 5, playing in drummer Sonny Murray's band. And the flip side of that exhibition is an amazing, driving 25 minutes of saxophonist Roscoe Mitchell (of the legendary Art Ensemble of Chicago) accompanied only by two drummers as he unfolds a

paeon to the endless imagination and drive that is at the heart of this music.

The set has its problems, as any live recording would, and is not really an adequate exploration of any one of the musicians presented. But it can be valuable if used as a sampler to lead you to other albums by the more than 60 musicians who are caught here, in mid-stride as it were.

—Peter Ochiogrosso

BUMPS AND BRUISES, by Joe Tex (Epic PE 34666).



Joe Tex is the man who over the years has bequeathed us such gems as "Hold What You've Got," "Skinny Legs and All," "I Gotcha," and "S.Y.S.L.J.F.M." Most of his work is marked by a raw, almost adolescent sense of humor, the ability to write and tell a singular story and a powerhouse delivery in the tradition of gospel screamers like James Brown and Wilson Pickett.

He's been off the set for the past several years, having spent that time as a Black Muslim minister (shades of Little Richard!), but re-enters now with a vengeance.

The trend today in soul music is toward ever-increasing refinements. The *unk* is going out of funk. *Bumps and Bruises*, conversant as it is with the current disco thing, is fresh, fun and almost obscenely energetic.

The irresistibly hip arrangements recall that vintage Stax sound and render, for example, the six minutes of "Ain't Gonna Bump No More" listenable (as well as danceable) to the final fade. (Why aren't these musicians credited?)

Tex's occasionally questionable sense of humor focuses on fat women, gay guys, senior citizens and derelicts, but his cleverness and compassion should overrule most objections. He is certainly not above making himself the butt, and "Leaving You Dinner" perhaps the best song on an exceptional LP, does just that.

Joe is still in touch with what's happening in the streets; ultimately it's the source of his ongoing strength. Those bumps and bruises are thoroughly beautiful. Welcome back, Joe.

—Bill Adler

GHOST WRITER, by Garland Jeffreys (A&M SP 4629).



Garland Jeffreys is not your ordinary singer/songwriter. His highly-acclaimed debut album dealt with the rough, early times of a black man in New York City—songs of reality, of dreams that never materialized. In the ensuing four years, he's performed only occasionally, releasing just two singles: the hard-edged, Rolling Stonish

"Wild in the Streets," and the forgettable "Disco Kid."

The long-awaited *Ghost Writer* is a gem, featuring Jeffreys' arresting vocals with a textural instrumentation owing a large debt to reggae. Jeffreys is the only non-Jamaican with a true understanding of authentic reggae; he even persuaded Winston Grennan and Earl "Wire" Lindo to sit in on a few tracks. The album opens with the line "I'm the restless child of the underground," quickly setting the pattern of urban pleadings.

When Jeffreys sings of his uneasiness with school busing, he uses a stark reggae underpinning and the kids, the pawns of politics, to express their own plight: "If I were a little black boy, say five years old/I'd ask my mommy please what's going on/Tell me why-o." With compelling instrumentation he concludes, "Cause there's trouble in the U.S.A./It's as clear as black and white."

While "I May Not Be Your Kind" deals brilliantly with interracial love, not all his tunes are political. In "35 Millimeter Dreams," Garland weaves images of Greta Garbo, Bette Davis and Orson Welles. "Wild in the Streets" is resurrected here while the ethnically flavored "Spanish Town," complete with classical guitar, is an atypical love song.

Ghost Writer is hauntingly lyrical, dedicated to the abused and tattered children of the world. It might just be the most striking album of original songs in a long time.

—Bob Grossweiner

JEFF BECK WITH THE JAN HAMMER GROUP LIVE (Epic PE 34433); YARDBIRDS' GREAT HITS (Epic PE 34491).

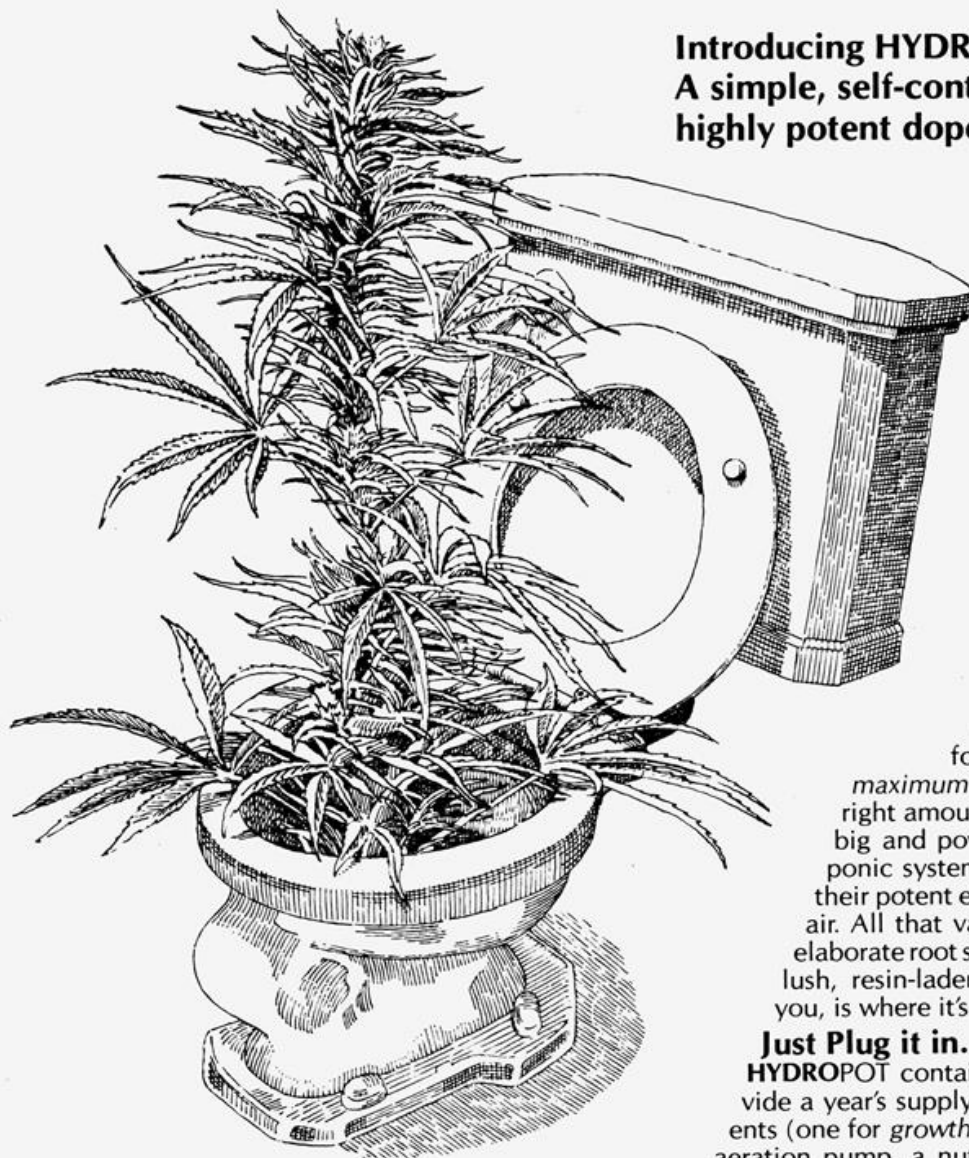


Epic's double release of the Yardbirds' *Great Hits* and Jeff Beck with the Jan Hammer Group *Live* present two short-lived Beck groups, given the recent split of Jeff Beck and Jan Hammer. One might wonder what Beck would've thought had he heard his most recent album around the time the Yardbirds were inventing feedback some 12 years ago, since these two records represent a dichotomy in styles and approach as drastic as any Sixties guitar man has gone through.

Since joining forces a year and a half ago with keyboardist Jan Hammer, Beck has charted new ground as a guitarist fronting a jazz-rock or progressive R & B unit (it really is both). *Blow by Blow* in 1975 was Beck's transition from standard rock riffing. Pulling material from *Blow by Blow*, *Wired* and Jan Hammer's solo albums, Beck toured religiously last year; hence this live album.

There are moments on the Beck/Hammer record that alone are worth the price of admission. "Freeway Jam" kicks off

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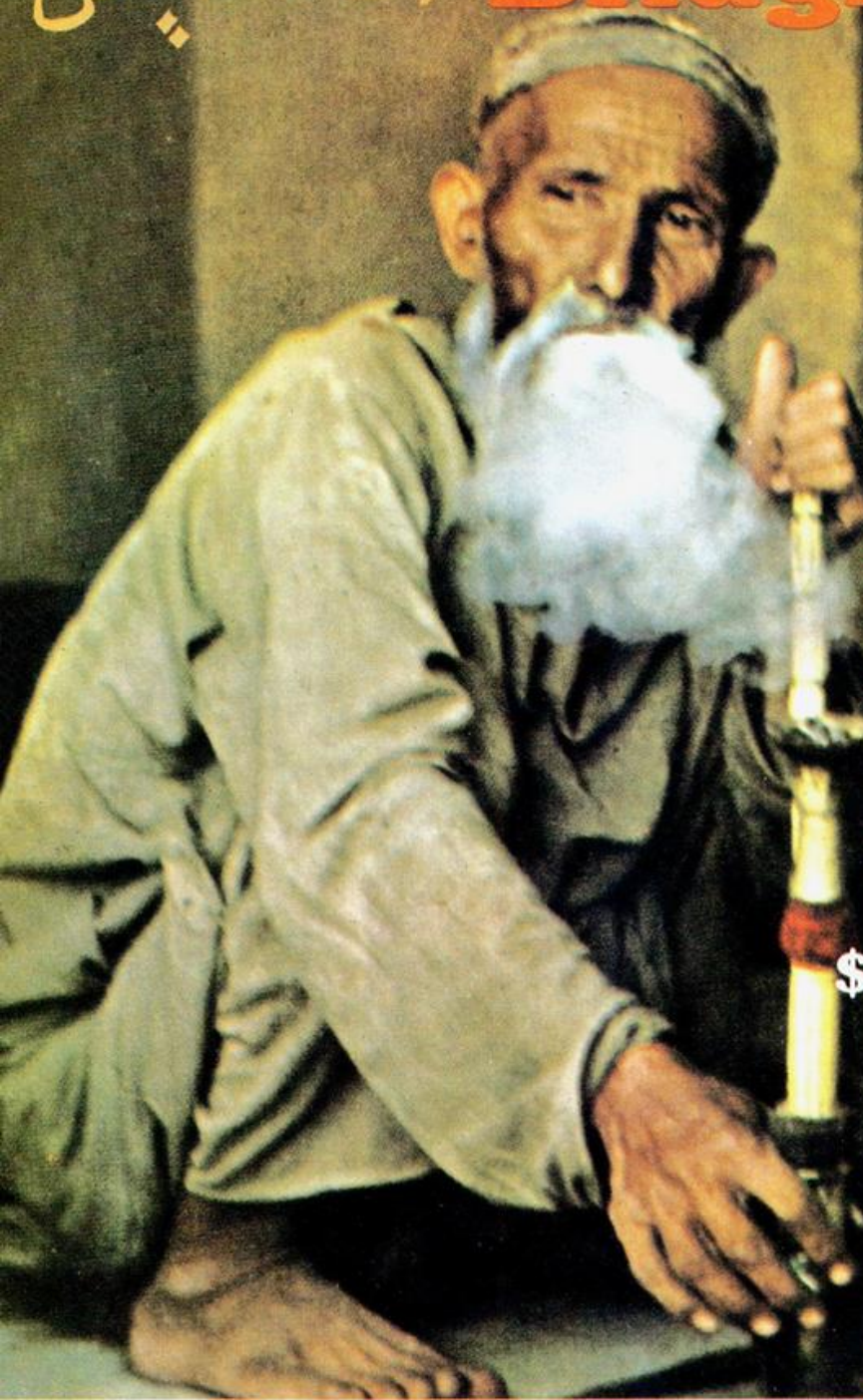
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side one with Beck ferocious on guitar and Tony Smith surprisingly strong on drums. Beck is normally a great "live" guitarist, and at no time is he better than on instrumentals with catchy riffs. "Earth," which follows, is perfect for him, as is the "Train Kept a-Rollin'" insertion in side two's "Blue Wind." After "Earth" the album dissipates, though the reggae version of "She's a Woman" is a lift.

This is an album of peaks and valleys. Beck and Hammer complement each other terrifically, but the vocals lie at the bottom of one of those troughs.



The Yardbirds' Great Hits features Eric Clapton on "I Wish You Would," "I Ain't Got You" and "For Your Love." The remaining seven tracks

showcase Jeff Beck. The album's title is not The Yardbirds' Greatest Hits only because their biggest single, "Over, Under, Sideways, Down," (which Beck played bass on) had to be omitted for legal reasons. The compilation is nevertheless an important chronicle of the Yardbirds' music—as enjoyable today as it was when it premiered in 1964. The album includes Yardbirds classics, such as "Heart Full of Soul," "Still I'm Sad" and "I'm a Man," as well as "Train Kept a-Rollin'," now a staple for Aerosmith.

—Steve Weitzman and Denny Somach

NORTH STAR, by Philip Glass (Virgin, PZ 34669). You can insert all sorts of



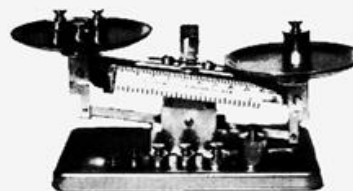
entertaining substances into nose, mouth and arteries, but until you've tried Glass in the ear, you've tried nothing. Philip Glass's unearthly, trance-inducing music may obsolete the best—

providing the FDA blueboys don't obsolete Glass first.

Glass is the man who wrote the music for *Einstein on the Beach*, the now-notorious opera that rattled the heads of the Metropolitan Opera last winter. Glass's background is in the classics, but his head and his future are in the Orient. He's embraced the premises, structures and philosophies of Eastern music and made them his own, but if you think his music is going to sound fake-oriental you couldn't be more wrong. Glass sounds like Shankar no more than he sounds like Rimsky-Korsakov, nor like Mantovani, Puccini nor Pink Floyd.

In fact, Philip Glass doesn't sound like anything you've ever heard because he has cut loose from all ancestors and created his own lineage. He's his own father and he's unique. A typical Glass work bursts out in a flood of synthesizers, amplified winds and voices and lasts 20 minutes to an hour. It seems to consist of

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endless repetitions until you realize in slow shock that the repetitions are changing. Things move in cycles and in circles of cycles. Fascination follows, then hypnosis. It's like gazing into a pool, falling into deep space.

North Star is a sampler of a stunning musical mind. The pieces are uncharacteristically brief, but there are ten of them, and they provide a sizable survey of Glassian visions. If you want more, get *Philip Glass—Music in Twelve Parts* (Caroline Records, distributed by Virgin), which is The Master unexpurgated, and pray hard that some enlightened company will record *Einstein on the Beach*.

—Robert Jones

HONKY TONK MUSIC, by The Dusty Chaps (Capitol ST 11614).

This band may be familiar to those dealers who make periodic pick-ups in Tucson. Locally they have been a fixture for years, playing first-rate music at sleazy, second-rate bars. With this, their first national record (they had minor regional success with a locally produced LP), the band has successfully blended diffuse strains of Southwest sounds into a tidy package of up-tempo, original tunes. These are songs of the proverbial drugstore cowboy, the good-time Charlie whose fantasies invariably outdistance his potential.

Of particular interest is "Don't Haul Bricks on 66," a song that warns of the hazards of running dope back east. After our hero drives a camper with a half-ton of Mexican as far as San Fidel, New Mexico, "the highway cops thought he looked kind of weird with his cowboy hat and hipster beard/and the next call came from the Albuquerque jail..." Other highlights on the album include the title track, a standard C & W tune featuring Ted Hockenbury's climbing pedal steel guitar; "No Damn Good" and "Back in the Woods," which show the *frontera* influence, with accordion and concertina contributions by keyboard man Red Davidson and vocalist Peter Gierlach, and "Drunken Mistake," which accents the second half of the group's country-rock sound with Pat McAndrew's guitar work.

The jazz and western be-bop influence comes mainly from sax man Steve Solomon, with Bill Emrie's fiddle work and percussions from Leonardo Lopez contributing to the mix. Rounding out the eight-man band is bassist George Hawke, who produced this well-balanced collection of his own songs. With lyrics that avoid the mythic nonsense of the Southwest and musicianship that keeps its distance from the razor-cut sounds of the Eagles, The Dusty Chaps have found themselves a comfortable spot on *Honky Tonk Music*.

—Tom Miller

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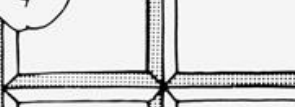
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THE BOTANY AND ECOLOGY OF CANNABIS, by Robert Connell Clarke (Ben Lomond, Ca.: Pods Press, Box 1158,



Ben Lomond, Ca. 95005, 64 pages, private edition.) Even the most exciting subject can make pretty dense reading when the technical details start to pile up. Well, here's more than everything you've always wanted

to know about marijuana plants, and unless you're a pro botanist you'll need a biodictionary to translate "bundles of partially lignified phloem" into "fibers."

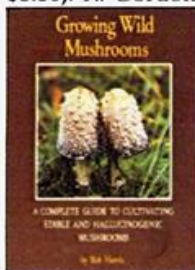
It's all here, though. Until now the botanical dope on dope was scattered here and there in obscure plant texts and journals like the *Botanical Gazette*. Clarke has digested and compacted all this information, as well as listed his 114 original sources if you (gasp!) want more.

The book avoids the fine points of cultivation, since at least a dozen authors have tilled this field thoroughly. What you get are the reasons behind all the rigorous rituals of high horticulture. A picture of a very complicated vegetable emerges. Hemp changes its form so often that scientists still argue over how many species there are. Even the number of serrations per leaflet varies from zero to 35.

Clarke presents all arguments, but finally opts for a simple division into two varieties (chemovars)—dope and rope—depending on THC content. His coverage of hemp anatomy, flowering, sex determination, hermaphroditism, soil requirements and resin-ripening is especially complete. It's enhanced all the more by the excellent drawings. And Clarke is the first author I know to have discussed grass in its total ecological context of climate and other vegetation.

If you're serious about growing or breeding cannabis, or if you just want to be an expert, you'll have to shell out for this one. Clarke even solves the puzzle of how those Golden Triangle farmers grow 14-foot sinsemilla without looking, while they direct all their energy to their much trickier and more lucrative opium crop. But, then, why should I give away one of Mother Nature's best trade secrets just to cap a book review? —Gary Stimeling

GROWING WILD MUSHROOMS, by Bob Harris (Berkeley: Wingbow Press, \$3.50). R. Gordon Wasson once observed



that we are a nation of mycophobes. In many other cultures throughout the world cooks take pride in recognizing and gathering unusual wild mushrooms as foods, but we have always dismissed them with the assumption

that they are all probably poisonous and that anyone who would risk his life eating them would somehow deserve whatever happened to him. And to use them for entertainment was completely unheard of. It was just twenty years ago that Mr. Wasson first published his findings with the *Psilocybe* mushrooms of Mexico, and in the intervening period there has been a meteoric increase in interest in any and all hallucinogenic plants.

Along with the steady flow of scientific and metaphysical literature concerning mushrooms, there has recently appeared a spate of how-to books of widely varying quality and aimed at a number of different audiences. The most recent of these, *Growing Wild Mushrooms*, is a cut above most in that it concerns itself not just with hallucinogenic mushrooms but with the broader question of edible mushrooms as well. The mechanical and material problems associated with mushroom culture are discussed in detail and accompanied by excellent drawings and 16 plates of spectacular color photographs of many species. The value of this book is in its practical approach to readers interested in experimentation on their own. I know personally of successes in proceeding from spore to fruiting body, following the detailed outlines presented here. These directions are indeed clear and eminently exact for the inexperienced amateur.—Alexander T. Shulgin

THE INVENTION OF THE WEST, by Alvin Greenberg (New York: Avon/Equinox, \$2.95). The Wild West wasn't like all



those movies, you know. As a matter of fact, it wasn't like the pulp novels all those movies were based on—taken, as so many of them certainly were, from some old cowpoke's self-aggrandizement over a couple of young bourbons in a place so far from the end of the trail that it was ashamed to call itself *saloon*. No, people these days can't even begin to imagine the problems the cowboys faced.

These, the true bedevilments of the purple sage, are elaborated novelistically for the first time by Alvin Greenberg as he

tells the tale of a guy who is not named Bill, a bookish fellow who has elected to find and follow—first from a distance and later beside—his idol, "Tiger" MacLean. He first encounters Mac, as he insists on being called (he calls all other males Bill), in the books of a man named Berkeley and, drawn by certain inconsistencies and lacunae in the MacLean saga, decides to live his scholarship: to hit, as it were, the trail. The MacLean he finds is a man bedeviled by insolvency and saddle sores, off to yet another shoot-out in yet another hick town.

Needless to say, the MacLean of the books is an invention of Berkeley's, but the Bill that the real MacLean perceives is his own invention. Or is it the other way around? Very shortly after they hit the trail together, all bets on reality are off. The landscape is that of the pulps; the psychic terrain, that of the philosophers. Author Greenberg keeps it all from careening out of control, although he does occasionally slip into cliché or harangue, only to manage a hairbreadth escape—in the grand tradition. In fact, most of *The Invention of the West* is in the grand tradition—just a little sideways.

—Ed Ward

DRY HUSTLE, by Sarah Kernochan (New York: William Morrow, \$8.95). A word of advice to Erica Jong, with her porno-chic



hang-ups and neurotic sexual fantasies: read *Dry Hustle*. Then get yourself another line of work. *Dry Hustle* is a joyously funny and filthy novel.

The "dry hustle" is not a new disco dance they do in Kansas. It is, perhaps, the oldest con game in the world. Invented, no doubt, by the first wise and wily woman who met a man who wanted something for nothing and decided instead to give him nothing for something. This is the way Kristal, fast-talking con artiste extraordinaire, the 30-year old gypsy, one-time Hell's Angels mama, ex-stripper and "star" of *Dry Hustle*, explains the game to Randy, the gangling, semi-innocent but ready-for-anything runaway with more lust than larceny in her heart, who comes to work at the Times Square dime-a-dance parlor in the opening scene of the novel:

"I know I look like a whore. I've always looked like a whore, ever since I was a baby. But I make more money than anyone else in this joint and Frank knows it, and listen. I don't touch the guys' dicks.

"Oh..." Her voice drifted off. "I tell'm stories and crap..." She snapped back. "Listen, I don't give nothin' of myself away. What's myself is mine. They only think they're gonna get a piece. See, I'm a dry hustler."

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Dry Hustle is the story of Kristal and Randy as they trick and tease and fool their way across America in the bicentennial year, through strip joints, piano bars and hotel lobbies, high on pills, booze and their own outrageous style, leaving behind them a trail of gullible men with blue balls and empty wallets. For Kristal it is a kind of desperate journey to make the big score before demon time plays its final con trick on her. But for Randy, her protégé, it is a voyage of discovery.

It is a hilarious but ironic encounter from which Randy learns that the road to freedom does not lead to the bedroom, but rather from it, out the back window. What's yourself is yours. And you gotta look out for it.

Dry Hustle is a marvelous first novel by Ms. Kernochan, who also writes rock songs, plays the piano and sings and once upon a time won an Academy Award for coproducing and directing the film *Marjoe*. Her dialogue is crackling sharp and truly raunchy. Kristal's monologues of her life on the hustle are like something out of *1,001 Nights*; and, unlike the dry hustlers, Sarah Kernochan gives you your money's worth. *Dry Hustle* is more than a handful.

—James Horwitz

LET'S GO: The Budget Guide to Europe, by the Harvard Student Agencies (New York: E. P. Dutton, \$4.95). In an Arab dive



in East Jerusalem, a cold and soggy Briton explained it to me: "Your bloody American guidebooks are self-defeating. Once you've arrived at the quaint, thrifty place they recommend, so has every other Yank backpacker with the same book, making the place no longer quaint nor thrifty."

This guide, however, is the next best thing to another language, more current and relevant by far than Arthur Frommer's series, which first promised *Europe on \$5 a Day*, then \$10 and \$15, and soon may become the exclusive province of folks on guaranteed graduated income.

Let's Go gives you the proper information to take the continent inexpensively, but holds the reader to no arbitrary spending ceiling. The informative 700-page paperback digests 29 countries, including non-European itineraries for Israel, Turkey and Arab Africa. Territory that Americans would be most likely to cover—France, for instance—is dissected right down to the finer nuances of the local paté.

And for each country that is treated, the Harvard students have outdone their institution's reputation for research without living up to its reputation for boredom.

—Gary Putka

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BURN ARTISTS

Photos by Richard Krantzler

Rod is a handsome, husky, blue-eyed blond who looks like he walked out of *Beach Blanket Bingo*. His tan can only be described as terminal.

A native Floridian, he's spent a lot of time as a life guard and admits he's experimented with many tanning products. Some companies have even paid Rod to try their stuff. But Rod likes Native Tan.

When not busy rescuing drowning swimmers, Rod advises rookie tanners on what oils to use and which step of the six-step Native Tan program they should start with. He also sells the products at a poolside display counter. Up and down Florida's Hotel Row, the suntan-oil companies compete to enlist guys like Rod to act as walking advertisements for their products.

Of course, professional tanning is nice work, if you can get it. But most of us will sunbathe for free. Why? Why do perfectly pink, healthy-skinned individuals, in all other respects evidently very normal, coat themselves with grease at high noon and beg old Sol to come down and turn their quivering epiderms into beef jerky?

Various cultures throughout history have regarded a darkened skin as a sign of health and beauty. Ancient Egyptian women applied a masque of the red dye (not No. 2) henna to their cheeks, the Chippewa

Indians deepened their complexions with juniper berries and a popular American tanning potion during the Twenties was a mixture of baby oil and iodine. Today, among palefaces of each of the hemispheres, the well-tanned in-

dividual is considered the picture of tawny health.

Aside from looking better than everyone else, there is some bona fide good news about sunbathing. Tanning in stages, some doctors contend, can reduce blood pressure and blood serum cholesterol for days on end. It may even improve those dual embarrassing skin conditions, psoriasis and acne, which benefit from peeling.

But now the bad news (and I'm only going to say this once, so pay attention): Too much sun can make you look 50 when you're 30! Do not sunbathe between 11 A.M. and 2 P.M.! Be careful! You might get skin cancer!

Some day these warnings will be posted on beaches like the ones on cigarettes. But for now, if you want to get a really good tan and protect your skin at the same time, here's how to do it.

The first thing you've got to do is choose your weapons. And I'm not talking about home concoctions here, like Crisco and Wesson oil, although that's the kind of thing that cheapskate sun worshippers like to use so they can fool themselves into thinking that they are "beating the system." Cooking oils do just that: turn you into a crunchy piece of fried chicken. To tan properly, says the American Medical Association,

Photos by Dick Krantzler

HOW TO GET A TOTAL TAN By DEANNE STILLMAN

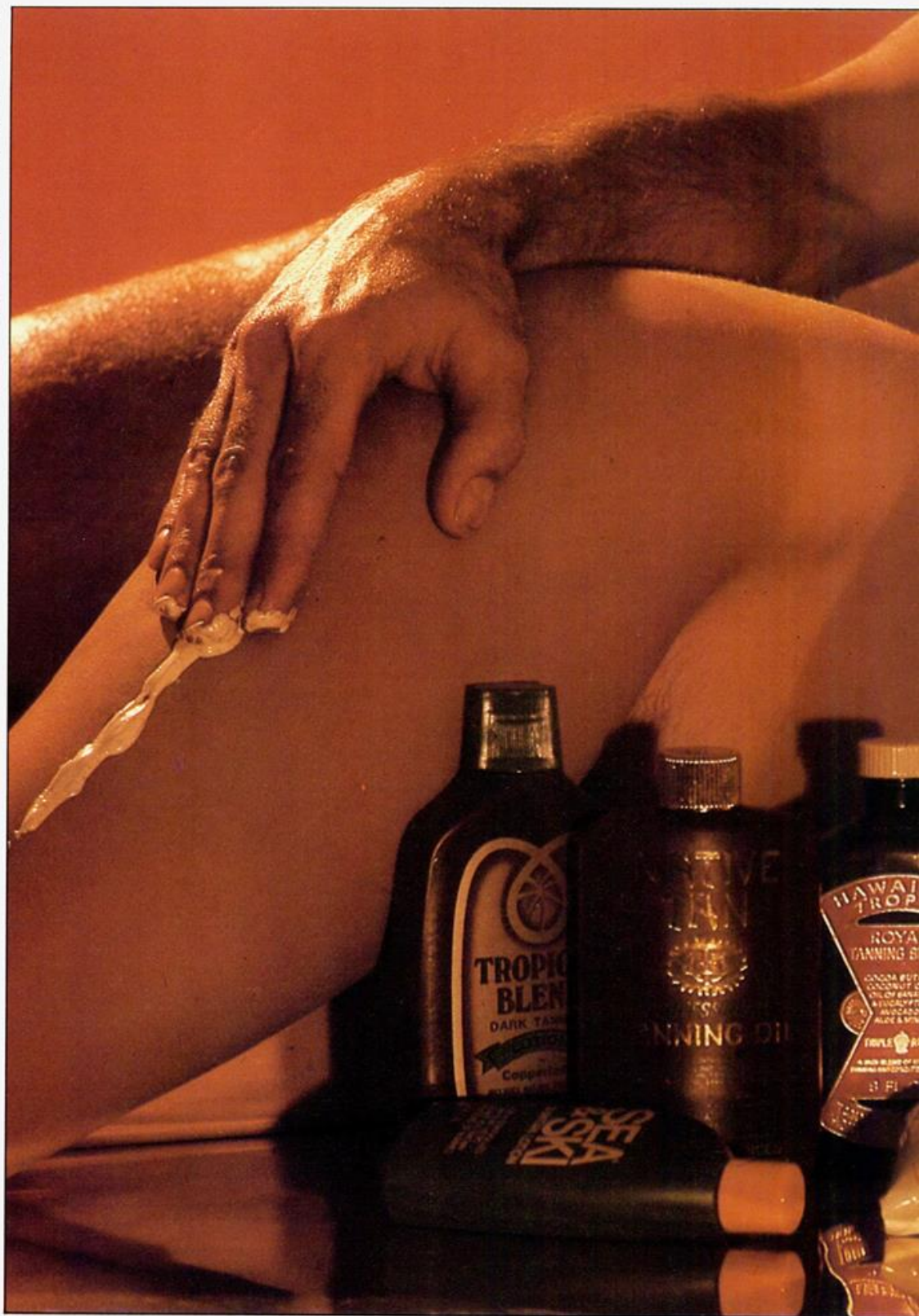
select a tanning preparation that contains PABA.

PABA is para-aminobenzoic acid, a Vitamin B derivative that screens out harmful ultraviolet rays while letting in milder, tanning rays. The label will tell you if PABA is present in a preparation, and then you'll have to decide whether you want to get a tan according to doctor's orders (it takes longer with PABA, because PABA is a sun screen) or to distrust the A.M.A. and risk it.

My recommendation: light-skinned, sun-sensitive types should stick with preparations containing PABA until they develop what is called in the suntan biz a "base tan." One widely used such preparation is Bain de Soleil Sun Tan Creme. This stuff really isn't a cream; it's a Liberian tanker spill, but some people don't feel like they're getting a tan unless they feel greasy. On the other hand, if you're not a Francophile and will believe you're getting a tan even if you don't feel like a greaseball, then Sea and Ski Suntan Lotion is for you. (Special note to swarthy individuals: skip right over this oil-slick stage and get down to more serious business!)

There are literally hundreds of tanning preparations that do not contain PABA. To date, they have received no recommendation from the A.M.A., if that means anything. Many of them contain only a fragrance mixed with mineral oils and offer no further elaboration on their labels. Other tanning preparations are fancier blends of mineral oil and vegetable oils, including, almond oil, avocado oil, cocoa butter, corn oil, eucalyptus oil, olive oil, peanut oil and coconut oil. Some even add exotic animal oils, like mink and turtle. None of these blends is harmful, and if you're so inclined, you can mix them up yourself and save anywhere from three to five dollars.

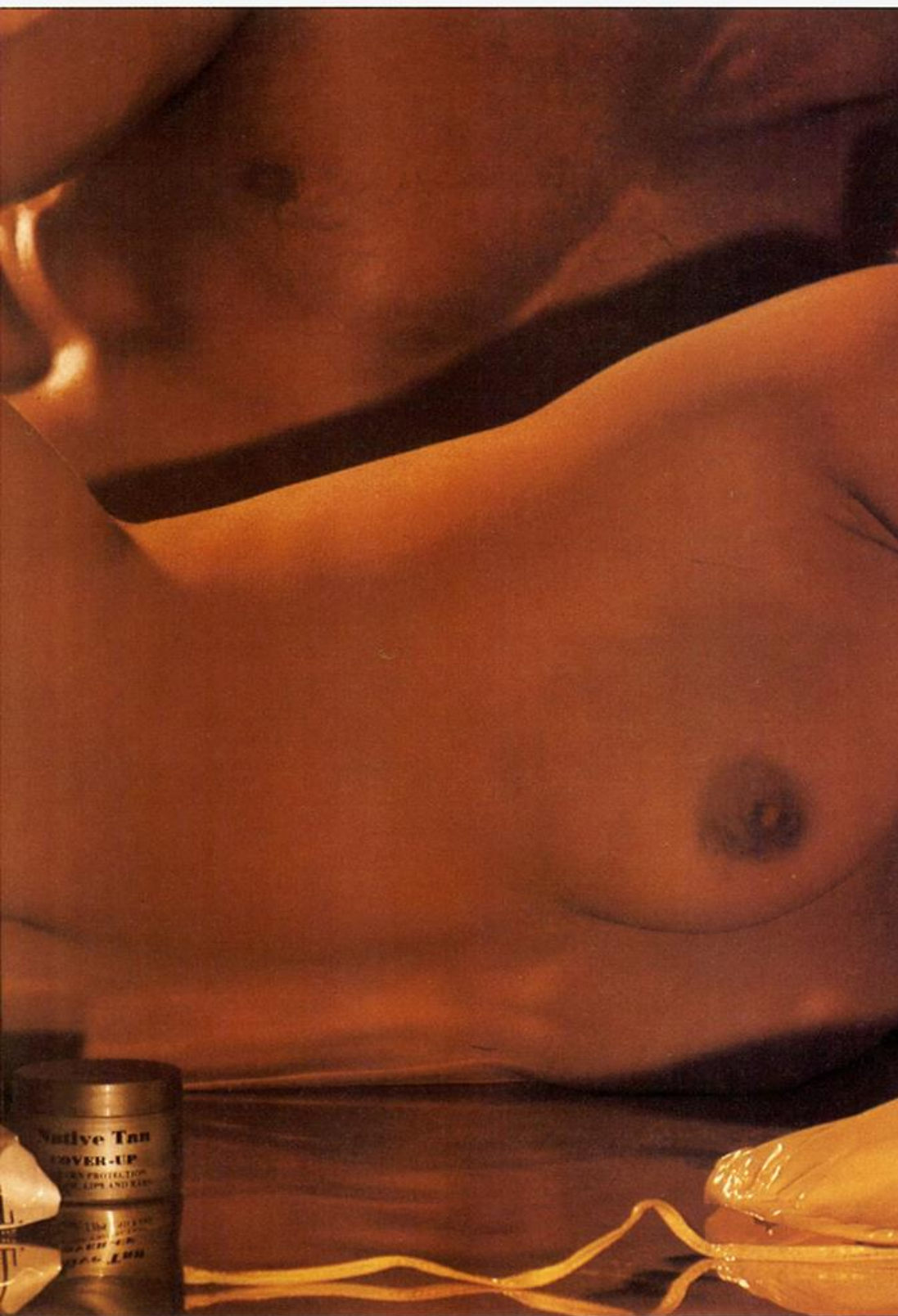
Just about any combination of these oils smells good and they do promote a tan while simultaneously moisturizing your skin. To weed out the best oils from the totally ineffective, carefully



examine the bottles and labels. You'll notice that, aside from the well-established brands, most of them are manufactured in southern Florida, the self-proclaimed tanning capital of the United States. The cheaper-looking the bottle, the more likely that the stuff was blended in somebody's Fort Lauderdale garage.

The aspiring tanner will also do well to begin his days in the sun with an oil containing aloe. Aloe is an extract of the tropical *Aloe vera* plant, and according to many skin-care experts (as well as those journals of *haute dermatology*, *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar*), it has moisturizing and cell-rebuilding properties.

Further endorsement comes from the Seminole Indians—have you seen their skin?—but not, as you might have expected, from the A.M.A. While several Florida-produced tanning lines contain aloe, it is the specialty of the Key West Fragrance and Cosmetic Factory, which has developed a unique aloe-PABA blend



used both for tanning and clinical treatment of sun-damaged skin. Aloe has its indoor benefits as well: taken straight from the plant, it's used in "aloe parties," the tropical equivalent of Wessex oil orgies.

The explosion in Floridian tanning products was spawned by two of the country's leading suntan

companies, Native Tan and Hawaiian Tropic. Both began production in the late Sixties; both stress their use of natural ingredients, including aloe and Vitamin E (also said to have healing properties); both were originated by life-guarders, who "saw that the other oils weren't working"; both have cut so heavily into the nationwide Coppertone

and Bain de Soleil stronghold that Coppertone developed Tropical Blend and Bain de Soleil developed Tropical Deluxe Formula expressly to compete with them; and both offer nearly identical lines of tanning products. All are characterized by their fruity, coconut fragrance.

Art ("Native Tan Art") Christensen heads that com-

pany's sales force. With a rap straight out of Dare to Be Great, he persuasively describes Native Tan as "the Coors of the industry." On the other hand, Ron Rice, the founder of Hawaiian Tropic, describes his line as "the Cadillac of the industry." Not only are Native Tan and Hawaiian Tropic locked in a local duel that, according to rumor, involves espionage and subversion (each company thought I was a spy for the other), but together they are waging a nationwide war on Coppertone. Right now, the three powers are matching arsenals at many surfside drugstores around the country.

Let's examine the products in detail. Native Tan is "The Original Step-by-Step to the Best Tan." Hawaiian Tropic is "The International Tanning Sensation." Like Native Tan, it offers "Six Steps to the Safest Tan!" Check out the way each brand describes itself and you'll find that, if anything, both companies have an ad man with a sense of humor.

For example, Native Tan's Step 4 offers "Professional Tanning Oil," along with a cautionary description: "Only for the pros." Hawaiian Tropic's Step 4 also offers "Professional Tanning Oil." Exhorts its label: "Only for the pros." "Royal Tanning Oil" is the fifth step in the six-fold Native Tan search for solar bliss, while "Royal Tanning Blend" is the entry for Hawaiian Tropic. Remember, Step 5 is (a) "Not for everyone" or (b) "Only for those with a good tan."

Rather than stand at the display case and flip a coin, you can take Native Tan Art's suggestion: shake the bottles up and see which stuff is the thickest. (If the oil really contains cocoa butter, it will thicken). Or, you can have the oil analyzed by a chemist.

Before rushing over to your nearest pharmacy for a stockpile of tanning lotion, however, there's one thing you ought to know. Native Tan Art does not have a suntan. Exactly why doesn't Native Tan Art have a suntan? "The sun," he says, smiling, "is bad for you." ☐

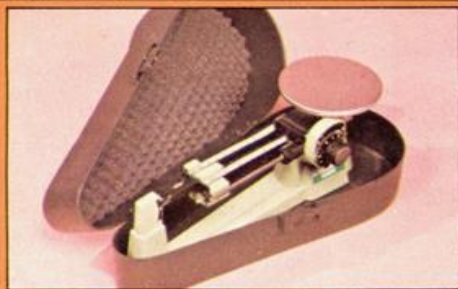


Stoned Painting

Picture jasper is a hard, semiprecious stone—which, as everyone knows, means that it's not precious at all. However, it is as pretty as a silver dollar lying on the railroad tracks, when it's set in a ring or brooch by Heidi of Jasper Lady, 141 East Twenty-ninth St., New York, N.Y. 10016.



The "picture" is an entirely natural geological phenomenon and generally depicts a pile of rock strata, like the very mountains in Idaho where it is found. From \$15 to \$40 for necklaces, rings, and bracelets.



How to Play the Scales

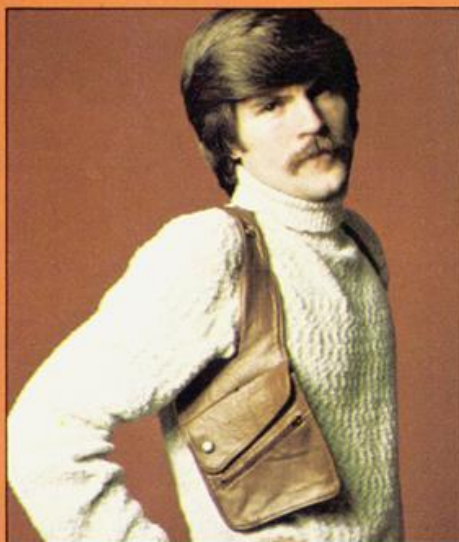
Inconspicuous is the word for Correct Count Company's new lightweight, unbreakable polyethylene fake glockenspiel case that actually conceals an Ohaus Triple Beam scale. Every time you go out to weigh some weed, knowing cops will chortle, nudge each other in the ribs and remark with a wink, "Aye, Paddy, sure and there goes another glockenspiel player." The scale fits securely in its specially designed cradle to prevent movement, as do the special attachment weights in their pockets. Music lovers everywhere can order this item for \$14.95 from Correct Count Company, 43-21 244th St., Douglaston, N.Y. 11363. Order a scale from them as well and save five dollars on any complete package purchase.



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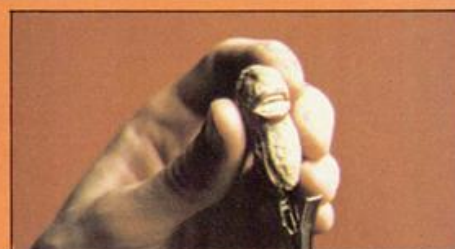
Shoulder Bolster

Still stuffing that old-fashioned pocket? Toting that obsolete purse? Now, go undercover with a shoulder stash just like the ones Mike Hammer, James Bond and James Earl Ray wear. The slim, lean, bulge-free wear-with-all has two 5" x 6½" snap pockets designed for cash, wallet, checkbook, lipstick, credit cards, comb, IUD, rubbers, bubble gum, baseball cards, marbles, jackknife, pocket mirror, compact, powder puff, eye liner, tweezers, nail file, keys, party card, combs, sanitary napkins, rouge, photos of grandchildren and loved ones, diary and whatever. It's made from first-line calfskin and lined in rich satin. Available in black or brown, the price is \$24.95, from Owens & Johnson Company, 1717 South Hoover St., Los Angeles, Ca. 90006.



Mr. Peanut Goes to Washington

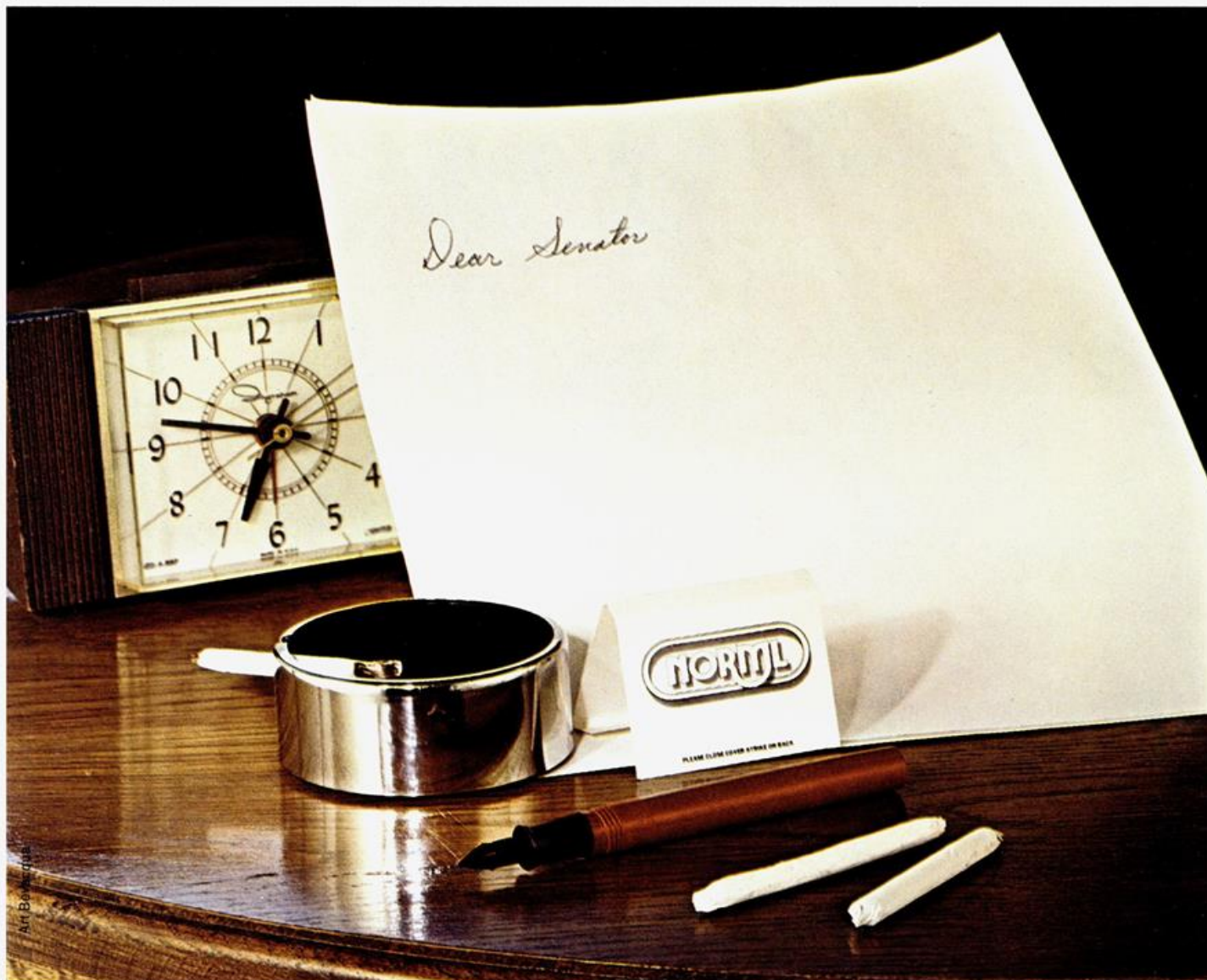
By executive decree, all White House drug paraphernalia will henceforth feature the Carter family "peanut" motif. Discuss Colombian affairs while passing around the Jimmy Carter Thai Clip, \$2 from the Nut House, 530 Valley Street Plantation, Maplewood, N.J. 07040. Snort some coke through a Mr. Peanut coke straw (\$2 apiece, three for \$5 from Cathi



and Roy's Toys, P.O. Box 30512, Seattle, Wash. 98103) and come up with your own energy policy.

"High Style" spotlights the latest accouterments of the high life, including playthings, paraphernalia, instruments of pleasure, gadgets for your work and for your home—anything that adds zest and style to your day. If you know of an item that should be reviewed in this department, please send it to the High Style editor. 📧

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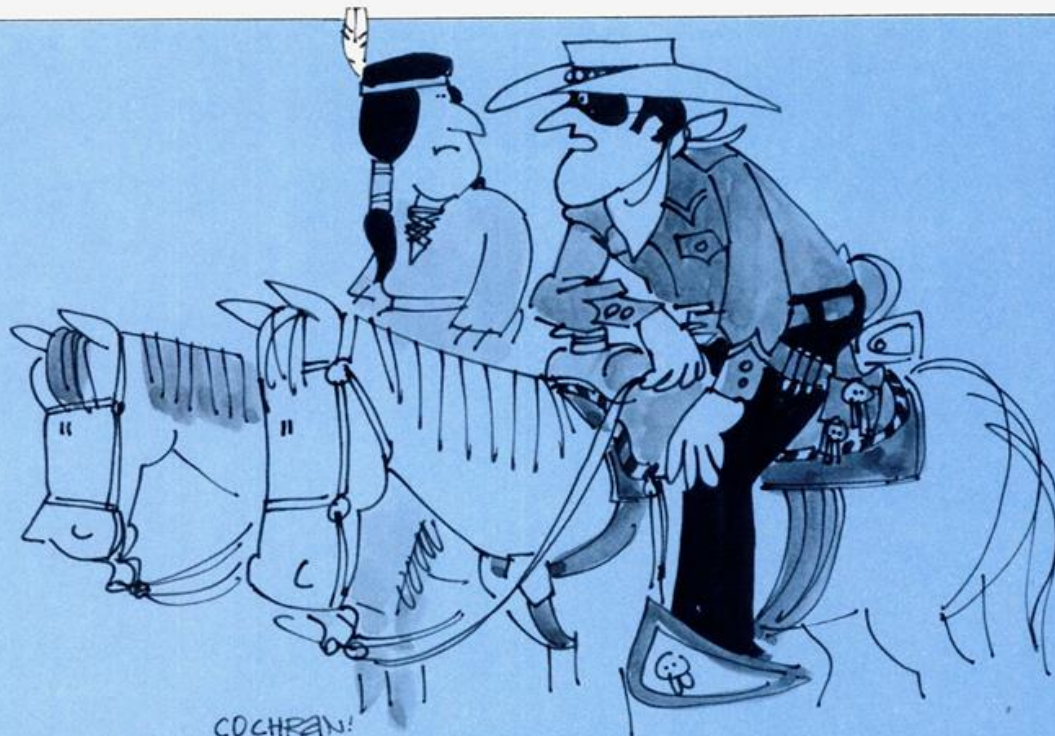
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system streamlined to bring optimal retinal viewing access to meet the needs of tomorrow. Our flashy new column heads and the modified illustration for "Murder at Elaine's" are the work of a supertalented design duo: Doug Taylor and Michael Doret, who have worked for Playboy, Esquire, Ladies' Home Journal and many other magazines, illustrated children's books and won a peck of awards for graphic excellence. Remarkably enough, they are both 30 years old.



High Times: The New Look

This is the "new look" *High Times*—a totally redesigned magazine

Narc, Narc, Who's There?

Paul Krassner, author of this month's interview with a narc, is the creator and editor of *The Realist* and has been called "a great American" by Joseph Heller, "the Kahil Gibran of the Seventies" by Baba Ram Dass, and Groucho Marx has said, "I predict in time he will wind up as the only live Lenny Bruce."

Krassner is returning to the campus/show-biz scene as an investigative comedian in order to finance the rebirth of *The Realist*. He is also suing the FBI for conspiracy to libel and harass. He lives in San Francisco with a cat named Magic. He ingested acid be-



fore his appearance at the Chicago conspiracy trial and the Johnny Carson Show. He is the only person in the world to receive an award from both Playboy (for satire) and the Feminist Party Media Workshop (for journalism). He is currently working on a novel and an autobiography. He also has a surfeit of fake humility. ■

Hougan's Heroes

Jim Hougan, who is best known for his articles in *Playboy*, *Oui*, and *Nation*, his *Harper's* cover stories on rent-a-spy agencies and political unrest in Haiti and his controversial book *Decadence: Radical Nostal-*

gia, Narcissism and Decline in the Seventies (Morrow), comes out of the closet as an "Ionized Air" inhaler in this issue of *High Times*. Hougan is a contributing editor for *Harper's* and is currently investigating a book on multinational corporate espionage.



Gee, I thought all you had was some dumb old domestic — what was in that joint we smoked?

I turned that crumby domestic green into African Red, Love. With that new Yohimbe Smokestuff smoking additive.

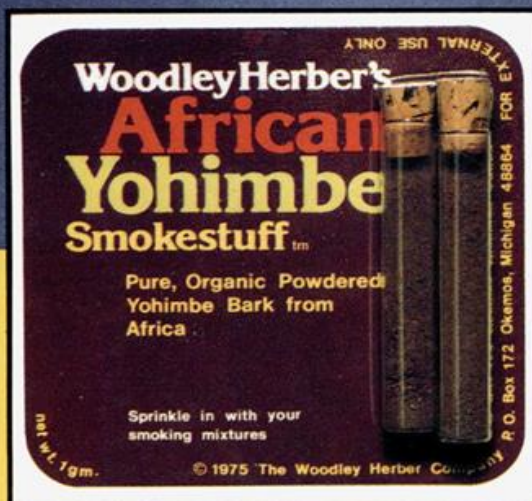
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from
WOODLEY HERBER

Buy 2 – Get 1 FREE

☐ Yes, send me 2 packages (4 vials) of Pure African Yohimbe Smokestuff for only \$10.00, so I will receive a third package (an extra 2 vials) **FREE!**

The Woodley Herber Co.
P.O. Box 172 Dept HT-23
Okemos, MI 48864

name _____
 address _____
 city _____ state _____ zip _____
 Offer void in Georgia.

DOUBLE VALUE - 2 GLASS
stash vials included

REACH FOR THE STARS...

Wood is man's oldest yet most modern material. Even in this age of synthetic and metallurgical miracles, hardwoods still serve countless needs of modern living as no other material can.

Today, as in centuries past, handsome hardwood furnishings are a hallmark of prestige preferred by those who know and want the finest.

Genuine woods have a versatile warmth and beauty that only nature can create. The individuality and beauty of hardwoods can never be successfully imitated. Each piece shines as a star, unique in all of creation.

Removable, exotic hardwood bases are now available on most of our 49 "stars." Reach for them at your local Tok-Rite dealer.

Tok-Rite

"You can't go wrong
with a Tok-Rite bong"

TR-34
SUG. RET. \$18.00

TR-18 GOLD
SUG. RET. \$13.50

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SUG. RET. \$6.00

TR-27 GOLD
SUG. RET. \$4.00

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SUG. RET. \$7.50

DEALERS: Contact your local distributor or contact us for the distributor in your area.

Tok-Rite Inc. Box 256 Grosse Ile, MI 48138

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